First North Carolina Reunion

Greensboro
October 11-13
1903

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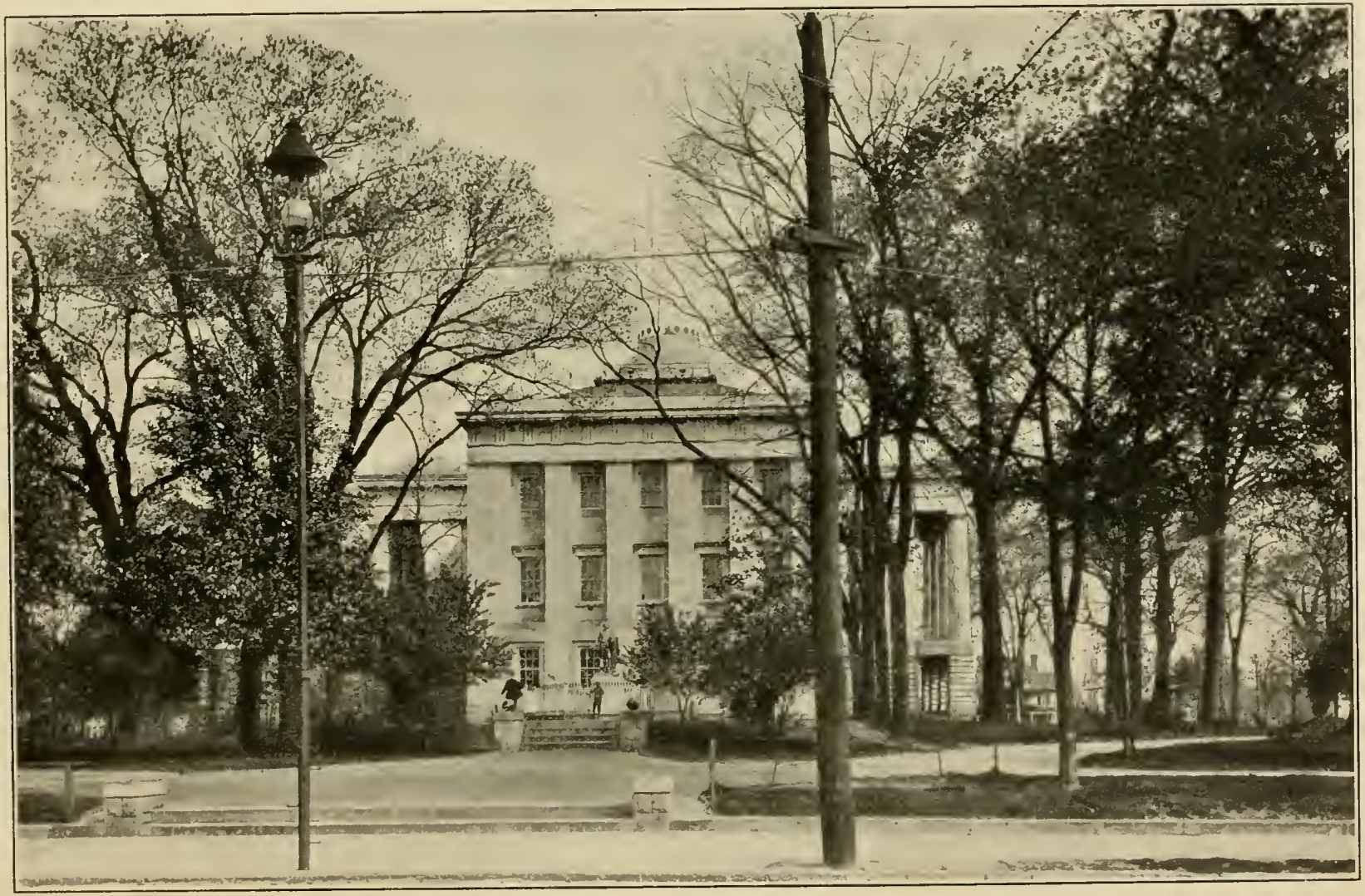


North Carolina State Capitol

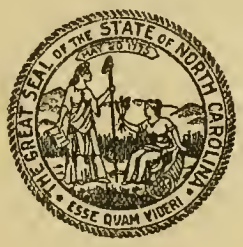
The History

OF THE

First North Carolina Reunion

AT

Greensboro, N. C.



October Eleventh, Twelfth, and Thirteenth

Nineteen Hundred and Three

Compiled and Edited by

George S. Bradshaw, Esq.

GREENSBORO, N. C.
JOS. J. STONE & CO.
MCMV

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*NOTE—The editor, with pardonable pride, refers to the list of fine engravings to be found in this volume, the procurement of which involved no little expense, labor, and time It will be noted that the list is confined to those Carolinians—resident and non-resident—who personally attended or contributed to the success of the First North Carolina Reunion.

In this connection, the editor acknowledges, with grateful appreciation, his indebtedness to Mr. Jos. J. Stone for his active and kindly assistance in the preparation of this volume.

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The Board of Managers of the First North Carolina Reunion

Charles D. McIver, *Chairman*

J. A. Odell Robert R. King J. W. Fry Ceasar Cone

George S. Bradshaw

Secretary, Robert D. Douglas *Treasurer*, Lee H. Battle

Resolution Unanimously Adopted by the Board of Managers

Resolved, That Mr. George S. Bradshaw be requested, authorized, and empowered to compile, edit, and publish in book form the proceedings, including the Sermons and Addresses of the First North Carolina Reunion, together with such other pertinent material as he may deem proper.

Board of Managers of the First North Carolina Reunion

Ceasar Cone
Robert R. King
J. A. Odell
Charles D. McIver
George S. Bradshaw
J. W. Fry
Lee H. Battle

Foreword

Pursuant to and in compliance with the foregoing resolution of the Board of Managers the task therein imposed is assumed in the hope that its fulfilment may justify the confidence thereby reposed.

The idea of a Reunion of the non-resident sons and daughters of North Carolina originated in the fertile brain of Dr. Charles D. McIver, the distinguished president of the State Normal College. It was at his suggestion and chiefly by his efforts that the city of Greensboro, in her official capacity, and through her various business organizations, was induced to adopt the idea and plan for its successful development and execution. Encouraged by the ready enthusiasm with which his idea was received, Dr. McIver submitted it to Governor Aycock, who in turn communicated it with his hearty indorsement to the General Assembly (then in session). The result was a ringing resolution unanimously adopted by the General Assembly, in which the hearty concurrence of the State was pledged to the furtherance of the plan and in extending "to the absent sons and daughters a welcome hearty and sincere".

The movement thus projected having met with such spontaneous and cordial indorsement by the press and the people of North Carolina, and with such generous and enthusiastic response from former residents in other States and countries, it was deemed advisable to crystalize the sentiment in an organization for promoting an Annual Reunion or Old-Home Week. It was, therefore, decided to organize a permanent Reunion Association under a regular charter, which has been granted, in order to establish permanently an Annual Reunion or Old-Home Week for North Carolinians scattered throughout the country, and in order that it may be held annually on a more extended and desirable scale. At an informal meeting of the charter members and other stockholders of this Association held in the rooms of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Club, in the city of Greensboro, in August, 1903, an executive committee, consisting of Honorable James E. Boyd, Dr. Charles D. McIver, Mr. J. A. Odell, Mr. Robert R. King, Captain J. W. Fry, and Mr. George S. Bradshaw, was appointed with authority and full power to devise the plan, scope, and details of the First North

Carolina Reunion, and with instructions to report the same to a mass-meeting of the citizens of Greensboro to be held in the Grand Opera House at a later date to be fixed by said committee.

Accordingly, and agreeable to its instructions, this committee, after many conferences and much work, extending over many days, formulated and completed the plan and scope of the Reunion, selected the various committees, and mapped out the work of each. So thorough and satisfactory was its work that its report in full and in detail was unanimously adopted by the said mass-meeting. From this report, submitted through Judge Boyd, and supplemented by him with a stirring and eloquent appeal to this mass-meeting, started the final wave of enthusiasm which culminated in the glorious success of the First North Carolina Reunion. It was deemed appropriate to fix the date of the beginning of the Reunion proper upon the twelfth of October, which is by statute "North Carolina Day", upon which day the schools and colleges of the State suspend their regular work, and devote the day to the study of North Carolina history. This, in brief, is the history of the origin of the movement, and in the following pages will be found the details of its development and execution. Whilst this hasty compilation does not aspire to the dignity of historical work, and whilst many of the utterances recorded in the following pages were extempore and inspired by the occasion, the editor is induced to believe that scattered through its pages are many facts and much material which are worthy to be preserved, and which will appeal not in vain to North Carolina's future historian. In the perusal of these pages the reader will readily recognize and appreciate the embarrassment of the editor and compiler in the attempt to present the quantity and variety of the material at his disposal in the most attractive form. Without precedent in the line of this peculiar task he is left to the defects of his own judgment and taste, and to the charity of those who may read or review with critic's lense the compilation and arrangement of matters herein treated. Its chief, if not its only, charm is the distinctive North Carolina flavor with which its pages are spiced.

Invoking and trusting to the joyous spirit of the occasion, the editor does not hesitate to assure the reader that there will be found in the utterances inspired by the First Reunion of non-resident and resident North Carolinians gems rare and racy from every field of thought and from every line of toil in which North Carolinians have wrought and won in the uplifting and upbuilding of themselves, their communities, their States, and the great institutions of their country. Nor does the writer hesitate to place on record the fact that the First North Carolina Reunion was a decided success. It was a success in its fine and joyous

spirit, in its purpose to foster a beautiful fraternal feeling, in the large attendance from home, in its home-gathering of "absent sons and daughters", in the renewal of old associations, in the cementing of old ties, in the hearty hand-clasp of old friendships and in the formation of new ones, in the heart-to-heart and face-to-face mingling of kith and kin, in the inspiration and instruction imparted, in seeing and knowing what manner of men the old mother has reared and loaned to other States, in showing whatever of good those at home have done and wrought, in the burial of all political and other asperities, in giving vent to the genuine Tarheel pride of home and love of kin, in the filial renewal of allegiance to the sacred claim of both, in the larger knowledge and keener appreciation of the good in all, in the affectionate acknowledgments of the returning children, and in the tender benedictions of the old mother's love.

This modest volume is designed to be a mere souvenir, and as such aspires only to be a simple record of the first Reunion, including comments thereon and utterances inspired thereby, and embracing engravings of some of the Carolinians—resident and non-resident—who figured therein and contributed thereto, and is published with the sincere and sole purpose of stimulating State pride and fostering a greater love of the old Mother.

—Editor.

Special Message of the Governor

The Honorable, the General Assembly:

The city of Greensboro, in her official capacity, and through various organizations having their headquarters there, has planned a reunion of and reception for all the non-resident native North Carolinians, to be held in Greensboro on North Carolina Day, October 12, 1903. It is the desire that this be made a notable occasion. I am requested to ask your honorable body to join with the city of Greensboro and the organizations in extending an invitation to those of our citizens who have made their homes elsewhere. Our sons and daughters abroad have not forgotten the State, nor has the State forgotten them. We want to see them face to face, and learn what they have done abroad, and show them what we are doing here. The occasion will be one of great pleasure, and not without profit to all concerned. I gladly join with the good city of Greensboro and her people in the invitation which they are extending. I trust that your honorable body may do likewise.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES B. AYCOCK,
Governor.

Honorable Charles B. Aycock

Governor of North Carolina

Resolution of the General Assembly

WHEREAS, The city of Greensboro, through its chief executive and its Industrial and Immigration Association and Young Men's Business Association, has planned a Reunion of non-resident native sons and daughters of North Carolina to be held at Greensboro, on "North Carolina Day", October 12, 1903; and

WHEREAS, It is eminently fitting that on a day set apart by the General Assembly as one devoted to fostering a patriotic love of the Commonwealth and people, all sons and daughters of the State should meet together on the soil that gave them birth, and there renew the bonds of love and allegiance to a common mother; therefore, be it

RESOLVED by the Senate, the House of Representatives concurring, that in hearty concurrence with this expressed purpose of our city of Greensboro, the State of North Carolina unites in extending to the absent sons and daughters of the State a cordial invitation, and in assuring them of a welcome both hearty and sincere.

The Serious Purposes of the Reunion

First. To furnish an opportunity for North Carolinians at home and abroad to renew and cement old friendships and to form new ones.

Second. To secure for North Carolina from those who in the fortunes of life have left her borders and made their homes elsewhere the inspiration and instruction that their varied experience and wider view make them capable of giving.

Third. To advertise to the country North Carolina's contribution to American citizenship, and to so organize her sons and daughters, resident and non-resident, that whatever of good there is in the character, traditions, and history of the sturdy old commonwealth may be impressed upon our national life.

CHARLES D. McIVER.

Welcome Home

A Mother's Welcome—Blood-Warm and Heart-Flavored

Thrice Welcome to Heart and Home

The Old North State opens wide her arms to the wandering son whose face is homeward set, and to the wandering daughter who journeys back with beaming smile and queenly step, or with furrowed cheek and measured footfall, to the playground of youth, to bask again in the sunbeams that break from the rosy dawn of childhood.

It matters not whether the absent son was led by ambition's goal to wander away and out from the gate of the old homestead, or was driven by the fierce storm of war, or by the mad winds of ill-fortune, or by the heavy hand of necessity or environment, his home-coming shall be joyous; for he shall find his name—be it ever so humble—sweetly embalmed in the memory of some unforgotten love. Nor shall it matter whether on land or sea he has scaled the dizzy heights of fame, or wanders in the valley of the grim shadow of "riotous living" and dire want, there shall be for him somewhere within our gates a welcome wet with the tears of joy.

We shall not pause to ask whether the absent daughter comes with laurel or with cross; nor shall we take note of purple linen or lack of fad or style; but with glad heart and generous hand we shall surrender every key to every heart and every home and bid uncrowned womanhood, whether garlanded with trophy or veiled with cypress, enter and take the earth and the fulness thereof.

Flesh of our flesh, bone of our bone, blood of our blood, spirit of our spirit, our welcome to them shall be as free, bounteous, and warm as October's sunshine of our sunny clime.

The mill, the shop, the farm, the office, the bank, the school, the church—all shall stop and stand with doors—both back and front—unlocked and wide open.

And with every curtain up—with every eye alert and every heart aglow—with every home and every door and every avenue wide open, we shall show them the sturdy old Commonwealth still rolling and luxuriating in the matchless resources of an Empire; but in a new and steadier light, living a better life, on a higher plane, with stronger faith and brighter promise.

And from blue wave to white peak all with one acclaim shall join in the ever-fresh and ever-joyous outburst of the glad Father in the prodigal parable, "Bring Hither the Fatted Calf".

GEORGE S. BRADSHAW.

From the Reunion Edition of *News and Observer* of September 27, 1903

Reception Committee on the Part of the State of North Carolina

Executive

Charles B. Aycock, Governor, Chairman; J. Bryan Grimes, Secretary of State; B. F. Dixon, Auditor; B. R. Lacy, Treasurer; Robert D. Gilmer, Attorney-General; J. Y. Joyner, Superintendent of Public Instruction; H. B. Varner, Commissioner of Labor and Printing; S. L. Patterson, Commissioner of Agriculture.

Legislative

Wilfred D. Turner, President of the Senate; Samuel M. Gattis, Speaker of the House.

Judicial

Supreme Court: Walter Clark, Chief Justice; Walter A. Montgomery, Associate Justice; Robert M. Douglas, Associate Justice; Platt D. Walker, Associate Justice; Henry G. Connor, Associate Justice.

United States Courts: Thomas R. Purnell, Judge Eastern District of North Carolina; James E. Boyd, Judge Western District of North Carolina.

United States Senators

F. M. Simmons, Lee S. Overman.

Representatives in Congress

John H. Small, Claude Kitchin, Charles R. Thomas, Edward W. Pou, William W. Kitchin, Robert N. Page, Gilbert B. Patterson, Theo. F. Kluttz, E. Y. Webb, James M. Gudger, Jr.

Mr. W. H. Ragan

Chairman of Guilford County Commissioners and Chairman of County Reception Committee

Reception Committee on the Part of the County of Guilford

W. H. Ragan, Chairman; W. C. Tucker, Jos. A. Davidson, John L. King, J. H. Johnson, D. H. Coble, A. G. Kirkman, J. P. Turner, W. T. Whitsett, Thos. A. Sharpe, L. L. Hobbs, J. Elwood Cox, W. O. Donnell, J. Henry Gilmer, W. J. Armfield, W. G. Bradshaw, J. D. Glenn, Wescott Roberson, J. C. Kennett, J. T. Morehead, J. A. Lindsay, D. P. Foust, W. E. Bevill, J. R. Gordon, T. C. Starbuck, W. H. Rankin, W. C. Boren, J. A. Hoskins, F. K. Trogdon, J. F. Jordan, G. H. McKinney, J. A. Holt, Chas. H. Ireland, Jesse R. Wharton, C. D. Cobb, A. C. Murrow, John A. Young, W. N. Wright, John W. Cook, J. J. Welch, T. E. Whitaker, William Ragsdale, J. Van Lindley, J. R. Mendenhall, Jos. S. Worth, G. W. Denny, C. H. Wilson, Wm. Love, Joseph Peele, L. M. Scott.

Reception Committee on the Part of the City of Greensboro

W. H. Osborn, Mayor, Chairman; C. G. Wright, President Industrial and Immigration Association; P. D. Gold, Jr., President Young Men's Business Association; J. J. Nelson, President Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association; R. M. Sloan, Neil Ellington, Lee H. Battle, E. P. Wharton, A. W. McAlister, David Dreyfus, W. P. Bynum, Jr., J. M. Millikan, Tyre Glenn, G. A. Grimsley, J. M. Morehead, R. P. Gray, A. M. Scales, W. P. Beall, Z. V. Taylor, C. M. Vanstory, W. A. Lash, Dred Peacock, C. P. Vanstory, C. D. Benbow, C. M. Stedman, W. F. Clegg, V. C. McAdoo, Jno. N. Wilson, T. J. Murphy, W. D. McAdoo, W. R. Land, J. W. Scott, W. W. Wood, J. S. Hunter, G. W. Patterson, A. L. Brooks, R. G. Vaughn, A. H. Alderman, W. E. Allen, Z. V. Conyers, J. N. Wills, A. B. Kimball, S. H. Boyd, E. J. Stafford, B. H. Merrimon, O. C. Wysong, J. S. Michaux, R. M. Rees, L. J. Brandt, C. H. Dorsett, J. C. Bishop, D. R. Harry, John H. Rankin, J. L. Broekmann, W. D. Mendenhall, J. A. Hodgin, T. A. Glascock, H. J. Elam, R. F. Dalton, J. W. Forbis, G. O. Coble, Dixie Gilmer, J. H. Walsh, Lee T. Blair, A. V. D. Smith, J. B. Stroud, J. E. Brooks, D. C. Waddell, J. I. Foust, M. W. Thompson, John B. Fariss, Howard Gardner, J. S. Schenck, J. T. J. Battle, J. M. Hendrix, J. W. Merritt, E. M. Andrews, J. M. Wolfe, S. L. Gilmer, C. Mebane, W. C. Bain, Geo. S. Sergeant, J. N. Longest, F. N. Taylor, John M. Dick, C. W. Hoecker, J. W. Lindau, J. T. Tate, E. D. Broadhurst, C. E. Holton, J. C. Murchison, W. E. Harrison, E. Sternberger, J. E. Logan, J. A. Barringer, S. J. Kaufmann, J. D. Helms, E. J. Justice, M. C. Stewart, E. S. Wills.

Colonel W. H. Osborn

Mayor of the City of Greensboro

Ladies' Reception Committee

Mrs. R. F. Dalton, Chairman; Mrs. W. E. Allen, Mrs. Lee H. Battle, Mrs. James E. Boyd, Mrs. W. P. Bynum, Jr., Mrs. Mamie Crawford, Mrs. David Dreyfus, Mrs. J. W. Fry, Mrs. J. S. Hunter, Mrs. Robert R. King, Mrs. W. D. McAdoo, Mrs. Charles D. McIver, Mrs. Joseph M. Morehead, Mrs. J. A. Odell, Mrs. Dred Peacock, Mrs. Lucy H. Robertson, Mrs. C. M. Stedman, Mrs. J. P. Turner, Mrs. R. G. Vaughn, Mrs. John N. Wilson, Miss Nora Balsley, Miss Lola Carraway, Miss Lizzie Leigh Dick, Miss Charlotte Gorrell, Miss Lizzie Lindsay, Miss Mabel Glenn, Miss Alice Nelson, Miss Lizzie Sergeant, Mrs. J. A. Barringer, Mrs. W. P. Beall, Mrs. Geo. S. Bradshaw, Mrs. Ceasar Cone, Mrs. Robert M. Douglas, Mrs. Neil Ellington, Mrs. J. D. Glenn, Mrs. C. H. Ireland, Mrs. W. A. Lash, Mrs. A. W. McAlister, Mrs. E. R. Michaux, Mrs. J. C. Murchison, Mrs. W. H. Osborn, Mrs. J. M. Reece, Mrs. A. M. Scales, Mrs. John N. Staples, Mrs. C. M. Vanstory, Mrs. C. G. Wright, Mrs. E. P. Wharton, Miss Kate Bradshaw, Miss Pattie Caldwell, Miss Elizabeth George, Miss Sue May Kirkland, Miss Bessie Merrimon, Miss Berta Mebane, Miss Rebecca Schenck, Miss Jessie Scott, Miss Nettie Sloan.

Local Committees

COMMITTEE ON DECORATIONS—Clarence R. Brown, Chairman; J. W. Cone, F. P. Hobgood, Jr., Mrs. C. L. VanNoppen, Mrs. Carrie G. Yates, Mrs. E. W. Myers, Mrs. David Dreyfus, Mrs. Gaston W. Ward, Mrs. James D. Glenn.

COMMITTEE ON TRANSPORTATION—Zeb. V. Taylor, Chairman; A. B. Kimball, L. J. Brandt.

MUSIC for the occasion to be under the supervision of the Board of Managers, with Frank A. Williams as director.

COMMITTEE ON PROGRAM AND ARRANGEMENTS—G. S. Bradshaw, Chairman; P. D. Gold, Jr., A. M. Scales, T. Gilbert Pearson, V. C. McAdoo, J. E. Brooks, John N. Wilson.

COMMITTEE ON DECORATIONS AND LUNCHEON AT BATTLE GROUND—Dr. W. A. Lash, Chairman; J. H. Walsh, R. M. Rees, Mrs. C. L. VanNoppen, Mrs. R. R. King, Mrs. J. W. Lindau, Miss Alice Nelson, Mrs. John N. Staples.

COMMITTEE ON BADGES, INFORMATION, AND REGISTRATION—D. C. Waddell, Chairman; C. M. Vanstory, W. R. Land.

COMMITTEE ON FIREWORKS—C. H. Ireland, Chairman; E. D. Broadhurst, J. S. Betts, W. T. Powe, C. C. McLean, F. N. Taylor, A. W. Cooke, J. M. Hendrix, H. W. Wharton, T. C. Hoyle, W. C. A. Hammel, H. C. B. Guthrie.

PRESS COMMITTEE—Andrew Joyner, Chairman; J. M. Reece, R. W. Haywood, W. M. Barber, H. M. Blair, J. F. McCulloch, Al Fairbrother.

Mr. Andrew Joyner

Chairman of the Press Committee

Official Program

Program of the First North Carolina Reunion

Greensboro, N. C.

October Eleventh to Thirteenth
Nineteen Hundred and Three

Sunday, October Eleventh

First Presbyterian Church—11.00 a. m.

Sermon by Rev. W. W. Moore, D. D.,
President Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va.

West Market Methodist Episcopal Church—11.00 a. m.

Sermon by Rev. C. W. Byrd, D. D.,
Atlanta, Ga.

Grand Opera House—3.00 p. m.

Reunion Sermon by Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D.,
Boston, Mass.

Monday, October Twelfth

Grand Opera House—2.00 p. m.

Invocation.

Introduction of Honorable Matthew Whitaker Ransom as Presiding Officer, by President Charles D. McIver, Chairman Board of Managers.

Address of Welcome on behalf of the State, by
Governor Charles B. Aycock.

Address of Welcome on behalf of the City of Greensboro, by
Col. James T. Morehead.

Response from the North Carolina Soeiety of New York,
Honorable Frank E. Shober.

Response from the North Carolina Soeiety of Philadelphia,
W. F. Futrell, Esq.

Response from the North Carolina Soeiety of Baltimore,
Mr. John Wilbur Jenkins.

Response from the North Carolina Society of Riehmond,
Rev. W. W. Moore, D. D.

Response from the North Carolina Soeiety of Atlanta,
Shepard Bryan, Esq.

Response from the State of Nevada,
Judge A. L. Fitzgerald.

Response from the State of South Carolina,
President R. P. Pell.

Response from the State of Tennessee,
Honorable L. D. Tyson.

Response from the Distriet of Columbia,
Judge J. C. Pritchard.

Response from the State of Indiana,
Mr. R. M. Bartley.

Entertainments—8.00 p. m.

The North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College.

The Greensboro Female College.

Smoker at Pythian Hall to visiting Pythians.

Reeeptions—9.30 p. m. to 11.30 p. m.—At various headquarters.

Tuesday, October Thirteenth

Guilford Battle Ground—10.30 a. m.

Address by Honorable Hoke Smith,
of Georgia.

Address by Honorable Joseph M. Dixon,
of Montana.

Honorable Walter Clark

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina

Address by Dr. Paul Barringer,
of Virginia.

Address by Mr. Walter H. Page,
of New York.

Address by President E. A. Alderman,
of Louisana.

Address by Honorable Murat Halstead,
of Ohio.

1.00 p. m.—Basket dinner.

3.00 p. m.—Central Carolina Fair.

8.00 p. m.—Cone Athletic Park. Fireworks.

9.30 p. m.—Smith Memorial Building: General Reception.

11.00 p. m.—State Song.

Headquarters

General Reunion Headquarters.....The Benbow
University of North Carolina.....108 North Elm Street
Trinity College.....The Benbow, Rooms 324-322
Wake Forest.....101½ East Market Street
Guilford College.....The Benbow, Rooms 316-318
Davidson College.....The Benbow, Room 320
Whitsett Institute.....The Benbow, Room 326
Oak Ridge.....Hotel Guilford
Randolph County.....Greensboro National Bank Building
Cumberland County.....City National Bank Building
Knights of Pythias.....Pythian Building, South Elm Street
Masons.....Masonic Hall, Greensboro National Bank Building
Visiting Editors.....212 South Elm Street, and The Benbow
Chatham and other Counties.....McAdoo House

Battle Ground Schedule

Trains leave City: 9.00 a. m., 9.40 a. m., 10.20 a. m., 11.00 a. m.
Returning: 2.00 p. m., 2.40 p. m., 3.20 p. m.

The Proceedings

Rev. C. W. Byrd, D. D.

Atlanta, Ga.

Sunday, October Eleventh

The Gate City awoke to find within her gates more friends and strangers than her beautiful and imposing churches could accommodate on the opening day of the Reunion. On all the incoming trains, from every direction, since early Saturday morning, resident and non-resident in throngs had passed through her gates. It was an auspicious—a glorious Sunday. Filled with the softly-bracing air and delicious sunshine of "Sad-eyed October", brightened by the hand-clasp of home-coming loved ones, sweetened by the spirit of Reunion that had touched and warmed every heart in every home, and made gladsome and joyous by the revival of tender memories, its sweet influences drew everybody nearer to home, nearer to church, and nearer to God. It was a fit day to worship God, and touched by its hallowed environments the coldest backslider wanted to follow the multitude to the sacred temples. All the churches were overflowing. Spacious and commodious West Market was wholly inadequate to seat the people who wished to hear Rev. Dr. Byrd. The same was true of the Old First Presbyterian, where Rev. Dr. Moore officiated.

Following is the full text of the sermon by Rev. Charles W. Byrd, D. D., of Atlanta, Ga., delivered in West Market Methodist Episcopal Church at 11.00 a. m.:

The Mission of the Master—The Impartation of Life

I am come that they may have life, and that they may have it more abundantly.—John 10 : 10.

This is one of the briefest and at the same time most comprehensive statements of the mission of Jesus that we have recorded, either in his own utterances or in those of his apostles. I would be slow to found a doctrine on any one statement, even of Jesus himself, but the view that this brief passage states the mission of the Master is abundantly sustained in numerous other passages. In the first sermon that he ever preached in the home of his youth, he read and expounded Isaiah 61, and declared that in him was fulfilled the promise of life therein contained, to the Jewish nation, and through them to the Gentile world. He declared that he came to seek and to save the lost; but his method of saving the lost was by the impartation of life. Then he declared

that he came to do his Father's will; but his Father's will was that the race might be filled with abundant life. The closing prayer of his life was that the world might have life through his mercy and merit. So we have as the proposition for our discussion on this occasion "The Mission of the Master—The Impartation of Life". There is no subject, perhaps, upon which there has been more false thinking than on the purposes of Jesus' ministry. Many have thought that he came to found a new religion, and they have told us that his religion should be compared with others, and that we should take the best there is in all the systems, perhaps giving to the teachings of Christ the preeminence. I have no objection to the comparative study of religions, and am perfectly willing that Christ's system should be brought into comparison with the utterances of Sidartha, Confucius, and Buddha; but what I maintain is, that Christ never came to found a religion, but to impart life to man's spiritual nature.

There are three things that are absolutely essential to the founding of a religious system: the promulgation of a creed, the establishment of a system of worship, and the formation of an organization. But Christ did none of these. Roman Catholics have gone to the writings of Christ and formulated a system of theology, and declared that this is Christ's teachings; Lutherans have done the same, and so have Wesleyan Armenians. But nowhere in the utterances of Jesus is there a systematic statement of doctrine. His great purpose was not to teach men what to think, but to teach them to think; not to promulgate a creed, but to quicken the heart and intellect; not to inform the mind simply, but to lift it into communion with God.

The purpose of the early teachers of philosophy in our schools was to promulgate a system of philosophy, and train their pupils to hold and proclaim their teachings. But the teacher of philosophy today in our best schools would feel that he had failed in his mission if he had simply taught his pupils to think his thoughts, to utter his words, and to embody the principles of his system in their own thought. The great purpose in the course of philosophy is not to teach men to think the thoughts of others, but to think their own thoughts. This is but a return to the Master's method. No one who studies the gospels can fail to be struck with how he prodded the minds of his disciples with question, epigram, and paradox. His whole purpose seemed to be to lead them to think on the great questions of their relation to God, their relation to men, and their eternal destiny.

One of the saddest features of the religion of today is, that there are so many people who are willing to let their minister do their religions thinking for them. They spend the week in thinking of stocks and bonds, real estate, dirt and dollars, social functions, and the common dissipations of life, and come to church on Sunday morning to accept the sermon of their pastor as the necessary weekly dose of religion. My deepest desire and highest purpose is to awaken in you thought upon the deep problems of life and destiny, and not to do your thinking for you. Such, I conceive, was the Master's purpose, too.

Christ did not formulate a ritual or form of worship; his purpose was not to teach men how to give expression to feelings of love and gratitude and faith, but to awaken these feelings in human hearts, and leave them to find expression in the way best adapted to the individual. Therefore, Christ had no ritual. Roman Catholics and Protestants have formulated rituals, and proclaimed them as Christ's ritual; but in this they have been mistaken, for, as the birds have their own peculiar methods of praising God—the lark with his early morning song, the quail in the early hours of the afternoon, and the whip-poor-will, with

melancholy tone, in the evening shadows—even so the human hearts, in varied ways and diverse places, give expression to the feeling of devotion that has awakened in them. And wherever there is a heart that loves God and loves to tell him so, that longs for his help and appeals for it, with feeling of gratitude for his goodness and declares it, that is penitent for sin and seeks pardon, there is worship; whether it be amid the scenes of the great cathedral, with eyes fixed upon the pitiful form of the crucifix; in the dim light of the wasting candle, and amid the stately music of well-trained choirs; or in the Quaker meeting-house, wholly unadorned and plain, where the heart rises in voiceless prayer and praise to God—this is worship.

Christ formed no organization; his nearest approach to organization was when he sent out the seventy on one occasion and the twelve on another, two by two, to preach the Word in the cities of Perea and Judea. So the third essential of the new religion is utterly wanting in our Savior's work. He imparted life, and left it to find its own form of organization; and any form of organization is acceptable to him that gives expression to life, whether it be the wonderful organization of the great Catholic Church or the loosest Congregationalism.

Christ performed his office of "Imparter of Life" through the use of means, however. To some of these I desire to direct your thought on this occasion: First, he uses the Church for the impartation of life. And this raises the whole question of what the Church really is. I would have you realize that it is not a school of ethics, merely teaching men their duty to each other; nor is it a school of theology, merely teaching men what they ought to think about God, and the unseen as related to God. It teaches ethics, and it teaches theology; but they are only incidents of its mission. Wherever there are souls that are united by love to God, and loyalty to God, and desire to bring his kingdom—first in their own hearts, then in the hearts of their own household, then in the world at large—there is the Church of the living God. The church is not primarily a fountain of truth or of morals, but of life. It may be likened to a river that takes its rise among mountains, and leaps and laughs and sings its way down the gorges, and at length reservoirs its strength on the great millpond that turns the busy wheels of the factory or grinds the grist for a thousand hungry mouths; then gathers into pools where boys come when their work is over, and bathe, and go away refreshed and cleansed; then sends its streams out into the broad meadows, and feeds the roots of myriad grasses and flowers and trees and vines, that are all unconscious of its life-giving power. So, the church is sometimes noisy in its praises to God; then it gathers itself into a great reservoir that turns the wheels of philanthropic endeavor and Christian enterprise; then it gathers itself into pools where on the Sabbath day multitudes come week after week, and go away refreshed and cleansed; then it sweeps out amid the busy multitudes that never think of God and eternal life, and imparts life even to these indifferent ones and scoffers.

None can estimate the marvelous power of the church as a reservoir of life and salvation. To it we owe all our benevolent institutions, hospitals, asylums, and homes of refuge for the fallen and needy; and God himself has no use for the so-called church that has ceased to be the imparter of life, and has degenerated into a school of theology that worships a creed rather than a Savior.

Second, he uses the Bible for the impartation of life; but as men have thought falsely about what the church is, so have they cherished misconceptions of what the Bible is. Not a few preachers have wasted their lives over the doctrine of "verbal inspiration", and inerrancy of the sacred Scriptures; and

not a few have grown gray with anxiety about the work of the higher critics, because they have thought that the Bible was a book about religion rather than a book of religion. It was never intended to be a record of scientific facts; but it is a product of men who had the life of God in their souls, and who have written it out in these sacred records. This being true, I am unconcerned about the absolute accuracy of its historic statements; knowing as I do, that it is now, as it has ever been, a great fountain of spiritual life for all who feed upon its words. The Bible is a sacred library, a collection of the best friends that have ever counseled or communed with mortals. A book is a friend; a good book is a good friend—and sometimes I prefer my friend bound in muslin or leather, rather than in flesh; for then I can make him hush while I think. I love to think of my library as a collection of friends with whom I can commune at will, listening to their words of wisdom, loking at the pictures they paint with their vivid imaginations, feeling the thrill of their stories of tenderness, adventure, and love.

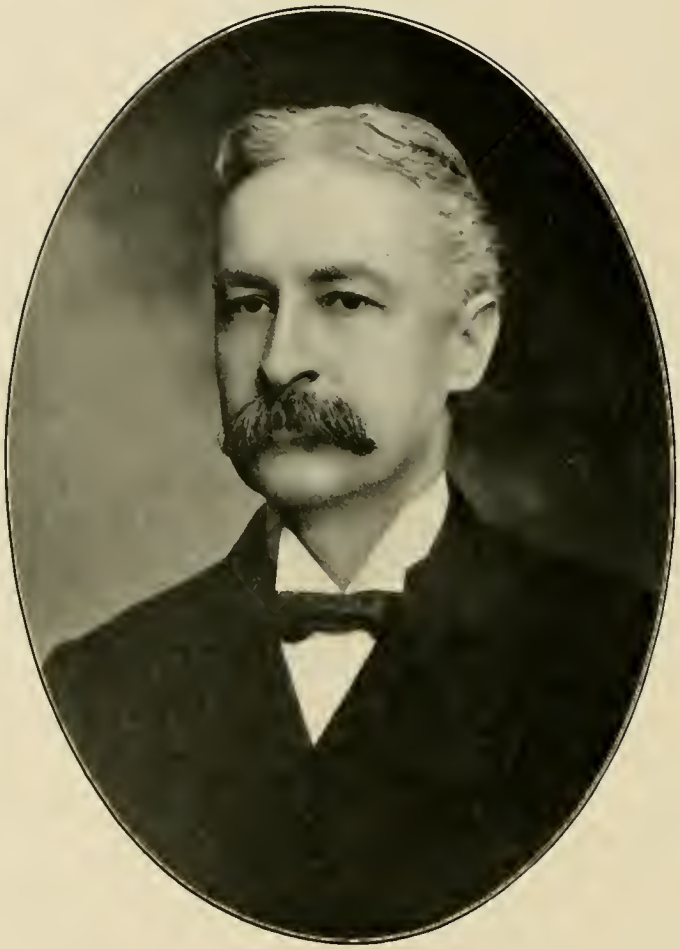
A few evenings ago, when I had finished my preparations for my morning sermon, I sat alone in my study. Glancing up at my book-shelves, I asked what friend should talk with me that evening. Putting my hand on a small volume, Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Sonnets from the Portuguese", I let her tell me in her own beautiful words the story of her unselfish love for the one man whose burden she had consented to help to bear, and whose joys she knew how, as no other could, to participate in. Then, taking a volume of Sophocles, I let the old master talk to me in that queen of all the tragedies, Antigone, until my mind was ablaze with the thought and feeling that pervades that marvelous work of human genius. And then I turned to, perhaps the sweetest singer of all the Latin poets, and let old Horace talk to me in the musical lines of his Sapphic measure, of the heathen gods, Roman patriotism, and human love. But when the hour for the close of the evening's study had come, and my thoughts turned to higher things and better things than Sophocles and Horace knew, I opened the Book of books to listen to the words of rapt Isaiah, and Israel's poet king, and the sweet and tender words of Him "Who spake as never man spake".

As I closed the book, I knew and felt a difference that made me exclaim: "This; this, is the Book of Life!"

Take its history. Is it a record of the great deeds of great men? Not always; but often the petty deeds of mean men; but in its history and biographies we feel the breath of God, and are taught that He is in the onward march of the human race. Take its poetry. It may not compare in beauty and rhythm with the sonorous lines of Greece's blind bard, but in its beauty, whether it describes the beauties of nature, or the feelings of the human heart, it teaches you that God is back of and under all. And so it is the Book of Life, Christ's chief means of the promulgation of life in human spirits.

Last of all, Christ imparts life by giving himself. Here is a mystery that human lips can not explain, and human minds can not understand. His entrance into the heart must be known by experience and spiritual intuition. I stand here today to plead with you to assume the receptive attitude, letting him have right-of-way. That you may be strengthened by the might of his spirit in the inner man. That he may dwell in your heart by faith, and fill you with his fulness. That you may have this experience, you must live in his presence, and let him live in your heart and in your home. He alone can impart life.

I stood on a ditch bank one day, and looking down at the scraggy thornbush, I bent down the ear of my imagination to hear what it had to say. I



Rev. W. W. Moore, D. D., LL. D.

President of Union Theological Seminary, Richmond, Va

heard it complain in murmuring tones: "Only a briar, filled with thorns, the sign of the curse! If I were but like the violets that grow upon the bank up there, I would regale the senses of this stranger who bends over me; or if I were like the great oak over there in the field, that lifts its branches in the sunshine, I would offer shade and protection to tired man and weary beast; but I am only a briar. If I were like the wheat that is yellowing on the hills and plains, I would feed a multitude of hungry men; but I am only a briar!" Just then I saw the gardener come, and, carefully taking the thorn-bush from its place, he transplanted it in a cosy corner of his well-cultivated garden, and pruned it, and left it alone. And then I bent down the ear of my imagination to listen once more to the voice of the thorn-bush, and I heard it say: "Ah, I am still only a briar! What can the gardener have intended in placing me in this cultivated spot? It was bad enough to be a briar down there in the ditch; but oh, how much worse here among the roses; he will never be able to get anything out of me." Then I heard the gardener laugh and say, "I will first put something in you"; and with keen knife he splits the bark of the old thorn-bush and places within it a tiny bud, and binds it up, and goes his way. The weeks go by, and multitudes gather around the old thorn-bush, and look with wonder and admiration; for lo, upon it is a rose of rarest beauty and sweetest fragance.

You, my brother, are the thorn-bush, full of thorns; but your father is the husbandman. He knows the worthlessness of the old root-stock; but he knows, too, how to put into you life that will come out some day in beautiful and fragrant flowers of Christian character. Let him have right-of-way. Let him put into you what he can; and he will get out of you what he wishes.

The immense auditorium of the First Presbyterian Church was crowded with worshipers at 11 o'clock, and hundreds were turned away for lack of room. Rev. Walter W. Moore, D. D., LL. D., of the Union Theological Seminary, of Richmond, Va., a native of Mecklenburg, and highly distinguished in the theological world, preached a magnificent sermon. It was this beloved divine who delivered the sermon when the splendid building in which he stood this morning was dedicated, ten years ago, then, as now, one of the most splendid church edifices in the South.

Dr. Moore's subject was The Making of Transitional Men—What Makes Them, and What They Make. His text was from I Samuel 3 : 20: "And all Israel, from Dan even to Beersheba, knew that Samuel was established to be a prophet of the Lord."

Following is an abstract of his masterly discourse:

The Making of Transitional Men

I Samuel 3 : 20

The loftiest ideal ever set before a nation was that which God placed before the Israelites when he entered into covenant with them at Mount Sinai. It was expressed in these words: "Ye shall be unto Me a kingdom of priests

and an holy nation''. This was no ideal of military glory or material wealth, such as most nations have striven to attain. It was an ideal of personal and national righteousness, of spiritual privilege, and of helpful service to mankind. ''Ye shall be unto me an holy nation''—there was God's requirement of righteousness. ''Ye shall be unto Me a kingdom of priests'', that is, as the construction really means, a dynasty of persons invested with royal rank and priestly functions—there was God's appointment of Israel to religious privilege and religious responsibility. For priesthood implies not only privilege but duty. A priest is a mediator and teacher of God's will. Israel as a priestly nation had a ministry to the world. Her mission was to teach religion. Her call to it was clearer even than the call of Rome to teach the world organization and law, or the call of Greece to teach the world letters and art. The ideal set before Israel then was religion—intensive and extensive, if we may use these terms for lack of better, meaning by intensive religion truth and righteousness realized in their own hearts and lives, and by extensive religion the teaching of truth and righteousness to the world.

You are familiar with the melancholy history of Israel's failure to realize this splendid ideal in the generations immediately succeeding the covenant at Sinai. In order to the regular administration of the ordinances of public worship, an official priesthood was organized at Sinai, in connection with the elaborate system of object-lessons in the tabernacle and its ritual, and a whole tribe was set apart to the offices of religion. This tribe, alone, had no territory allotted to it among the rest; but instead of a portion of their own the Levites were scattered among all the other tribes, occupying specified towns in different parts of the country. To this sacerdotal order, and to these Levites, thus dispersed among the people, was originally entrusted the principal part of the work of spiritual instruction and government. But, during the period of the Judges, which has been well called the Hebrew Dark Ages—a period of civil and religious disorder, the priesthood itself degenerated, as seen in the scandalous history of Hophni and Phineas, and the Levites, so far from fulfilling the purpose for which they had been scattered over the land, and holding the people to their spiritual ideal, became themselves leaders in idolatry, as in the case of Jonathan, the grandson of Moses. With the loss of character on the part of the priests and Levites, the ceremonialism of which they were the exponents necessarily lost its power, and religion lost its hold upon the people.

Hence arose the necessity for a system of plainer and more effective teaching, and the demand for a leader of creative genius to organize such a system. ''The ages call, and the heroes come.'' In this crisis of the chosen people, second only in importance to the Exodus, there appeared a leader second only to Moses. Amidst the wreck of the ancient institutions of the country, amidst the rise and growth of the new, there was one counselor to whom all turned for advice and support—Samuel, the prophet. And so grandly did he meet the crisis which evoked him, that for three thousand years his influence upon mankind has been second to that of no mere man that has ever lived since his day. For Samuel was not only the organizer of what we call constitutional government, but he was the originator of two of the most potent and beneficent agencies of our civilization—the pulpit and the school.

He revolutionized the political and religious life of Israel. He was the last of the judges, the first of the prophets, the founder of the monarchy. He was the connecting link between the old regime and the new. He was reformer, organizer, epoch-maker of the first magnitude. And there is no career in all

Scriptural history from which the men of the transitional epoch in North Carolina can learn so much, for they have the same kind of problems to solve, and the same kind of work to do.

Before proceeding to make good these statements as to his work and influence, some of which may seem to you at first sight extravagant, let us call to mind once more the familiar picture of the child and the man, and the familiar story of his antecedents, character, and training.

1. And first of all, if we would know how such men are made, we should note that Samuel was the son of his mother. The most potent influence in the making of the man who made Israel, who first founded schools, and who first organized preaching, was that of a wise, gentle, just, and loving mother. It is not merely an alliterative epigram when we say, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world". Our age has seen more clearly than any other that even the prenatal influence of a mother on her child is very great. It was not a mere accident or coincidence, as some one has pointed out, that Nero's mother was a murderess, or that Napoleon's mother was a woman of prodigious energy, or that Sir Walter Scott's mother was a great lover of poetry, or that Lord Byron's mother was a proud woman—ill-tempered and violent, or that John Wesley's mother had executive ability enough to manage an empire, or that Washington's mother was devout and pure and true, and of the loftiest character—the woman of whom he said: "All that I am I owe to my mother". There must be something besides mere chance in an array of facts of which these are but specimens. When to the prenatal influence is added the after influence of association, example, and instruction, moving along in the same direction through all the years of special susceptibility, nothing short of eternity can reveal how decisive has been the influence of a mother's life and personality upon the life and personality of her child. The development of the affections in children precedes that of the intellect. The mother governs through the affections, and, as she alone is brought into the closest relations with the children during the formative period of their lives, they learn to love her with a far different feeling from that which is inspired by the father. His is largely the rule of authority. Hers is the rule of love; and hers is infinitely stronger and more abiding. Hence the greatest need, not only of France, as Napoleon Bonaparte said, but of every nation, is mothers. Now, Hannah was a mother after God's own heart. She prayed for a son; and when a son was given her she recognized and assumed her responsibilities with a cheerful and whole-hearted devotion. She wore no crown like Queen Victoria; she led no army like Joan of Arc; she slew no tyrant like Charlotte Corday; she founded no school like Mary Baldwin; but she made the man, who made the monarchy, who planted the seeds of all constitutional government, of all opposition to tyranny, and of all organized schools and colleges, and who made the pulpit what it has ever since continued to be.

If the men and women of our stock have been of any use to North Carolina or to other States in which they have lived, let us thank God today first of all for our North Carolina mothers. Astronomers tell us that the light of a star lingers lovingly around the world for centuries after the star itself has disappeared from the firmament. However that may be, certain it is that the influence of these blessed luminaries of the home abides with power upon their children and their children's children long after they have gone hence. Turn once more to that delightful little volume of Drumtochty stories, and read the sketch entitled "His Mother's Sermon", if you would see what "Ian Maclaren", the most popular writer of that species of literature in the world, thinks

of the posthumous influence of a mother upon her son. A man learns his political and other opinions from his father and other men, but he learns his religion from his mother, and, as Thomas Carlyle has said, a man's religion is the main fact about him, it is that which more than anything else makes him what he is.

2. The circumstances attending Samuel's response to the first call of the mysterious voice show that he had also early developed the self-denial and self-control which are indispensable conditions of the highest success in life, especially in an age of intricate and irritating and explosive problems and of strenuous activity like ours.

3. The most notable thing about Samuel's training for his great career was his gradual growth, the continuousness and consequent harmony and strength of his development. The silent, inward, unconscious growth of Samuel is in strong contrast with the violence and profligacy of the times, and, as Stanley points out, is the expression of a universal truth. The fact that in him the various parts of his life hung together, without any abrupt transition, explains the marvelous success of his work in binding together the broken links of two diverging epochs, and imparting to the age in which he lived the continuity which he had experienced in his own life. In proportion as our minds and hearts have grown up gradually and firmly, without any violent disturbance or wrench to one side or the other; in that proportion do we accomplish our best work for God. The steady, solid, lasting work of the world is done by the men who come from Christian homes, are trained by godly mothers, and develop through a pure childhood and youth to a strong, well-balanced, and fruitful manhood. My brethren, let us learn this lesson. In our work for North Carolina henceforth, let us continue as heretofore to magnify the work of the home. "And the child Samuel grew on and was in favor with God and man." If our State has been noted for any one type of character it is the balanced type. We are not men of extreme views. Other States may have more genius, but no State has more sense—good, hard, solid, everyday sense. "The maelstrom attracts more notice than the quiet fountain; a comet draws more attention than the steady star; but it is better to be the fountain than the maelstrom, and to be the star than the comet." Our people will not follow men of extreme views. They will not lay their course by sky-rockets, but the steadfast pole-star they will always follow. Symmetrical, solid, well-knit men, free from extravagances of doctrine and method, are the kind of men now needed by North Carolina.

4. Samuel was a transitional man. It is this feature of his life which invests him with peculiar interest to the young men of the South, who have grown up amid the changes in our Southern land which were wrought by the great revolution in the sixties; men who have had to be at once conservative and progressive, who combine profound reverence for the past with buoyant belief in the future; steadfast in their adherence to the principles which have given their people and country a glorious past, coupled with a clear recognition of the changed conditions brought about by the war and other causes, and the consequent necessity for some changes of method in the application of those principles.

Samuel was not a founder of a new state of things like Moses, nor a champion of the existing order of things like Elijah. He stood literally between the two; between the living and the dead, between the past and the future, between the old and the new, with that sympathy for each which at such a time affords the best hope of any permanent solution of the questions which torment it. See his attitude towards ritualism, though brought up on the ritual of the tabernacle; and hear his definition of religion: "Behold to obey is better than

Honorable Robert M. Douglas

Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina

sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams''. See his attitude towards the monarchy, though brought up under the old system of republic and judges. We need men today of equally open mind, broad outlook, and power of adaptation.

There, then, we see what makes the transitional man; his mother's influence, his early mastery of self, his gradual and symmetrical training, and his sympathy alike with the old and the new.

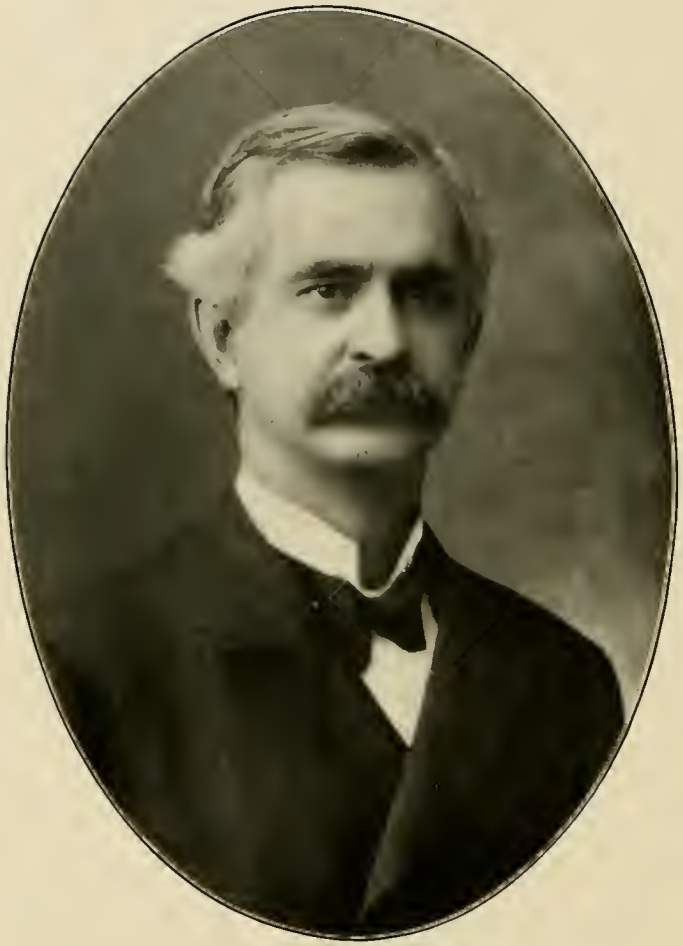
Now what does the transitional man make?

5. The greatest work of Samuel's life was the establishment of the prophetic order, and the organization of the prophetic schools. He not only reformed the civil and religious life of his people, but he took measures to make his work of restoration permanent as well as effective for the moment. He established schools which should furnish a regular succession of trained men to teach religion. At Ramah, at Bethel, at Gilgal, at Jericho, these were gathered in companies, and ''Samuel stood appointed over them''.

This is the first mention, the first express sanction, not merely of regular arts of instruction and education, but of regular societies formed for that purpose—of schools, of colleges, of universities, of theological seminaries. Long before Plato had gathered his disciples round him in the olive grove, or Zeno in the portico, these institutions had grown up under Samuel in Judea. On this unique occasion, in this good State, with the whole atmosphere electrical with educational enthusiasm, it is impossible not to note with peculiar interest the rise of these, the first places of regular religious and general education. For one man to have inaugurated and methodized these three great innovations—constitutional government, national education, and a continuous succession of trained preachers—and to have given them stability and permanence, is an unique achievement, which confers upon its author everlasting renown, and, looking to the subsequent effects of these institutions, impels us to pronounce Samuel one of the supreme benefactors of the human race.

My brethren of North Carolina, believe in the teaching method, and practice it with all your might—in the home, in the school, and in the pulpit.

The Reunion Sermon



Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D., of Boston, Mass.

Who Preached the Reunion Sermon

The Reunion Sermon

This was delivered by Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D., Boston, Mass., at 3.00 p. m., in the Grand Opera House, to the largest audience ever seen in that splendid auditorium. There was scarcely an inch of available standing space to be found, and hundreds were turned away by the ushers.

Following is the full text of the sermon:

The Vision of God and Man

The heavens were opened, and I saw visions of God.—Ezekiel 1 : 1.

The hand of the Lord was upon me, and carried me out in the Spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones.—Ezekiel 37 : 1.

Five times the heavens are said to have opened: Above Christ at his baptism, when he heard the approving words of the Father; above Peter on the house-top, when he received his life-commission; above Stephen whilst he was being martyred, when he saw Christ at the right hand of God; above John on the Isle of Patmos, when he caught glimpses of the Celestial City; and here above Ezekiel in the land of captivity, by the river Chebar.

This vision of the opening of the heavens was a preparation for the vision of dry bones. Until we get a glimpse of God, and begin to realize that divine forces respond to human, and that God is in his world, working a way worthy of himself, we are not ready for the work of transforming bones into men, making life come out of death. It was a preparation for the life-work of the prophet, and we see in this process the method by which the desert becomes a garden, the wilderness a city, and the colony with rude, lawless beginnings a state with civil and moral order. It is God coming down through the openiug heavens and touching men—bringing them into life. Man is but a bone of his former self. Created in the image of God, he has so marred that image by his sin that compared with God he is only as the dry bone compared with the living body. And the question of all questions is, can these bones live? As we study this vision of God, we will find an answer to that question. Only God can bring them into life.

First of all, we see the union of the human with the divine. In the peculiar creatures of this vision there are wings, and a hand under each wing. The wing everywhere in Scripture is the symbol of Deity. "The shadow of His

wings'' is a familiar phrase. The hand is the symbol of the human, so that we have the union of God with man. And you notice there is much wing and little hand. It is the wing moving the hand, rather than the hand moving the wing. God controlling the human. God managing the affairs of men. What we need today to transform the desert into a garden, and to place life where there was death is to put God in the place of pre-eminence. The tendency at this time is to magnify man and forget God. We are apt to make the hand bigger than the wing, and make man occupy a place of honor and of dignity, whilst we forget that God is the ruler of all. But when we put God first, he can still create something out of nothing. If I had a blackboard here, I would write on it the figure 1. Then I would put before it a nought, and it is only one. I put two noughts, only one; three noughts, only one. But if I write the nought after, it is ten, and two noughts it is one hundred. If you put the one first, you can make ten out of one nothing, one hundred out of two nothings, and one thousand out of three nothings. When you put God first, he can create something out of nothing. When you have learned to spell God, with those three letters you can spell all that is good. I really like the religion of the good, old, colored woman in Georgia, who went to school at sixty years of age, and she went up to the teacher and said, ''Miss, I just wish you'd tell me how to spell Jesus first, because I think if I could spell Jesus first, then all the rest would come easy''. I tell you that is good religion. It is the kind that puts God first. He is equal to the task of transforming the human, and making it into the image of the divine.

And as you gaze at these peculiar creatures in the vision, you see a winged intelligence. There is the face of a man, and the human face is always the symbol of intelligence. Reason linked with God. Reason with a wing. When man links his intelligence with God, and puts his mind, his imagination, his taste, his judgment, his whole intellectual being under the direction of the Spirit, then it is that he has power to influence and mould character. And you will find that the men who elevate reason above revelation (and we have many of them in New England) are usually controlled by the slave of self. Reason is more often in shackles than in liberty. It is controlled by ignorance, prejudice, and passion. During the French Revolution, you remember the leaders said, ''Down with the church; down with the Bible; up with reason'', and instead of going to the University of Paris and selecting a broad-browed philosopher as the personification of Reason, they go to a theater and select a dissolute actress, put her on a throne, and ask the people to bow at her shrine; and the men of Brittany who worship reason are the men, as far as I have learned them, who are controlled by selfishness, passion, and lust. Reason is a good courtier of the King. It does the bidding of the master; but reason exalted above revelation is an ignorant and sometimes a cruel tyrant. What we need today is to let reason listen to the God of reason. Let reason do the bidding of the King. Let reason take the promises that God has given, and draw the conclusions of mercy and power. The man who is influenced only by cold, calculating reason is as near the devil incarnate as ever lived. The man who is never influenced by gratitude or friendship or love has been demonized, and the tendency of this modern time to exalt reason above the Bible is to demonize man, is to deprive him of the pure Scriptural instinct that links him with God, and should control his reason as the master of the servant of the Almighty. Intelligence with a wing is the ideal Christian life.

As you look more closely, you will notice a winged courage. There is the face of a lion, and the lion is everywhere a symbol of courage. Courage linked

with God, conscious of God's presence and of God's power, and courage not only in the presence of danger but of difficulty. It sometimes takes more courage to meet difficulty than danger. When God commissioned Joshua to go forth to battle, he said, "Be of good courage". When God commissioned Solomon to build the temple, he said, "Be of good courage", and it took as good courage for Solomon to face the difficulties of temple-building as for Joshua to march into the danger of battle. Many a man who could meet danger succumbs in the presence of difficulty, but God is equal to all difficulty. Difficulty does not exist in his vocabulary, and when you are linked with God you can be brave in the presence of difficulty as well as of danger. Our fathers were strong in building up this State, in establishing and maturing the church, in turning the desert into a garden, in making the wilderness a city, because they were brave not only in the presence of danger that would kill, but of difficulty that would daunt. The Cavaliers who first landed at Jamestown, and the Pilgrims who landed at Plymouth Rock had the courage that met danger from savage, difficulty from climate and failure of crop and internal dissension. When Chauncey Depew made the witty remark that when the Pilgrims came to this country, they landed first upon their knees and then upon the Aborigines, he struck the keynote of their success; for they were men that lived much upon their knees, and they could rise from their knees ready for the savage, or ready for the cold of the New England climate. Men that stand linked with God are ready for battle or ready for any difficulty that may meet them anywhere.

As you gaze farther at this vision, you will notice a winged patience. There is the face of the ox, and the ox is always a symbol of patient toil. He bears the yoke. His mission is the unpoetic one of doing the dusty, humdrum drudgery in the deeds of everyday life. You know it takes more grit and grace just to walk every day and do its drudgery cheerfully and well than it does to mount upon wings as eagles, than it does to meet the great crises of life. Henry Stanley said he never feared the elephants in Africa. Why he could meet the elephants out openly and protect himself against them, but what he feared was the jiggers, little microscopic insects that got under the nails of his men and killed about half of them. For my part, I would rather meet a Bengal tiger, if I had a Remington rifle, than to fight Jersey mosquitoes one night. Meeting a tiger appeals to the heroic in you, and all that is in you comes to the surface for battle; but meeting a mosquito does not appeal to anything except trepidation, fretfulness, and worry. If the truth were written on many a tombstone, the epitaph would read, "Died of jiggers and mosquito bites". Not killed by tigers, not overcome by great calamities, but destroyed by the little worries and friction of life.

I come to you with the comfort that our God is a God not simply for crises and emergencies, but a God for the worries and the bothers and the humdrum and the drudgery. God can make the heart sing under the yoke as well as when it soars up above the mountain peak and cap. The great God of the universe is not too big to watch the sparrow as it falls, and label the hairs of our heads, and look after the least of his children, protecting them in danger and helping them to overcome difficulties.

The most beautiful picture Murillo ever painted is a kitchen scene—a woman at the commonplace thing of cooking dinner. As you gaze at the face, you notice angel forms begin to appear. The angels are helping her cook dinner. As you gaze a little closer, you notice that the woman herself is an angel. What Murillo meant to teach was that cooking dinner is just as angelic as moving in high society or sitting on a throne. As you read from this prophecy of

Ezekiel you will find that when this vision occurs again, as it does once or twice, the face of the ox has dropped out, and the face of an angel takes its place, as if God would teach us that honest everyday toil marks the purely angelic nature, not the great crises, rising up to the hero, but doing in the spirit of song and of joy the drudgery of everyday life. The missionary on the foreign field, with pagan death all around him; the Christian worker on the frontier, standing among the bones of character dumped from great cities; the business man on the board of managers, the majority of whom are dead to righteousness; the loyal Christian woman, surrounded by the gilded death of worldly society; the honest politician, working with those whose one thought is the spoils of office; the college student, in the atmosphere of academic indifference and scepticism; indeed, every man who, having been quickened by the life of God, seeks to express that life in the midst of death, and so express it as to carry life to others, needs the patience of the ox, with the wisdom, power, and sympathy of God.

And then, as you gaze, you see a winged aspiration. There is the face of an eagle, and the eagle is everywhere the symbol of aspiration. Aspiration linked with God. Aspiration with wings. Aspiration that soars. There is an aspiration common in this day that simply moves on swift wings. Its ambition is to keep up with the times, the great sin of which is to lag behind. We are going so fast, there is danger that we will get left, and we must keep up, and, like some birds, it flies low, and keeps parallel with the earth, until it drops down among the bones and dust. It never soars, it rises up towards God, and I tell you there is a spirit that imitates it; contemplation upon God and rising up on wings of faith, hope, and life, may not bring in the best financial returns, but it pays if you have in view high thinking and high character-building. The spirit that soars because it is linked with God, that does not try simply to go fast, but feels the presence of God daily, and lives for him. The kind of spirit that is needed for the valley of dry bones is here suggested—courage that has God in it, the patience of the ox that is linked with the wisdom, power, and sympathy of God, the aspiration of the eagle that does not rise with its own wings, but with the wings of God. You need not go into the valley of bones if you go there simply to reason, for I tell you you can not argue a bone into life. There is not any possibility of reasoning a bone into life. There is nothing but the breath of God that can make a bone live, and you need to be patient. Those of you who have been set down, in the providence of God, in the midst of the valley which is full of bones, will need the patience of the ox, the wisdom and power and sympathy of the Holy Spirit.

Every man who, quickened by the life of God, wants to express that life in the midst of death, will find that he needs the very power of God for courage, and the power of God for aspiration, and the power of God for patience; and in this vision we have the human in this courage, in this intelligence, in this patience, in this aspiration, linked with God for time and for eternity.

But gaze again, and you will see a winged directness. These creatures moved in straight lines. In nature the curve, we are told, is the line of grace and beauty. In marching, a straight road is the line of grace and beauty. Diplomacy, which is the art of doing things with indirection, is not among the Christian graces. Bismarck, in speaking to a company of diplomats, said, "Young gentlemen, always tell the truth; for nobody will ever believe you". A Russian General said, "I would die for my Czar, and of course I would lie for him". That sort of diplomatic spirit is in politics up in New England. It used to be in North Carolina, and is in commerce and stock exchange, and

Honorable F. M. Simmons, of North Carolina

Senior United States Senator

sometimes in the retail store. The spirit of diplomacy, that by hook or crook we will get ahead of the other fellow, is not the spirit that is moved of God. Honesty, cheerfulness, paying your debts one hundred cents in the dollar, chastity, loyal to the truth in politics, whatever be the position, are the straight lines along which God propels his people. The Holy Spirit moves in straight lines, and every one that moves under his impulse at all moves under the impulse of honesty, cheerfulness, and virtue.

Notice again, and you have a winged stability. You almost smile when you see that these creatures have the calf's foot. The prophet said, "He makes my feet like hinds' feet". The hind's foot and the calf's foot are just alike. They are made for standing on slippery and dangerous places. The hind can poise himself right over a precipice, and leap from boulder to boulder in perfect safety. Its foot is made with agility, with stability for movement, and at the same time firmness, perfect safety on the move. You remember the prayer, "O Lord, establish our goings". But our stayings are pretty well established. No doubt of that. We get in the ruts, and we love to stay there. But, "O, Lord, establish our goings". May we be on the move for good, full of the love of God, and yet be stable. If we are just active, that is all that is needed. If we can just get together, and do something in a very energetic way; why that is all that is needed. There has grown up in this country the spirit of a creedless creed. There are men up in Boston who believe that you ought not to believe. Their conviction is that you ought not to have any conviction. They are very much decided that nobody ought to be decided about anything. And you know they have gotten so broad until they are mighty narrow. They are out of patience with one who is not as liberal as they are. They believe in a creed without a backbone. They believe in indefinite liberality that does nothing. I was invited to New York to make an address to an infidel club on "Christ crucified". I thought it was a Methodist steward inviting me, as I saw him in a Methodist church where I preached, and I found it was the secretary of the greatest infidel club in the State. My first impression was not to go, but my deacons said, "You go, and we will pray for you". We had about seven hundred people present. One-fourth of them women, God help them, and the rest of them Jews and saloonkeepers, etc., and one of them a great Christian Scientist, rose and said, "We worship the everlasting It". Well, I could but reply, "There is a principle as wide as the universe that you become like the object you worship, and you folks will keep on worshiping the everlasting It, until you become a lot of Its; all of you". There will be no personality left, for as man advances, so is he; and a man can believe nothing until he becomes nothing.

The calves have the foot of the hind that knows how to stand. You examine a man's foot. It looks just as if it were made for backsliding. You have got to put shoes on it, and nails in the heels, to make it safe on slippery places, and that suggests that every man needs the support of divine grace. God himself has undertaken for us salvation, but when he is shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, he has got something under his foot that can stand like the hind when it is slippery, and poise itself even upon dangerous places. You know there is such a thing as making progress by standing still, and you can never make rapid progress unless you know how to stand still. Some one asked a jockey, "Can that horse run fast?" "No, but he can stand." You have got to have stability of position. You must know how to keep on your feet in movement, and you can not do that unless you know how to keep on your feet standing still. There were two sloops several years ago off the coast of Con-

necticut running a race. The wind was very strong, but the tide against them was stronger, and though they seemed to be going forward at a rapid rate, they were really drifting backward. One of the captains, looking ashore, took in the situation. So he cast anchor, and won the race, leaving the other boat half a mile in the rear. It is easy to drift with the tides of opposing currents; but those make best progress who have cast their anchors in eternal truth.

What we need is the swiftness of God's wing, and the stability of God's power, movement by movement with conviction for truth, not a movement away from truth and God, but a movement with truth and God is the propelling power upwards.

And that brings me to see in this strange vision a winged fellowship. All these wings are joined one to the other. They move together, and as they move together the hands move. In this practical age we are apt to think that we are simply to join hands. Syndication is the order of the day. Federation is the spirit of the times. Not an inward spiritual union, a union in God, but simply get together and join hands and do something, and that is all that is needed. If we are joined in a living union with God, we can easily work together, for then the same spirit of love inspires us.

We are here on a beautiful mission—simply a reunion. We are here in memory of the old home ties. We have drifted far apart in different States in this Union, and perhaps out of the United States, and yet we are one today in the unity of patriotic loyalty. We are here, not under the shadow of impulse, of any organization or form. We are here because we love North Carolina, and would like to do her honor. We are here, every one thinking about different things, with the same thing as the center of desire and purpose. I love the dear old State; not only because of my first birth, but more so because of my second. The old country meeting-house is in my mind as a picture today, when my father—blessings on his gray hairs today—preached the gospel of salvation through Jesus Christ, and I accepted him as my Savior from all sin.

Those plain country people wept with me over sin, and then rejoiced with me over salvation; and when I meet them now I find that though we have drifted miles apart we are together in that joy and hope; and when a few months ago they gathered with me in front of the old meeting-house, and strewed flowers upon the grave of my mother, and wept with me tears of sorrow and grief, I declare to you I felt that I had something in common with them that life and death could never touch. Most of them have remained on their farms, and I have drifted over the world, but we are akin—we are just alike in the deep things of God. The wings are still joined. The hands move in response to the wings divine, and you know these deep things of God are so deep that little things like the knowledge of Latin and Greek and science and history do not affect them at all. It is solid in God. This conviction of sin, this yearning after the divine, this transformation of character that goes on under the impulse of the Spirit, is not dependent upon culture, upon civilization, upon refinement, nor ignorance. It is way down beneath these things. It is eternal truth. The truth of the hour is not to be despised—the truth that men talk on the streets, suggested by current events—but oh, friends, there is eternal truth, good for both worlds, and all time and eternity—the relation of man to God and God to man. Education does not affect it. Sad, sad the day when education becomes a substitute for regeneration. If there is one thing that has made me prouder of North Carolina than another, it is the great revival of common school education, led by our noble Governor—I say ours because I feel that I have a part in him myself. But I tell you, friends, if I had my way

about it, I would write over the door of every school-house and every college and every university, "You must be born again". Whitewashing and galvanizing bones is not salvation. It takes the breath of God to make life, and when the new life has come into the soul, partaker of the divine nature, then there can be a betterment until we become like the perfection of Christianity in Jesus Christ ourselves. The mistake that education is all-sufficient has been made by eminent men. Bishop Colenso went to Africa, and selected a dozen bright African youths, and brought them to London, and gave them the best education they would receive in the best schools, and after they had graduated from his school, he said, "Young gentlemen, you had better give your attention to Christianity". And not one of them was converted. They went back to their native wilds. One of them, the son of a chief, in less than a year got into battle with a rival tribe, killed his enemy, and while his body was warm cut out his heart and made a morsel of it, after all his English education.

John Hans Egede went to Greenland, spent nearly thirty years trying to prepare the people for the gospel, but said they must know something about science and literature, and they must get an education to lift them up to the place where they could appreciate the religion of Jesus Christ, and he preached his last sermon on the text, "I have spent my life for nought", and went back a broken-hearted man.

John Beek went to Greenland, and the first thing he did was to preach to a crowd of savages, "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten son", and he had not gotten through with his sermon until Kajarnak, the chief, arose and said, "Mister, say it again. Do you tell me there is a God that loves me? Say it over." And he said it over, and then Kajarnak came to his little house and was instructed in the way of life, and accepted Jesus, and became a flame of fire in his native land. And what every child, cultured or uncultured, needs is to know God in Jesus Christ; what the savage needs is to have Jesus Christ preached to him.

John G. Payton went to the New Hebrides to help bury the bones of the victims of a cannibal feast, and he preached Jesus, and when he came back on a visit to this country I heard him say that the very men that had engaged in that cannibal feast were at that time deacons in his church.

John Geddley, you will find his monument on one of those hills, with an epitaph which reads like this: "Landed here in 1837 (if I mistake not), not a Christian on the island. Died 1870, not a pagan on the island." What had done it? Schools? There had been schools formed, and the people were educated, but the pioneer of education is the gospel missionary. The foundation of education for time and eternity is faith in Jesus Christ.

Thus we have in Jesus Christ the union of spirit that expresses itself in outward form. The form is in the expression of life, but as we are joined in loyal patriotism in North Carolina, we can be joined in true loyalty unto Jesus Christ. I want to bear testimony to another fact. As I come back to the State this time, all these things have come trooping up in my memory, the touch of an old farmer's hand made me a preacher. I studied for three years at Wake Forest with a view of law. My ambition was to be a lawyer. I thought there was an opportunity for usefulness as well as fame. My father appointed a meeting to begin at New Prospect church in Cleveland county, on Saturday, and being engaged in another meeting a few miles below that was so interesting he could not leave, sent word to me to go up there and adjourn that meeting at New Prospect. I rode a mule up there, not as pleasant as a palace car, but for five or six miles I went along thinking about my law future, and I came up in front

of the old meeting-house. There was a crowd of farmers standing there talking. One of them, possibly the most illiterate among them, but one of the best that ever lived, came up and put his hand on my knee and said, "My boy, what's the matter?" "Father said he can not be here today, and you must postpone the meeting until some future time." He pressed my knee a little harder, and said, "Look here, son, why can't you come in and preach for us?" My heart went to my throat. Why, it had never dawned on me to do such a thing, and I trembled from head to foot. I was ashamed to be a coward, and he held on so lovingly and so persistently that by and by I got off and went into the meeting-house, read a few verses of Scripture, don't know what I commented, don't think there was much, but there were some testimonies. I loved Jesus and had a little story to tell about it. I told it, and at the close there were some inquiries, and after that the old farmer came up and said, "Look here, my boy, how would you like to come back and preach for us tomorrow?" I said, "Why I have not a sermon in the world. I do not expect to preach." It seared me all over. He said, "That doesn't make any difference; you come back here tomorrow". And I was still ashamed, and promised that I would. I went back the next day, but there was a preacher there, and I didn't like that for I had my sermon—God had given it to me—and wanted to preach it. But I began a meeting there, and it went on over two weeks, and there were forty souls converted. I have never wanted to be a lawyer since. I have been preaching Jesus from that very day, and I would not go back to law for all the wealth of the Rockefellers and the Rothschilds put together. It was the touch of that old farmer's hand that did for me more than all the colleges on earth. Go to the university, get the highest training that the human mind is capable of, but I tell you, brother, there is something deeper than that, something in the old farmer's hand touch because it is the touch of God. God's wing joined with humanity can make humanity powerful if it be as weak as weakness itself.

Now the prophet gives us a throne above these scenes and in relation to that throne the wheels. The wheel is the symbol of progress. Civilization goes forward on wheels. I came here on wheels. If you take the wheel out of civilization, you stop it dead still. And these wheels were so complicated, wheels within wheels, and so high that they were dreadful and all full of eyes. These wheels were under the impulse of the spiritual. They rested on the earth, and when the spirit moved they went up with the spirit, when the spirit went forward they went forward. They symbolize organization, the machinery of the church, the state, and the family, and everything that God can use for the advancement of his cause, and the teaching for us is that all this machinery should be under the spirit of God. The wheels, oh, so complicated! I tell you, brother, some have to take the complications because they try to run the wheels themselves. They get to the old windlass and turn their wheels. At our last annual meeting we had forty-two societies to make their annual report, enough to make the head whirl and just send one to the lunatic asylum if you try to run all these wheels, but it rests you just to realize that the wheels rest under God's spirit. If they do not, they should. All the machinery of God's church, in missions, in home work, in education, and everything else, is under the impulse of the divine spirit, and if they are not, they ought to be. They will never be successful until they are. These wheels were so great, they were dreadful and full of eyes, full of wisdom. The eye is the symbol of wisdom and thus safe to form great plans for God—plans that take in the evangelization of our State and country and the world, and plans such as we have for time and eternity formed for the advancement of God's kingdom. But notice

Honorable W. W. Kitchin, of North Carolina

Representative in Fifty-Eighth Congress

this, that some men who form great wheels for themselves; they think in thousands and millions for their corporations—and I declare corporations have become such wheels they are all dreadful and full of eyes—but you put one of these men on a committee for evangelizing the city or State and just listen to him talk when he begins to consider how much money he ought to give for that purpose, and go to the meeting of the committee when it is discussed, and you will find these men who have been thinking in thousands and millions for their own corporations are now thinking in dimes and dollars. Instead of having a great wheel full of eyes, they set up their own pinwheels, men that have the spirit and wisdom to build immense corporations, some of them wicked, some of them on a basis of honesty. Oh, that God would help them to form plans for him as great as his thought, as far-reaching as his salvation, for the salvation of the world.

Let me say finally that the throne had a rainbow about it, and Jesus Christ upon it. The man who sees Jesus Christ on the throne is an optimist. He sees the rainbow, and no matter how complicated the wheels or how dark the prospect, it is about him, for he has crowned Christ in his heart, and looks upon him as holding the scepter that is his to give hope for the future. Such a man has a right to hope. I tell you, brother, if you have not crowned Christ in your heart and in your life, you have no rainbow about the throne. You have come back to the old home in North Carolina without a home in heaven. You have come here to look at the place where the house was burned, as my old homestead was; you have come here to wander in the old groves, and you will have no hope of walking amid the trees on the bank of the river; you have come to the old homestead without a title to the new home. O, is that true, friend? Howard Payne, who wrote "Home, Sweet Home", never knew what it was to have a home of his own, and most of you doubtless know the history of that song; how it was that Payne was walking down the street in a great city in Europe one night, and he went across the street, stood there upon the steps for a moment, and noted how the light shone down through the window. He took out his handbook, and, inspired by the home scene through the window, wrote these words, "Home, Sweet Home". He went off, and they were published, and have gone over the world. Years afterward Howard Payne, walking down the same street one night, said, "I will go over and sit on the steps where I wrote my poetry that has made me famous". He went over and took a seat on the steps, and while he was sitting there some ladies came in the parlor, struck a light, opened the piano, and one of them sat down and began to play his own words and music, "Home, Sweet Home". He sat there with his face in his hands, and wept as he thought of the fact that he had made other homes happy, and had no home himself. Suppose the owner of that home had come to the door and said, "Mr. Payne ,this home is yours. You have written about it. Will you not come in?" Do you think he would have cursed the owner of that house? I plead here this evening with every man or woman who has a home to love and a home that you owe to Jesus Christ of Calvary, will you not let that home and its sacred ties lead you to a title to the home eternal, so that when you go back to the home outside of the State you can carry a tie that unites us for time and for eternity. Some people speak of homes breaking up; and, as the world puts it, our home is broken up. The children are scattered, the mother is glorified. The dear father—we tried to induce him, unwisely as I think now, to leave his little church and place and live with us—there in his loneliness, preaching and working and praying for his boys and girls. The home has been broken, you say; and yet, friends, you never lose your homes.

The home is never destroyed. It goes with you wherever you go. It sings to you in your silence. It is a comforter to you in your silence. It is sweetness to you in the bitterness of night. At midnight you wake up, and it is a nightingale in the dark. At midday you think, and it is the lark rising up to meet the sun. The home is never destroyed. It goes with us all over the world. A Christian home is eternal. Fire can not burn it. No power on earth can affect it. The Indians have a legend that when the frost comes and nips the flowers in their beautiful colors, these same colors are caught up in the rainbow on the cloud, so that the rainbow is the glorified flowers of the field. And oh, that is what the home is here, and there the flowers of hope and peace and joy are never lost. God catches them up in the rainbow about his throne. The home here is but the preface of the volume of the home beyond, if you have Jesus Christ as your Savior.

May I say as a last message that our State is under God's guidance, God's protection? The State is ordained of God. You know I think what is ordained of God ought to do only what God wills. Once it was united with the free unbiblical alliance of the world. The State supported the church. Now, let us wipe off a blush, it is united with the saloon. The saloon helps the State, helps to support it; and what was ordained of God should not be supported by what was ordained of the devil. Let the divorce come—in the providence of God let the divorce come, and then the State will go forward upon the wheels of progress, propelled by the spirit who has given it its mission.

God has said that marriages have only one cause for divorce, and the State that recognizes any other cause does not respond to the impulse of the Spirit. God has set apart one day in the seven as the holy type of worship and service, and I believe he would have the State recognize it as well as the church, even with the union of the church and State. The wheels of the family and the church and the State and humanity under God's impulse, going forward with Christ on the throne, and that throne on which he sits will by-and-by be pushed into sight with power and great glory, and then every crown will be his crown, and every scepter will be his scepter, and every throne his throne. I would like to call upon every individual and every family and every church and every State and every nation and every angel and every redeemed son in glory to say,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown Him Lord of all.

"Let every kindred, every tribe
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe
And crown Him Lord of all."

When James Russell Lowell stood with a German friend on the top of the Alps, one of the highest peaks, he lifted his hat as he turned toward Italy and Rome, and said, "Glories of the past, I salute you". His German friend turned on his heel, and lifting his hat toward his fatherland, he said, "Glories of the future, I salute you".

The Apostle Paul, standing on the Alpine height of a Christian experience said, "I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness". "Glories of God's grace in the past, I salute you." And lifting his hat to the future,

"Glories, greater glories of the future, I salute you". And when the time comes that every heart shall be under the impulse of God's spirit, every heart in his church, every institution ordained of him, we can stand on the Alpine height of redeemed humanity, and say as individuals and as churches and as families and as organizations, "Glory of God's grace through Calvary, we salute you". Then we can turn our faces toward the vista of eternity, and salute the greater glory that shall come in the home eternal.

Honorable J. M. Gudger, of North Carolina

Representative in Fifty-Eighth Congress

The Reunion Exercises

Monday, October Twelfth

Never before in her life did the Gate City present a scene so gay, so beautiful, and so brilliant as that which greeted the eye on the morning of the twelfth. From private residences on the most obscure street to the business houses and public buildings on the most prominent square, from the various headquarters of counties, States, schools, colleges, and societies, and from every vehicle and car on alley, street, and avenue, there were unfurled the State and National flags, beautiful bunting, and countless designs and devices in decorations. The headquarters of the various counties of the State, as well as those of the schools and colleges, were elaborately decorated, and presented each a picture of striking beauty. Long before noon South Elm had been transformed into a second Broadway by the moving mass of humanity attracted thither by the open-air concerts of the brass bands. Promptly at the appointed hour the great throng surged around the entrance to the Grand Opera House, where the exercises of the day were to be held. When Dr. McIver, the chairman of the Board of Mauagers, rapped the great audience to order, the auditorium was packed to its utmost capacity, while thousands were unable to gain admission. Following the earnest invocation by Rev. Charles W. Byrd, D. D., came the opening announcement by President McIver, who spoke as follows:

On behalf of the Board of Managers I desire to thank every citizen of Greensboro and every North Carolinian, resident and non-resident, and all others who have contributed in any way to the success of this, the first North Carolina Reunion.

The purposes of the Reunion are three:

First. To furnish an opportunity for North Carolinians, at home and abroad, to renew and strengthen old friendships and to form new ones.

Second. To secure for North Carolina from those who, in the fortunes of life, have left her borders and made their homes elsewhere, the inspiration and instruction that their varied experience and wider view make them capable of giving to us who are actively engaged in the work of upbuilding our mother State.

Third. To advertise to the country North Carolina's contribution to American citizenship, and to so organize her sons and daughters, resident and

non-resident, that whatever of good there is in the character, traditions, and history of the sturdy old commonwealth may be impressed upon our national life.

Naturally, this first meeting has been regarded by many as an experiment, and the Board of Managers has met various difficulties. It was impossible, for instance, to secure from some sections such railroad rates as it will be easy to secure after one successful Reunion. Indeed, it was impossible to secure the liberal rates finally accorded to us in time to advertise them properly in the territory where they were given.

Another great difficulty, which, in large measure, has been overcome, was the idea in the minds of many people, in the State and out of it, that this was to be a meeting of only local significance.

The hardest task, perhaps, has been to arrange a program, sufficiently representative, and not too long, that would leave opportunity for personal intermingling and individual greetings. The formal program upon which we are about to enter includes the names of many who, by their service, have brought honor to their native State, their adopted States, and to the country.

In order that we may hear from as many of these as possible, we have arranged for only one address—that of our Governor—to be as long as thirty minutes, and for no other address to be longer than twenty minutes. We have asked that the length of most of the other addresses shall be from five to seven minutes. We hope that some whose names do not appear upon the official program, and especially citizens of those commonwealths not represented on it, may, as spokesmen for their respective States, make impromptu five-minute speeches.

It is the purpose of the management to print a Reunion volume, and if any speaker has not already prepared in manuscript what he is going to say, I take this opportunity of requesting him to write out before leaving Greensboro at least the substance of what he has said, or what he intended to say, or what he ought to have said.

It now becomes my pleasant duty and honor to present to you to preside over the sessions of this Reunion, a North Carolinian who has been eminent in civic service to his State and country for nearly a half-century. The Board of Managers considers itself fortunate that his knightly presence is one of the many attractions of this great occasion. The soldier, statesman, and diplomat, Matthew Whitaker Ransom, will be our permanent presiding officer.

The address of Honorable Matthew Whitaker Ransom on assuming the chair as Presiding Officer of the great Reunion:

Ladies and Gentlemen—North Carolinians:

I approach with a profound sense of its dignity and honor, the eminent position of presiding over this distinguished convention—this ever-to-be-remembered Reunion of the Sons and Daughters of North Carolina from all parts of the Union, with their fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, family kindred and friends, around the sacred altars of our beloved and honored mother State.

It is impossible to express our emotions on beholding this unnumbered multitude; this countless throng of intelligent, happy, hopeful, expectant faces from every section of this boundless Republic; all animated with one sentiment

Honorable M. W. Ransom

Presiding Officer of the Reunion

of fervid interest and affection for the "dear old home". Here, right here, are united throbbing hearts, from all the divisions of our country, in one patriotic aspiration for renewed and continued brotherhood and association. One hope, one purpose—for the oblivion of every painful memory. It is an occasion for universal congratulation—not a cloud, not a shadow on the day—the whole horizon beams with promise and hope. It is a day of destiny; of power and patriotism. It is a day in history, of glorious life—a day without a discord. We can almost see the bow of peace with its covenants in the eternal skies.

The first words that come to my lips, are "All honor and gratitude to the noble and patriotic authors and promoters of this great, good deed"; this now hallowed consummation. Pardon me, Doctor McIver—to you and your associates belongs the honor of originating, organizing, designing, and bringing to its present development, this magnificent undertaking. It is now a great reality. The State and the country will cherish and continue the benefaction with undying thankfulness to you and your fellow workers. This day will live as a monument to your wisdom, patriotism, and philanthropy; to your energy and high purpose. We are beginning to realize the magnitude of your achievement. You are this day planting an olive tree of perennial beauty, beneath whose shade future ages will find repose and happiness. Today, when I shook the hand of the venerable and venerated journalist from Ohio, in sight of the battle-field of Guilford Courthouse, I felt, indeed, that sectional troubles were buried and that we are one country and one people united forever.

What memories! What histories, does this scene revive! We can almost behold the beautiful myth of tradition and history, and see the gallant, gifted, glorious Raleigh springing from his proud ship and planting the standard of England and the Cross on the shores of the New World near the Roanoke. We can almost hear the echoes of the great Atlantic beating its "alarms" on "deathly Hatteras". We can watch the first colonists on their frail but faithful vessels—with nothing but the love of liberty and the love of God alive in their hearts. We see colony after colony lost, and nothing left but the dismal romance of a tragedy. Finally, a settlement is established, the first permanent beginning of a free civilized government in the Western Hemisphere, destined soon to become the greatest, grandest, best, the sun has shone on. The forest is subdued—the savage is overcome—a chain of settlements from Plymouth Rock to Georgia follows.

Agriculture, Commerce, Trade, the Arts succeed; the New World flourishes; the Mother Country menaces her liberties. Resistance, united resistance is made. Mecklenburg—glorious, immortal Mecklenburg—on the twentieth day of May, 1775, lights on the streets of devoted Charlotte the first fire of American Independence. North Carolina consecrates herself to liberty and free government. A free State is organized at Halifax, "heroic Halifax". Her constitution declares for a university of learning, and for education of the people. The Battle of Moore's Creek is won. The victory of King's Mountain strikes the British with dismay. Cornwallis "staggers back" from Guilford Courthouse, wounded, crippled, sick, to finally surrender at Yorktown. The sword of Washington is everywhere triumphant, glorious—but greatest and best when his own great hand resigns it to the laws of his country. A united free government is founded by the States and people, and North Carolina after deliberation adopts her Constitution, and demands admission to the Union. Washington, the Father of his Country, then President of the United States of America, hails her coming into the Union, and pronounces her the "Important

State of North Carolina''. History says of her that she has always defied and destroyed oppression; that tyranny lies dead at her feet; that she has never worn the yoke of power; that her people may rightfully be called ''The Children of Liberty''. No stain of fraud, cruelty, persecution, or shame darkens her fair name; but her whole life is the unsullied record of a brave, honest, upright people, devoted to liberty, law, order, and to God. My countrymen—for one moment let us contemplate a few, a very few, of the thousand names who have honored, adorned, blessed her history.

The Revolution records no brighter or truer names than those of Caswell, Davie, Sumner, Nash, Davidson, Ashe, Cleveland, McDowell, Moore, Waddell. Time forbids us to name but few, very few, of those to whom we owe our freedom and our homes. A more faithful, noble, illustrious, modest line of patriots, heroes, martyrs, can not be found, than our beloved State presents in our Revolutionary History. Their ashes sleep in deathless memory and gratitude among the deliverers and benefactors of their country and mankind.

Among the heroes of the Revolution is the name of Nathaniel Macon—born in the county of ''Bute'' (now the counties of Warren and Franklin). History says ''there were no Tories in Bute''. The Federal Government was barely established when he appears in Congress as a representative from North Carolina. He remained in the House and Senate for thirty-seven years. Three times Speaker of the House, and twice President of the Senate. His history is known to the world. If the Senate stands for a thousand years, he will continue to stand as its model figure of honesty, and devotion to the people's rights. For two generations of men he was a landmark and lighthouse to the people. No Roman vestal ever watched the sacred fires on her altars with more vigilance and courage than Macon watched and guarded the purity of the Constitution and the equal liberties of the people. He spoke the wisest words of an American statesman and prophet when he declared that ''the President should have none but honest men around. I repeat the President should have none but honest men near him.'' No greater truth can be spoken.

Then comes the able, learned, eloquent Gaston, the proved superior of Henry Clay in parliamentary debate. Next Badger, the Master of Law; ''Webster's Superior and Story's Equal''; to whom the Senate of the United States accorded the unmatched honor of unanimously declaring in solemn resolution recorded in its annals, its sincere regret at his leaving the Senate, and the admiration and respect of the Senators for his ability and courtesy.

Time and the proprieties of this occasion, forbid me to pursue the subject. The record of North Carolina in Congress, with one broken link, has been one line of continuous ability, virtue, and patriotism, from the beginning to this hour, and constitutes in no small part the nation's fame and her own enduring inheritance of renown. As a North Carolinian, let me ask, what State in the Union—what country in the world, in any age of its history, can present a prouder and juster title to the admiration of mankind? Consider her contribution to the character, wealth, influence, strength, intelligence, and virtue of the whole country. It is an old story, but always beautiful. For more than two thousand years it has commanded universal approbation. When Cornelia was asked by the Roman matrons to display her jewels, she proudly pointed to her two brave sons, the future Gracchi, and said ''these are my jewels''. North Carolina repeats the example, and improves on it. She shows her own brave sons and fair daughters, and she points to the thousand sons and daughters whom she has bestowed on other States, and calls all of them the jewels of sister States and a common country. These jewels are countless.

Let me but touch a few of the tallest oaks in the grand forest. See Daniel Boone, monarch of the woods and rifle. Look at Andrew Jackson, the one conqueror without a defeat; the crowned hero of New Orleans, the greatest battle ever fought; the invincible president and statesman, who crushed all opposition under his feet. James K. Polk, the able, just, and wise President; chief actor in the annexation of Texas; President when the Mexican War was fought; and who extended our territory and power broadly to the Pacific. Thomas H. Benton, the Hercules of the Senate for thirty years. Wm. R. King, Vice-President with Pierce. The patriots of Mecklenburg carried their unwasted fires to the planes of Illinois, and in Adlai Stevenson, Vice-President with Grover Cleveland, our country had no straighter or more erect statesman. General Joseph Hawley, Senator from Connecticut—New England has no more loved or honored man—he deserves it. Joe Cannon; honest Joe Cannon; universally respected; Speaker of the House of Representatives in Congress, standing for eighty millions of people.

Turn your eyes in any direction and behold your distinguished countrymen. Seven beloved Bishops of the churches at one time from North Carolina. See Dr. Hawkes, the most learned and eloquent divine of the age in which he lived. Bishop Greene, of Mississippi, the gentlest, mildest, tenderest, most lovable man you ever saw. His aim and desire seemed to be to walk in the footsteps and follow with humility the example of our Savior under the cross. Chastened by bitter afflictions he never paused in giving consolation and comfort to others. I have often thought of the calm impression he must have had on the fiery, impulsive, impetuous, but manly temper of Mississippi. How he must have been beloved by this people, as he was when pastor of his church in North Carolina, and Professor of Rhetoric at the University. I then thought him the most accomplished gentleman in the land. I now know that he was. From a heart full of gratitude and love, I drop a flower and a tear to his memory.

Examples crowd on our attention. Three Presidents of proud Universities and Colleges from three great States—Texas, Louisiana, Ohio. The Chairman of the Faculty, head of the University of Virginia, all from North Carolina. The General and Lieutenant-General of our Army in the South. Bragg and Polk, both sons of our great mother.

In New York, today, two young North Carolinians have by merit, and very high merit, forged their way to the front and head of the New York bar. From the rising shores of the Pacific and the teeming cities on the Atlantic, young, bright sons of our State are "rising in the ascendant", and planting their colors on the very battlements of victory. In the great center of the world's finance and commerce, we have seen the captains of industry, from plain, honest, modest North Carolina, with unconquerable genius and enterprise, push their lines of trade to remote Asia, to far-off Africa, to the distant shores of South America, and on the very Exchange in Liverpool and London, meet, defy, and baffle the proud princes of English finance and trade.

Nor can we forget the old patriot from Iowa, Judge James Grant; the eminent lawyer, whose nephew and adopted son, bearing his name, having been a boy soldier in the Southern Army, was then the popular and exemplary Governor of Colorado, returns himself to North Carolina, and by his large donation, secured the endowment to the University of the Chair—Great Chair of History, now so ably filled by Dr. Battle.

Nor must we forget General Thomas Jefferson Green, who helped to lay the foundation of three States in the Union—Florida, Texas, and California;

then returned to North Carolina to give her his legacy of deepest affection in his son, the chivalrous and venerable Colonel Wharton J. Green; the devoted representative of the Cape Fear District in Congress, respected and esteemed all over the South for his manliness and independence; the bosom friend of Jefferson Davis.

I wish that I could preserve in imperishable caskets the lives of the noble sons of North Carolina, who have achieved fame and fortune in other States. It would be a priceless legacy and monument to the State, but would take a lifetime to perform the work.

But a year ago, we witnessed the Daughters of Salem Female College on the Centennial Anniversary of that time-honored institution, returning to lay their offerings and their homage at the feet of their beloved mother. I saw that grand, beautiful array. It was a spectacle worthy the contemplation of statesmen, philosophers, heroes, and divines. Noble, worthy, Christian women, educated, intelligent, pure, coming from happy homes, crowned with virtues, bearing with them the trophies of dutiful, good lives; the world made better and brighter by their lovely deeds, with grateful memories of their sacred debt to their Alma Mater. I saw them in the great hall of the Academy. I saw them joining the teachers and the students in singing the holy hymn of the school, and when the chorus arose like a great wave in all the dignity of music, and ascended to the height of the great ceiling, and resounded in echoes of pathos as deep as the human soul over the vast audience, I felt as if in a better world. The majesty of women, with the power and charm of music was before me, and I could but think what must be the influence of an army of educated, moral, patriotic Christian women upon society and the world! How infinite, how sweet, how good! I thought of how much these noble and cherished daughters of Salem had done for reforms, for improvement, for homes, for grace, refinement, and human advancement and betterment all over the land. Their influence has been like the serene light and glory of the stars dispelling the shadows and darkness of night from the heavens. May I illustrate the truth of which I have spoken?

My countrymen, it is my duty, sacred to truth, to history, and to our whole country, to remind you of the conduct of North Carolina, our mother State, in that memorable war of the States. It is a history without a thorn. Far from reviving bitterness and cruel animosity, its exalted influence is to compose strife, to bury differences, to reconcile a people, and to strengthen fraternal union. There is nothing, literally nothing, in the history of North Carolina to give one pain to the people of any part of the country. It is as clear as a sunbeam. Not a shame on the record. Not one sinister line on her bright page. It is as direct as a ray of sunshine from the skies. She sent to the field one hundred and twenty-five thousand men, one-fifth of the Southern Army. The world knows its history by heart. In indomitable courage, for invincible fortitude, for heroic sacrifice, it has never been surpassed. For magnanimity in triumph, dignity in defeat, serene equanimity in surrender, it is without a parallel. It left its animosity with the ragged fragments of banners and arms on the field of Appomattox. It buried all hostilities in the beloved graves of its glorious battlefields. It returned to its home in peace with all mankind. Its heart did not retain a resentment, a malice, or a revenge. It was too full of sorrow, too full of honor for hatred. Its part was too great, too brave, too noble, to cherish a discord. The guns had been stacked, and its duty was peace. It had met its fate, and there was no stain on its sword. It would not perpetuate fire and blood. It would cultivate the arts of peace, of patriotism.

Honorable John H. Small, of North Carolina

Representative in Fifty-Eighth Congress

The war was ended. The sword had settled the quarrel, and forever. North Carolinians returned to their wasted homes, to rebuild, to cultivate, to improve them, to revive her industries, to preserve her honor, to raise patriots and Christians to take their places; to preserve liberty and do their whole duty to their country and to God. They went to work, and today we behold the result in restored prosperity, in secured liberty, in increasing happiness, in sacred love to country, and in the national hope of all the enjoyment of citizens in a common brotherhood.

Three years ago, a war broke out between this country and Spain. With the first call of troops, North Carolina was at the front. The great State sent her sons to the army, and the first victim of the war was the brave, beautiful, heroic Worth Bagley. In the flower of manhood, with the blessings of his beloved mother on his brow, he gave his young promising life to his country on the deck of the Winslow in Cardenas Bay. The young hero fell a noble sacrifice to his country, and poured out his lifeblood for the honor of the Union, and died with its flag in his hand. Beloved North Carolinian!

The tears of his countrymen were still flowing when the wires brought the sad news that Captain Wm. Shipp, of North Carolina, the pride, the hope of his house and State, had fallen, in the front line of the charge at Santiago, bravely doing his duty.

North Carolina wept over her gallant, devoted sons; she had proudly given them to the Union, and their blood had been hallowed in its defense. May it forever cement its bonds, and remain the eternal sacrament of love and peace of all the States. Let fanaticism hide its hideous head before the encircling, glorious spectacle of renewed Union.

Think of the brave, heroic, bright, young Bacheler deliberately dying for his duty in the burning air of the Philippines!

My countrymen, it is a great thing to know that North Carolinians are always to be found in the front line of danger and duty.

North Carolinians who live out of the State, you can now understand how happy we are to see and have you here with us. It gives us real, rational joy. It is with deep, sincere affection and confidence that we receive you with open doors and open arms. You see there is nothing in the history of your great mother which can bring a blush to your cheeks. We are proud of her, we are proud of you; and it is with our whole souls that we welcome—thrice welcome—you all to our homes and our hearts. What a joy, what a glory, what a blessing, to know that no son of North Carolina, wherever his lot has been cast, has been known to forget to love and honor his mother; and she ever responds with her whole heart to that affection!

I come now to perform the high duty which has been assigned to me. I undertake it with very great pleasure and unqualified pride. It is eminently appropriate that the gentleman who has been chosen should address you. The Committee could not have selected a fitter speaker. He wishes to see every acre of our soil blooming with harvests and animated with workshops. He is a true, genuine, thorough North Carolinian; born, educated, and living here; a representative of our character and sentiments, of our habits and customs; one of our people. He is able, learned, and wise. There is nothing false in his nature. He is affectionate, devoted, grateful. He loves his country, his friends, his home. He never forgets there is a God who rules the world with justice and mercy. He is endowed with the destiny to do good and to make happy. He is gifted with eloquence to vindicate the truth which he loves. He is inspired with the courage to defend the right to which he is devoted.

He is blessed with all the qualities and faculties which constitute a Christian statesman. He is the fearless defender of popular education, because he knows that intelligence is the support of liberty. He is the manly exemplar of public and private morality, because he knows that virtue is the shield, health, and ornament of a free people. He loves labor, because he has learned that work, labor, is the foundation and necessity, the first law of human happiness and prosperity. He approves all public improvements, because he desires the improvement, progress, and elevation of the State, and wishes all the resources developed as a field for the energy of her people, and an opportunity for their genius, talent, and efforts. He is confronted by the dark problems of the age, and has determined to confront them with intelligence, justice, and benevolence; to exhaust all rightful means and ways to save the colored man from degradation and utter worthlessness, and to raise him to usefulness and comfort; but never, never to put in peril the solid foundation of white society, and the organic and cardinal principles—the lights and life of white free government. He loves the people—can not do enough for them; is always trying to do something more. He is sincere, faithful, diligent. His simplicity, without arrogance or pretensions, without vanity or deceit, without pride or ostentation, is the charm and excellence of his life. He prefers the plain, simple home of Nathaniel Macon—the home of purity, of industry, of frugality, of Christian life—to the palace of a prince. He abhors luxury; he knows it is the deathbed of liberty and virtue. He can never forget that liberty perished in the palace of the Cæsars; and the vestal fires and the virgins themselves were lost and obliterated in the splendor of Imperial Rome. His heart, life, and soul are devoted, dedicated to North Carolina; but his heart is large enough and mind great enough to comprehend in its grasp the whole Union—from ocean to ocean—from the Arctic circle to the equator. He is the worthy countryman of Washington, Franklin, Adams; of Webster, Clay, Calhoun; fit successor to Morehead, Graham, and Vance. He wishes the country to love North Carolina, and North Carolina to love the country; and he rejoices with patriotic eyes to behold the star of North Carolina, unerased and unobscured, blazing on the star-spangled banner of sister States and a perpetual constitutional Union. His daily prayer is that all discords between the people of the United States may perish from the earth; and our prayer is that the laurel wreath may continue to crown his brow, and that his last hours may be cheered by the benedictions and blessings of his grateful countrymen.

I present to you the Honorable Charles B. Aycock, Governor of North Carolina—your brother countryman.*

* Honorable Matthew Whitaker Ransom; Born, 1826; graduated from University of North Carolina, 1847; Attorney-General, 1852-1855; Legislature, 1859-1860; Peace Commissioner, 1861; Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, Brigadier-General, and Major-General, 1861-1865; Lawyer and planter, 1865-1872; United States Senator, 1872-1895; Embassador to Mexico, 1895-1898; Planter, 1898-1904; Died eighth day of October, 1904, at his home in Halifax County, N. C. The Reunion Address of General Ransom will be noted and read with more than ordinary interest because of the fact that it was his last public utterance. Its noble thoughts and patriotic sentiments were not less characteristic than the last private utterance which fell from the lips of this great Carolinian. The Silent Messenger touched him in the absence of his loving and lovable wife, who had not returned from her summer home at Blowing Rock, N. C. His last words to the two devoted sons, who were with him at the sudden and peaceful end, were: "Do right, boys; God bless your mother". —EDITOR

Address of Welcome on Behalf of the State

By Governor Charles B. Aycock

Ladies and Gentlemen:

The Committee in charge of this celebration have honored me with the high duty of extending to you a welcome to your old home. If I could but find fitting words in which to set before you the breadth and depth of the gladness which stirs the heart of North Carolina today the duty would be transformed for me into the highest pleasure. We are glad to have you with us once more. You come to us, not as younger sons who have wasted your portions in riotous living, but as sons who left us with our blessing to seek the favors of fortune elsewhere, and having won your places in other States have come home at last to renew your acquaintance with old friends, and rejoice again amid the scenes of your youth. We shall, therefore, kill no fatted calves for you, no robes will be brought out, and no rings placed upon your fingers. You are at home again to share with us all the things which we have. The North Carolina look is in your eye; her speech is on your lips; her ideals live in your hearts. We rejoice in your presence; take delight in your prosperity; praise you for the things which you have done, and hope the utmost of your future. We wish you to feel that this is now again your State. We would awaken the memories of your early youth, and stir afresh the old-time affection. And this State of your nativity is worthy of your love. Her history is such as to justify your pride in her. Her achievements compare with those of any other State, and make her sons, wherever they be, proud to be known as North Carolinians. You can sing with us:

> "Carolina, Carolina, Heaven's blessings attend her;
> While we live we will cherish, protect, and defend her.
> Though scorners may sneer at, and witlings defame her,
> Our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her."

She was the first of the colonies to be settled, and although that settlement was not successful, it is a source of gratification that it was made under the patronage of the soldier, navigator, scholar, statesman, and martyr, Sir Walter Raleigh. On her soil the first white child born of English parentage came to bless the western world. Here liberty had its birth, and here it rejoices in its fullest beauty. North Carolina was settled by men who found the liberty of other colonies and States short of their desires. English, Virginians, French, New Englanders, Swiss, Germans, Huguenots, Scotch, Irish, of whatever nationality they might be, they sought this land in order that they might found a State which should be a fit home for "the freest of the free". "They were imbued with a passion for liberty", says Bancroft; and in their earliest days

they secured for themselves and transmitted to us both "liberty of conscience and of conduct". "With absolute freedom of conscience, benevolent reason was the simple rule of their conduct." "They were tender and open", gentle to the weak, and fierce only against tyranny. They were led to the choice of their residence from the hatred of restraint, and "lost themselves in the woods in search of independence". "Are there any who doubt man's capacity for self-government?" says Bancroft; "Let them study the history of North Carolina. Its inhabitants were restless and turbulent in their imperfect submission to a government imposed on them from abroad. The administration of the colony was firm, humane, and tranquil, when they were left to take care of themselves. Any government but one of their own institution was oppressive." Living far removed from contact with the government which sought to rule them, freed from the blandishments of power, "disciplined in frugality, and patient of toil", it is no wonder that our North Carolina ancestors resisted to the utmost the tyranny of provincial and colonial rule. They were in constant warfare with their Governors, and repeatedly turned them out of the province. When the struggle with Great Britain came, North Carolina was in the front.

Let me briefly give you two short pages of history. The first shall be devoted to Massachusetts, and is taken from Bancroft. "On the sixteenth day of December, 1773, the men of Boston assembled in the Old South Church. They remained in session until after dark. The church in which they met was dimly lighted. At quarter before six, Roteh appeared and satisfied the people by relating that the Governor had refused him a pass, because his ship was not properly cleared. As soon as he had finished his report, Samuel Adams rose and gave the word, 'This meeting can do nothing more to save the country'. On the instant a shout was heard on the porch. The war-whoop resounded. A body of men, forty or fifty in number, disguised as Indians, passed by the door, repaired to Griffin's wharf, posted guards to prevent the intrusion of spies, took possession of the three tea ships, and in about three hours all the tea was emptied into the bay." This is the account of the great Boston Tea Party. It is world-famous. Daniel Webster, in his reply to Hayne, thinking of this great transaction among others, says, "I shall pronounce no eulogium on Massachusetts. She needs none. There she stands; behold her, and judge for yourselves."

Now let us look at the other page, taken from a speech of Honorable George Davis. "On the sixth day of January, 1766, the sloop of war Diligence arrived in the Cape Fear, bringing the stamps. She floats gaily up the river, with sails all set and the cross of St. George flaunting apeak. Her cannon frown upon the rebellious little town of Brunswick as she yaws to her anchor. In his palace at Wilmington sits the royal Governor of the State, whose proclamation had just been issued, announcing the arrival of the stamps, and directing all persons authorized to distribute them to apply to her commander. As the sloop rounds to her anchor, there stand upon the shore Colonel John Ashe and Colonel Hugh Waddell, with two companies of friends and gallant yeomen at their backs. By threats of violence, they intimidate the commander of the sloop, and he promises not to land the stamps. They seize the vessel's boat, and hoisting a mast and flag, mount it upon a cart, and march in triumph to Wilmington. Upon their arrival the town is illuminated. Next day, with Colonel Ashe at their head, the people go in crowds to the Governor's house, and demand of him James Houston, the stamp master. Upon refusal to deliver him up, forthwith they set about to burn the house above his head. Terrified, the Governor at length complies, and Houston is conducted to the market house

Honorable E. Y. Webb, of North Carolina

Representative in Fifty-Eighth Congress

where, in the presence of the asembled people, he is made to take a solemn oath never to execute the duties of his office.'' ''I shall pronounce no eulogium'' on North Carolina. ''She needs none. There she stands; behold her, and judge for yourselves.'' Mark you, ''this was more than ten years before the Declaration of Independence; more than nine years before the Battle of Lexington, and nearly eight before the Boston Tea Party''. You will not fail to remember that it was on the twelfth day of April, 1776, that the Provincial Congress, in session at Halifax, instructed her delegates to the Continental Congress to concur with the other Colonies in a Declaration of Independence. This was more than a month before action was taken by Virginia, the home of Washington and Jefferson, the zeal of whose people had been inflamed by the words ''of living fire that leapt from the impassioned lips of Henry''. With these facts of authentic history, known and admitted of all men, it should occasion no surprise anywhere to hear that it was this State, which on the twentieth of May, 1775, at Charlotte, in the County of Mecklenburg, issued the first Declaration of Independence. Men may doubt that the patriots of Mecklenburg used the very words which have been handed down to us, but certain it is that Governor Martin, whose seat of government at that time, for reasons of safety, was aboard a ship in the Cape Fear, knew that they had severed the bands which bound them to Great Britain, for in a proclamation which he issued in August, 1775, he used these words: ''I have also seen a most infamous publication in the Cape Fear **Mercury**, importing to be resolves of a set of people styling themselves a Committee for the County of Mecklenburg, most traitorously declaring the entire dissolution of the laws, government, and constitution of this country, and setting up a system of rule and regulation repugnant to the laws, and subversive of His Majesty's government''.

It can occasion no surprise then when we are told by Mr. Bancroft that ''the first voice for dissolving all connection with Great Britain came, not from the Puritans of New England, the Dutch of New York, or the planters of Virginia, but from the Scotch Presbyterians of North Carolina''.

It was another great day for liberty when the patriots of this State, on the twenty-seventh of February, 1776, gained the signal victory at Moore's Creek over the Tories who were seeking to unite their forces with those of Sir Henry Clinton. The result of that early victory for American arms broke the backbone of Toryism, and gave to the patriots a zeal and confidence which stood them in stead in the darkest hours of the war for independence. It was your ancestors again who, in conjunction with their neighbors, won the great victory at King's Mountain. It was your ancestors who, in this very county, fought the great fight of Guilford Courthouse, and, while suffering a defeat, so crippled Cornwallis that he was compelled to yield his sword to Washington at Yorktown. When she had won her independence, North Carolina set such store by it that she declined to join the American Union until the sovereignty of the State and the liberty of the individual had been provided for by the proposal of the first ten amendments to the Constitution of the United States. But, once in the Union,this State loved it. The government was one of our own formation, and our people have ever been willing to yield obedience to the laws of their own enactment. Even when the people thought the Constitution had been violated, and their rights infringed, their love for the Union was so great that with singular unanimity they determined to remain in it, and secure, if possible, under the stars and stripes that protection to which they felt themselves entitled. But when the other Southern States went out of the Union, and we were brought face to face with the necessity of taking sides, then our people

in convention assembled, without a single dissenting vote, went out of the Union, and sought at every cost to secure again that independence which our fathers had won. Late in going out, this State offered the first life on the altar of the Southern Confederacy. Having made up her mind to fight for independence, she sent to the front more soldiers than there were voters within her borders. She lost more men in killed and wounded than any other Southern State; charged farthest at Gettysburg; laid down the greatest number of guns at Appomattox, and quit the fight with as deep regret as any of her sisters. I care not on which side one fought in that great contest; the achievements of North Carolina soldiers were too great to excite bitterness in any breast that loves heroic sacrifice and daring deeds. Her men won for humanity a still higher place for stubborn courage than had theretofore been gained. They went into the fight reluctantly, because of their deep love for the Union which their fathers had cemented with their blood. They went to the front well clothed, well fed, in high spirits, certain of success. They left at the end in tatters and rags, footsore and hungry, but their tears watered the ground where the greatest leader of soldiers, the highest type of Christian manhood, the purest and truest and the best of men, General Robert E. Lee, surrendered his sword. They came back to the State weary, worn, and sorrowful. They found the population depleted. Their farms had gone to ruin, their fences were down, their ditches were filled, their stock were slaughtered, in too many instances their houses were burned. But they did not sit down in the desolation of their despair. With a courage worthy of the great men who fought during the Revolution, they turned their faces to the morning, put their trust in God, and resolutely determined to build again their homes and do honor to their mother for whom they had suffered so much. And right well have they wrought. Today our fields abound with harvest. From the mountains to the seashore there is abundance. There is not, from Hatteras to Murphy, from Virginia to South Carolina, a man, woman, or child who is hungry today. North Carolina and South Carolina manufacture sixty per cent. of all the cotton manufactured in the South, and of this sixty per cent. this State claims over half. Within this county the forty furniture factories, giving employment to thousands of skilled laborers, sell their furniture in Grand Rapids, and take tribute to their superior workmanship from every State in the Union. The census shows that we more than doubled our investments in manufactures in the last decade. We grow more cotton on less acreage than ever before, while our tobacco crop in value exceeds that of any State in the Union. Our vegetable gardens have grown into fields, and we feed the crowding multitudes of the Eastern cities. In every department of human activity your brothers here are forging to the front. We stand in the morning, with our faces to the light, and gladly hear the command that "we go forward".

I have thought it not inappropriate to tell you these things on your return to your old home, for it is the right of one who has gone out from underneath the shade of the family tree to hear when he comes back what the folks at home have been doing. Above all, it is your right to know what we are. Whether we are sustaining the ideals of the past; what sort of structure we are rearing upon the foundation laid by your ancestors. In your travels you may have run across "the scorners who scoff at and the witlings who defame" this State. You may have heard that she is ignorant and provincial, but I have the pleasure to inform you what your affection already knows, that there can be found nowhere within her borders a man known out of his township ignorant enough to join with the fool in saying "There is no God". There is no man

amongst us whose hand is so untrained that it does not instinctively seek his hat in the presence of a woman. There is no ear so untaught that it does not hear the cry of pity; and no heart so untutored that it does not beat in sympathy with the weak and the distressed. Illiterate we have been; but ignorant, never. Books we have not known; but of men we have learned, and of God we have sought to find out. "A gentle people and open", frank and courteous, passionate when aroused, and dangerous in conflict; capable of sacrifice, among warriors the first—praised by me as warriors only because of the high courage manifested there, giving promise of the wonderful achievements which lie before us in peace. These are your people; they are my people. I am proud of their history; proud of their character; and glad to introduce you to them again. Your brethren all wish you to stay among us to the utmost limit of your time, to see us and know us as we are. If you find our material condition better than it was when you left us, we claim no praise for it. If we have done well, it is because we were taught aright by those who went before us, taught at their expense; and credit belongs to them alone. We think we hold on to the truths which our fathers taught us. We believe that we still maintain a passion for liberty; that we love independence, and set more store by honor than by wealth, and that we seek wealth only in order that the kind promptings of our hearts may find a better way in which to express themselves; that our deeds may keep pace with our wishes, and that the earth may grow better by what we do. In log cabin, in frame house, in modern mansion, each and all of you will find a welcome. The latchstring hangs outside the door—but not for you. The latchstring is for the stranger only; the door stands open for you.

To the representatives of those cities whose North Carolina population is large enough to justify the organization of North Carolina Societies, I am directed to express the appreciation of my people for the manifestation of your continued affection which has brought you together in your distant homes under the name of the dear old State. It is delightful to us to be thus remembered by you. It inspires us to our best efforts, to maintain that affection which is so beautifully expressed in your act. It deters us from doing anything to bring dishonor upon that fair name in whose honor you associate. It has been my pleasure once since I have been Governor of this State to be the guest of a North Carolina Society in a distant city. It was to me a great happiness. I rejoiced in their prosperity. I delighted in their manifest joy whenever the old mother State was mentioned. They tried to sing for me The Old North State, but they broke down before finishing the first stanza. Gentlemen, you can not sing the songs of Zion in strange lands. The music of The Old North State is for home. Like our scuppernong grape, it is racy of the soil, and can not be brought to perfection elsewhere.

Again I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for coming among us. I greet you in the name of the whole people. I extend to you all the liberties of the State, and invoke that pious benediction of Tiny Tim, "God bless us everyone".

Colonel James F. Morehead

One of the Leading Members of the North Carolina Bar

Address of Welcome on Behalf of the City of Greensboro

By Colonel James T. Morehead

At the invitation of all the people of our common mother, extended by their representatives in the General Assembly, you have left your homes, here to meet again under her sunny skies, and you have just listened to her hearty welcome expressed by her Chief Executive.

I have the honor to welcome you, specially in behalf of the people of historic Guilford and her capital city, and to assure you that we yield to none in genuine, heartfelt pleasure in greeting Carolina's "Scattered-abroad".

I hope I may be pardoned for repeating what has been said by others, that it was a happy suggestion that this location was the most appropriate selection for this first Reunion.

As this city, then a village, was the gateway through which thousands of emigrants, who in the last two decades of the first half of the last century sorrowfully passed, emigrating to the then-new states and territories, their caravans of white-covered wagons freighted with their household goods and their household gods lining its unimproved streets; so now it is the Gate City through which the great majority of those who from time to time return to visit the scenes of their early childhood and youth pass to almost every section of the State. Within forty miles, and little north-east of the center of the State; almost equidistant from the blue mountains, from whose valleys and recesses poured the patriot bands to destroy Ferguson at King's Mountain, and the birthplace of Virginia Dare, washed by the Atlantic; from her southern border, where Andrew Jackson first saw the light amidst the muttering of the storm which was soon to break the power of Britain in America, and her northern border, the birthplace of Nathaniel Macon, the great commoner, and friend and adviser of Jefferson; in the heart of that part of the State largely settled by the Scotch-Irish race, one dogma of whose religion was "Resistance to tyrants is the will of God", and who "educated, elevated, and dominated" every people among whom their lot was cast; the central county of that section which first met in armed resistance legalized oppression, at Alamance; the scene of the labors of Caldwell, one among the greatest of those who led the people to maintain their rights, and of the labors of Caruthers, his successor, who first preserved in written form the traditions of those stirring times, the result of whose labor and learning is one of the important bases of the histories of the Commonwealth. Where you now sit—then in original forest—could be heard the guns fired at old Guilford Courthouse—the beginning of the end at Yorktown.

These facts, I repeat, made the selection of Greensboro for the first Reunion peculiarly appropriate.

History teaches us that wherever on the globe one of the Gallic race has settled, whatever his environment, his heart is ever turning to vine-clad France, and the ambition and hope of his life is "some day" to return again to look upon the scenes of his youth, and bask in her glorious sunlight; and equally true it is, as is now a common saying, that "Once a North Carolinian, always a North Carolinian".

When the Cherokees were invited by the Federal Government to leave their mountain fastnesses, and move beyond the Father of Waters to a more fertile and better game-stocked hunting-ground prepared for them, one band in our mountains declined the offer, and "remain until this day". It is told of their Chief, Junaluski, that when he realized that the days of his pilgrimage were numbered, and he felt that the Great Spirit was beckoning him, he caused his tribesmen to lay him in his cabin door, that the last object upon which his eyes might rest should be the grand old mountain in whose shadow his childhood was passed, over the slopes of which he had chased the bear and the deer, and in whose sparkling water which flowed at its foot he had fished for his favorite trout in his youth and manhood.

Though of a different race from us, he was a typical North Carolinian, in his love for the land of his nativity.

Let me give you an illustration which came under my personal observation. Sometime in the Forties among the emigrants from North Carolina were some of our brethren of Scotch descent, who finally landed in Missouri. Thirty years afterwards, a young man from Guilford, seeking to better his fortune, "after Appomattox" made his home in Missouri, and married a daughter of one of our Scotchmen born to him in that State. In the course of time, the young man returned with his wife and one son, a child of six or eight years. I congratulated him on his return, and expressed a hope that he had "come to stay". "Not exactly", he replied, "my wife's parents from her infancy had spoken so often and so lovingly of 'God's Country', and especially of the old home in Guilford, she longed to visit and see for herself the glories of which she had heard. At a family council, it was decreed that the boy could never grow up to be the right sort of a man unless he drank out of the old spring at the old homestead." Accordingly, they had brought the boy to Guilford, carried him to the old homestead, and he had been nearly water-foundered at the spring, and he was going to return to Missouri before the week was out.

You have heard and read how the stay-at-home Tarheels, by their grit and perseverance since "all was lost save honor", have rebuilt the waste places, have added manufacturing to agriculture, until today the Old North State is forging to the front abreast with her more fortunate sisters. This improvement is marked in all her counties—villages have become cities, her highways have been improved, and railways cross each other in all sections. She is rapidly progressing in education, and in fact in everything that goes to make a great, happy, and prosperous commonwealth, as you will realize when you visit your old homes in every part of the State.

In this city and county you have, so to speak, an object lesson.

At the date of emigration in such large numbers referred to, the site of High Point was not even cleared ground—today it is a city of between five and eight thousand inhabitants. It boasts of being the largest manufacturer of wooden products in the South, and second in the United States. Guilford College, today deservedly ranking among the best and most popular, the only

Quaker College in the South, was but a simple boarding school. Oak Ridge Institute and Whitsett Institute, now entitled to be called colleges, had no existence. Greensboro had two colleges for women, whose combined patronage did not exceed one hundred students (one of which has since been destroyed by fire), and one classical institute for young men. Today within her corporate limits are located two of the State's finest colleges; one for women, with a patronage of nearly a thousand students; and the remaining one of the two first mentioned (saved to the cause of education by the loyal efforts of her alumnæ, who now own it) has a patronage of more than double that of both at that time. She has five graded schools, which nearly two thousand children attend, in the highest of which is taught the classics. There are in addition several graded schools in the county.

At that date, this county could boast of but one cotton mill—small, but a pioneer. Today, cotton milling is prosperous in several sections of the county, and in this city are four of the best-equipped mills in the State, and a fifth, in course of construction, is to be one of the largest in the South, if not in the whole country. These do not include a carpet factory and finishing mill.

In addition to these, she is manufacturing clothing, furniture, and tobacco, everything made of wood, vehicles, material for building, etc.; and among her workers in iron are manufacturers of mill machinery, agricultural implements, and in fact if old Tubal Cain could have joined in this Reunion we may well believe he would establish his headquarters and principal office in this city.

This city is not alone in this grand march of progress. I repeat, I select it as an object lesson.

When you return to your homes, and recount to our absent kindred, who were prevented from meeting with us today, the glorious progress of the Old North State, I beg of you not to forget to speak of other things which you have not yet seen, but which you will see in your visits to your old homes before you return. Among these are some things ever pleasing to the eye and dear to the memory of every North Carolinian. You will see still left some of the old sedge fields, grown up in old field pines, through which you will travel on the good old country roads over red-washed gullies, filled here and there with ruts, roots, and stones, "against the statute in such cases made and provided, and the peace of the State"; and your poetic souls will be excited by the sight of the good old-fashioned gristmill whose noisy and clanking machinery is moved by the ever-beloved over-shot waterwheel. And you may tell them that you saw, as in days of yore, the patrons of the mill sitting on the old benches and stoues, a "committee of the whole on the State of the Union", and heard them gravely discuss politics and religion, interspersed now and then with neighborhood news. And I venture to assert that when you recall these pictures of the old days the broader will be the smile, and the happier the chuckle, with which it will be received. And inspired by their recollections of the old times in the Old North State many a fireside, and perhaps public gathering, will be entertained by stories of camp-meeting, contests at the bar, merry meetings at the old log schoolhouse, and perhaps the glories of exciting combats of local pugilists on the court green and at the "old muster fields".

Again I bid you THRICE WELCOME.

Honorable Frank E. Shober, of New York

Representative in Fifty-Eighth Congress

The Responses

Response of Honorable Francis E. Shober, of New York

Representative of the North Carolina Society of New York

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen:

The privilege of speaking from this platform in the presence of so distinguished a company, on an occasion like this, fills me with the deepest emotion.

I know that no one here, from far or near, howsoever many years have passed since his departure, has come back to the Old North State, the land of his birth, without feeling that great throb and thrill all men experience when after weary years of exile they reach their **Home** at last.

I am the more impressed with this sentiment, because it was in this particular section of the State that the name I bear was well known, and in the generations passed has been honored in no small degree.

It is also a gratification to me to remember that my mother was almost, if not quite, a native North Carolinian, for she spent her youth not many miles from this point, and doubtless there are those present who in the old days at Chapel Hill can readily recall the name of May Wheat. So I am at home, rejoicing to be back again, proud of the fact that I am a native of this grand old State.

It is a grand old State, with a grand past, and a grander future.

In my boyhood days, the school books were wont to describe North Carolina as noted chiefly for the production of tar and turpentine. But it might much more truthfully be said that North Carolina is distinguished chiefly for her brilliant men, and, judging by those I see before me, her beautiful women.

It is true, however, that tar and turpentine were largely produced in the State; and it was from this circumstance that the name Tarheel was given to us. Applied originally as a term of reproach, I, and the other sons of North Carolina in New York, accept it proudly; for, if the indelible stain of tar is on our heel, yet an abiding love for the old North State is imbedded in our hearts, and an unfailing memory of her is impressed upon our minds.

To leave her, even in all the hopefulness and confidence and carelessness of youth, caused a wrench never to be forgotten.

To return to her brings a joy to which we look forward with gladness, of which we can never tire.

This morning, speeding hither to take part in this Reunion, as I looked from the car window, and saw my country once again—the hills all bathed in rosy light, the vales still hid in shadow, the fields all gray spread out to meet the woods just taking on their glorious autumnal colors—when, I say, I looked

on these things, an emotion most profound came over me. I was looking into the faces of friends of the long ago when I saw the hills and the valleys, the fields, and the woods. Over just such hills, and through just such woods, have I roamed in delight years ago. Why the very season recalled those days. It was about this time that the "rabbit hollows" were set. Just now is the time for hickory nuts and locusts and persimmons. Oh! the delights of these last. Locust and persimmon "pop"—no doubt an execrable drink, but delicious in those days.

I love to think of those days, and of the friends I had.

There was one in particular—a dear, dear friend. Next to my father, I thought he was the grandest man in the world. He was immensely tall, broad-shouldered, and of prodigious strength. His face was black, and his hair was kinky; but his heart was white, and his life was straight.

Many a time and oft have I sat astride his mighty shoulders, clutching his woolly hair, to be borne in triumph hither and yon. His word was law to me, and his opinion supreme.

He was at once my mentor, my companion, and my playmate. He taught me almost all that I know. He taught me how to fish. Down on the creek bank, where the shadows lay dank and dark and the water swirled beneath the bank, he taught me how to bait my hook, and—pardon the allusion—to spit upon the bait. I had never heard of Izaak Walton; but if he, himself, had appeared to discourse on this favorite theme, I would not have listened. Albert was there, and Albert knew. Oh! what did he not know? He was cunning with saw and plane. What toys did he not make for me? What wonderful "rabbit-hollows", which made me the envy of all my associates. And what a garden he could make—such potatoes and peas and beans as grew under his watchful care! And this man, so great in my estimation, was my dear friend. He taught me much, and I—I could only teach him to read. At night, after supper, when I had eaten of his corn pone sopped in molasses and bacon grease—a morsel to me more delicious than a delicacy from my father's table—then we began our lesson in the old blue-back spelling book.

And there was Betty—Mammy Betty. She was also my friend. Many a time has she gathered me to her bosom, hushed my sobs, and wiped away my tears, "when dem mean ole white folks treat her baby bad".

Oh! such friends they were—faithful, tried, and true; and they belonged to North Carolina.

My friends, there were, and I believe there are many Alberts and many Bettys whom all of you know. I know that the recollections I have given, are recollections of many of you; I know that the feeling I have is the sentiment which animates you. Knowing this, therefore, I take the liberty on this occasion of saying with my distinguished colleague in Congress, Honorable W. R. Hearst, when speaking on the much-discussed Southern question, "Let the South alone—she will take care of her own".

These are some of the recollections which come to me on the rare—alas, too rare—occasions when I come back to my native State, gaze upon her wooded hills and well-watered valleys, and breathe again the air in which I was nurtured.

And then I reflect with pride upon the history of our noble State, upon her achievements in the past; how easily she has worn her honors, and how sublimely she has borne defeat. And printed upon the records appear the names of her many sons who have attained distinction, great and small, in places far remote—in literature, in art, in the forum, on the bench, and at the seat of war. A

Mr. W. F. Futrell

President of North Carolina Society of Philadelphia

record of which any State might well be proud! And the Old North State, fond mother that she is, yearns over her absent ones, and in this Reunion would bring them all back home for a season, that she might bless them.

'Twas a happy thought—this Reunion. May it be perpetuated, and year after year see this homecoming of North Carolina's sons from far and near, with honors great or small, in ever-increasing numbers, to do homage to our mother, and sing again in unison to Carolina.

In New York, that busy mart where men run to and fro in the ceaseless pursuit of wealth, and where sentiment is perforce pushed into the background, lest it interfere in the strife, there are many North Carolinians.

A goodly portion have met with honor and success well deserved. You know them all. I wish they might be here to take part in this inspiring movement. Another year will bring them, I am sure; for with them, as with all of us, the ties that bind them to Carolina are strong, and they draw them hitherward persistently.

Then may this good work of yearly Reunions go forward; that absent ones may be brought home again, and that all the world may be convinced of the greatness of our grand old State in the past, her still further greatness in the days to come.

Her greatness in the past! Yes, as has been well said here today she was "first at Bethel; foremost at Gettysburg; last at Appomattox".

She was great before that at King's Mountain, and at Guilford Courthouse. There has never been a time when our beloved North Carolina was not great in war.

But though great in war, blessed be God, she has shown and will show that she can be great also in peace.

Response of Mr. William H. Futrell

President of the North Carolina Society of Philadelphia

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen:

Dr. Winston, who has been sitting beside me, informed me a few minutes ago that the phrase "seven minutes" printed on the program is a joke. To say to a North Carolinian who has been away from this dear old Commonwealth for twenty years that he shall talk to his friends only seven minutes, must be an indication of how valuable time is regarded in the New South. In my day it would have been in order to talk an hour. But coming from "slow" Philadelphia, as I do, I can not be expected to keep pace with the times. I would remind the committee on arrangements, however, that if they do not wish to hear much speaking, it is a mistake to invite a Philadelphian to address you, unless he is told previously what is expected of him. For if I should attempt to define the difference between a North Carolina lawyer and a Philadelphia lawyer, I should say that the latter not only does not have so much tar on his heels and is, therefore, more vulnerable, but he is the more loquacious of the two. I base this definition upon the following historical fact. In the early days of Philadelphia, when the town was quite small, it is related that a citizen writing to William Penn reported: "The town is small, but flourishing", and

after referring to the varied interests and conditions of the people added: "the citizens are healthy and peaceable. I need not, therefore, refer to the physicians and lawyers; for we are thankful to be free from the abominable drugs of the one and the pestiferous loquacity of the other". If, therefore, I should give you some pestiferous loquacity, the blame must fall upon the shoulders of the Committee, who did not inform me until after my arrival that I was expected to make even a "seven-minutes' response". Having no set address, therefore, I shall speak to you very informally but none the less sincerely.

I am delighted to be with you on this occasion. My heart has been filled with joy as I have met so many of my old friends, and seen so many familiar faces. And I assure you, on behalf of the North Carolina Society of Philadelphia, that each member would like to stand here and look you in the face, and tell you how much he loves the dear Old North State. They are living active useful lives—the kind of lives which North Carolinians live wherever they are located. A few days ago I attempted to give a luncheon to some of the North Carolina boys; but I found that they were too busy to eat. One said that he could come at two o'clock; another said that he could come at three; most of them said that they could not come at all; and I was able to get together only five fellows for that luncheon. I was reminded of the statement made by one of the Justices of the Supreme Court of New York, at the Southern Society dinner given in that city last winter. In speaking of the success which Southern people achieve wherever they go, he said that he thought it was because they were able to accommodate themselves to circumstances, that they became identified with local interests, and that they endeavored to practice those Christian virtues and patriotic sentiments so thoroughly instilled into their minds in their Southern homes. What the future of the North Carolinians in Pennsylvania will be remains to be seen. But I think that we can do no better than emulate the lives of our distinguished and patriotic forefathers of this old commonwealth.

Pennsylvania and North Carolina have so much in common that those of us who live in the former State feel that we are closely identified with you. It was only last week that there was a celebration in Philadelphia commemorating the two hundred and twentieth anniversary of the settlement of the Germans in what is now known as Germantown. And it is a remarkable co-incidence that at about the same time of this settlement the Germans were also settling in North Carolina. Both Commonwealths had the English, the Scotch-Irish, and the Swiss. The religious sects—the Quakers, Moravians, Lutherans, Presbyterians, and others—were prominent in both States. And, however much these denominations differed in their interpretation of the Bible, all agreed that they could do without princes and nobles, but never without the church and schoolhouse. In fact, it is related, with reference to a Moravian settlement in North Carolina, that it was customary to build schoolhouses and churches before the homes of the colonists were finished.

It is, therefore, pleasant to recall the similarity of the people, and the bond of fellowship existing between the two commonwealths. And as we compare the two States at the present time, we find that, in some respects, North Carolina excels Pennsylvania. For instance, only eighteen per cent. of the population of Pennsylvania attend school; whereas in North Carolina it is twenty-two per cent. It is true that the school term is longer in Pennsylvania than it is in North Carolina; but I am much gratified to learn that since I left this State you have lengthened your school term more than fifty per cent. In

Honorable Spencer Blackburn

Representative-Elect in Fifty-Ninth Congress

Pennsylvania, the value of her manufactured cotton goods at the present time is about twenty-five millions of dollars, while in North Carolina, it is about twenty-eight millions of dollars. In fact, I might give other illustrations; but I remember that no man has a right to give statistics when Dr. McIver is present. He knows so much that I am reminded of the story which was told years ago concerning Judge Settle. How I wish the old North Carolina stories and folklore might be preserved! Will you pardon me if I relate this story? During the so-called Vance and Settle campaign in this State, two old colored men, Uncle Abe and Uncle Aleck, met at the country store at "Bryant's Cross Roads", and proceeded to discuss the political situation. Uncle Abe reminded Uncle Aleck that Judge Settle was a "mighty smart man"; that he knew more than any man in the State. Uncle Aleck, thereupon, compared him with the President of the United States, and also with Mr. Gladstone; but Uncle Abe declared that Judge Settle knew more than either of them. "Well", said Uncle Aleck, "I reckon he don't know mo' dan de Lawd". Uncle Abe was quiet for a few minutes, and then, as if struck by a sudden inspiration, said: "Dat am so; he don't know mo' dan de Lawd; but Judge Settle is mighty young yet".

It has been twenty years since I left this good Old North State. The changes have been so numerous and so marvelous that it would be an imposition upon your hospitality and patience for me to attempt to enumerate them. The fact is, I feel that I am in a new North State. The names which General Ransom mentioned a few minutes ago, and which we used to hear spoken so frequently, such as Jackson, Benton, Polk, Iredell, Graham, Johnson, Mangum, Macon, Gaston, Badger, and many others, have been replaced or supplemented by other and newer names. And then one sees the flourishing villages and towns which were almost unknown twenty years ago. This old town itself has been so changed that I scarcely know where I am. Instead of arriving at a railroad station overcrowded and illy ventilated, you have a large, modern, brick building. As I rode up your main street with Dr. McIver—I call it Broadway—the old courthouse was almost the only building which was familiar to me; and I find that even that is being enlarged and remodeled. Twenty years ago your total expenditure for education was practically $375,000, or twenty-seven cents per capita. Today your total expenditure for education is more than $1,000,000, or sixty cents per capita. Twenty years ago you had two hundred and fifty thousand pupils in school; today you have approximately five hundred thousand —an increase of one hundred per cent., whereas the increase in population is thirty-seven per cent.

These are great results. And when I reflect that you have accomplished all of them without us, I have an answer to Dr. McIver's question which he put to us at the meeting of the North Carolina Society in New York last winter, when he said: "Why don't you come home?" My answer is "you are getting along very well without us". You are doing a noble work, and I am thankful to feel that it has been done and is being done by the harmonious and collective energy and action of, not a few people, but of the people as a whole.

It is related that when the reign of terror in France was over, and the advocates of law and order began to emerge from their hiding places, they were surprised to find how numerous they themselves were, and how collectively strong they might have been in combating the pre-existing anarchy. It took North Carolina a long time to find out how collectively strong she was, but when once her mind was made up she advanced with characteristic boldness and patriotic zeal.

A new era has dawned. You have built a new North State upon the solid foundations of the old. This tremendous growth is followed by new responsibilities, and I feel sure that North Carolinians are able to meet them. And as you settle successfully the questions pertaining to the State, you are at the same time aiding in the adjustment of national difficulties.

We are living in a remarkable age; and we are making history with an amazing rapidity. Our recently-acquired territory, our centralization of capital, our internal dissensions in connection with labor and capital, are questions which require serious consideration. And when we remember that public apathy is the root of corruption, it behooves each one of us to accept our small share of responsibility, and to inculcate those principles which stand for the highest ideals of American citizenship. The greatest empire this world ever knew, becoming intoxicated with success, lost its former ideals of citizenship, permitted bribery and corruption to flourish, until Rome, the empire itself, was sold at auction by the pretorian guards.

Our country needs today, as never before, the guiding power and influence of the real Anglo-Saxon American citizen. He can be found in the South, and surely he ought to be found in North Carolina, the purest Anglo-Saxon State of the Union.

Go on, then, with your good work; and in building the new upon the old see to it that you build correctly. You may

> "Ring out the old; ring in the new";
> Provided you
> "Ring out the false; ring in the true".
>
> "Ring out the grief that saps the mind;"
> * * * * *
> "Ring in redress to all mankind."
>
> "Ring out the slowly-dying cause";
> * * * * *
> "Ring in sweeter manners, purer laws."
>
> "Ring out the darkness of the land";
> * * * * *
> "Ring in the Christ that is to be."

Response of Mr. John Wilbur Jenkins, of Baltimore, Md.

Mr. John Wilbur Jenkins represented the North Carolina Society of Baltimore, and in response to the Governor's address of welcome said, in part:

When President Cleveland and a distinguished party of Washington officials were shooting and fishing on the sounds and banks in Eastern Carolina, they were making sport of a little "banker" boy, who had known only the schooling of his native sea and the blue sky. They were asking him questions about the ownership of various belongings around there, when a flock of wild ducks came

Mr. John Wilbur Jenkins

of the Baltimore Sun

flying over their heads. Seeking to puzzle him, Mr. Cleveland said, "And whose ducks are those, my boy?" The little fellow dug his toes in the sand, looked up at the President, and replied, "Them ducks is they own ducks; they is".

What I like most about North Carolinians is that they own themselves; and from the very foundation of the colony independence has been their most characteristic trait. I am glad that, slowly and gradually though it may have been, the people here have built up their own industry, and have made the State what it is.

When the war ended, her soldiers, who had displayed little gold lace, but had worn proudly the powder-blackened faces and the wounds of the war that are the "red badges of courage", came back to the smoking embers of their homes, and with bare hands in ashes and in desolation began to build upon the ruins the structure of a new civilization. How well they have built it this great commonwealth of two million people attests. Where once was desolation, now we hear the whirring spindles and the shuttling looms. The red hillsides are covered with grain and fruit and snowy cotton. Sleepy little villages have grown into spreading cities, with crowded streets, imposing mansions, and the smoking chimneys of great industry. It is a tremendous thing to have wrought this in a generation, and to have wrought it in silence and alone. For North Carolina owns herself. Her cotton mills, her tobacco factories, her fertilizer plants, her furniture manufactories, her farms and houses are her own, built by her own citizens, in their own enterprise, with their own money.

Representing the greatest of Southern cities on behalf of those sons who have gone abroad, I wish to pay a tribute to the great work of those who have stayed at home. The Land of Terrapin and Oysters gives the hearty hand of congratulation to the State of 'Possum and Potatoes.

This great Reunion of Carolinians from all parts of the nation thrills the heart and brings tears to the eyes. For we are home again, back in our mother's house, in the dear old fatherland. No matter how far we may wander, it is always "down home" to us. It is fitting that this Reunion is held in a city whose past is historic, whose present shows the remarkable enterprise of recent time, and whose people have their faces turned towards the future.

On the battlefield of Guilford Courthouse, almost in the edge of this city, Marylanders stood shoulder to shoulder with North Carolinians in the bloody fight against Cornwallis and his British soldiers. They have been closely allied ever since that baptism of blood; and North Carolina has no reason to feel ashamed of the sons she has given to her sister State.

Wherever he has gone, the North Carolinian is known for his frankness and his friendliness. Independent by heritage and tradition, carrying with him the sturdy virtues of his native State, he has been a great factor in many other commonwealths. This North Carolina spirit, "to be and not to seem", has been an important contribution to American character.

But the State has been too modest to claim the credit it deserved. The organization of North Carolina Societies in New York, in Philadelphia, in Atlanta, Richmond, and Baltimore, has resulted in developing a more ardent State pride, and in binding the people of those cities closer to the place of their nativity. I believe that similar results would follow the organization of such societies in every large city and in every State in the Union, and I believe that the societies should be united in a federation that will link them together and unite their efforts for the good and glory of the old State.

I propose, Mr. Chairman, that, in order to give permanency to the enthusiasm of this great Reunion, a committee of thirty members be appointed to form-

ulate a plan for the federation of these societies, and to stimulate their organization in cities and States where they do not now exist. I know what such societies can do, from what our Baltimore Society has accomplished in a single year. It has bound together the North Carolinians of Baltimore in friendship and brotherly feeling; it has brought them to know each other, and to appreciate each other. Last July, on the battlefield of Gettysburg, we held a celebration, and gathered there, forty years after that bloody conflict, some of the most notable survivors and descendants of those who won undying fame in this greatest battle in our history. There, on the very spot where the Tarheels carried the Stars and Bars "farthest at Gettysburg", right at the angle where the Confederacy swept to its highest tide, looking over the field where Pettigrew with his North Carolinians came charging across in the face of the Federal guns, we sang "Carolina", and raised the chorus, "The Old North State Forever".

I have never witnessed a more affecting scene than that when Colonel John R. Lane, commander of the matchless Twenty-sixth North Carolina Regiment, standing on the battlefield where he was terribly wounded in the charge, clasped hands with Mr. Charles McConnell, of the Michigan Iron Brigade, who fired the shot that came so near ending the Carolinian's life. While the band played the "Star-Spangled Banner", and hundreds of Confederates and Yankees who had met in mortal combat on that field cheered and sang the song, the tears streaming down their cheeks, and hands clasps in brotherhood, I felt that once more we had a re-united country.

North Carolina's part in that battle, one of the most glorious pages in our history, had never received proper recognition from the outside world. This celebration gave it the widest publicity all over the United States, and, I believe, for all time set it right in the eyes of the nation. That is only one of many things that a North Carolina Society can do.

I believe that we from other States who have come to this Reunion have received a fresh baptism of patriotism, and will carry back with us an even deeper love and more ardent devotion to the great State that gave us birth.

Response of President R. P. Pell, of South Carolina

When some of us North Carolinians left our native State, we had the happy fortune to fall into the hands of our twin sister. This hospitable matron, though smaller in stature than our beloved mother, claims the sole right to the family name, "Carolina". We have not resented this assumption, but have preferred to put upon it the charitable construction that it is an act of exquisite courtesy, intended to leave upon us the impression that we are not foreigners, but her own sons and daughters. If a stranger, wandering into her bounds, reveals any peculiar virtues, these good people, instead of investigating his Statehood, quietly take it for granted that by reason of these very excellencies he must have been born a South Carolinian, and readily absorb him into their State-consciousness. This unique task seems indigenous to this clime, and the only adequate explanation a North Carolinian can offer for it is to suppose that the whole population is composed of Ransoms and Aldermans. Let me say that, just as we are not ashamed of the people from whom we went, so we are not ashamed of the people among whom our lot has been cast. Their reverential devotion to the memories of a noble ancestry, their loyalty to both persons and principles,

President R. P. Pell, of Converse College, South Carolina

their philosophic insight into political problems, their lofty standard of social purity, their ever-watchful conservatism—all these command our admiration. But I am proud to declare that whatever respect and confidence we have now in our new home, are due to the moral and intellectual equipment we have received from the good Old North State. It was here, upon this blessed soil, that we learned to trust in the ultimate supremacy of true manhood, to exercise independence of thought and action, to cherish a fraternal feeling for all classes, to maintain fair-mindedness in discussion, to pay respect to constituted authority, and to keep the open mind and heart without which not even the partiality of our best friends could have rescued us from deserved obscurity. Happily, these characteristics of the two States are not mutually exclusive; but are complementary; and are thoroughly appreciated by both. Let me give you an instance. Perhaps, if you could gauge the depths of Dr. McIver's heart, you would find that probably his highest ambition is to rank as one of the best expressions of the democratic spirit. Now South Carolina is the most aristocratic-democratic and democratic-aristocratic State in the Union. When Dr. McIver came to South Carolina, at my invitation, to address us on the educational question, his slogan of "the people, the people, the people" made me quake as to its effect upon that staid audience. But he actually joked and argued them into believing that everything else in the world was absurd and unreasonable except his own speech, and to my astonishment his sallies wrung from his hearers roars of applause and characteristic North Carolina yells.

Now, my brethren, when we left you our heart did not depart from you, nor did our eyes close upon you. With kindling pride we have watched your attack upon the momentous problems that have had to be confronted by all of our Southern States. Many a time have we longed to break loose for a moment from the bonds of our new citizenship, to resume our place in your ranks, and do our part in your warfare. But you have never needed our help, or that of any other man. Your campaign has been grounded, planned, and conducted upon the invincible platform (which may you never surrender), that the fullest opportunity must be given to every man to be and to do his best. When you have been temporarily defeated, you have not skulked to your homes in disgust, and repudiated the ballot; nor have you in bitterness of spirit encouraged rebellion against law and order; but have quietly planted your standard again and again upon your trust in the right-mindedness and right-heartedness of the people. No wonder you have been victorious, and the colony of Tarheels in South Carolina send you their congratulations, and bid you Godspeed!

And, now, I have the inexpressible gratification of announcing that the memorable incident relative to the remark of the Governor of North Carolina to the Governor of South Carolina is coming to a close; for that "**long time between drinks**", under the beneficent effects of recent legislation, is slowly but surely drawing itself out into an **eternal drought**.

Response of Honorable L. D. Tyson, of Tennessee

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen:

This is, indeed, a proud day for the sons and daughters of Old North Carolina, who have wandered away from the fold, and have taken up their abode in distant lands.

There is a touch of sadness, as well as joy, as we return here today and look into the faces of those whom we have left—sadness because we feel that our lot has separated us, perhaps forever, from this land and this people whom we love; but joy when we feel that we are again amongst our kith and kin, and amidst the dear old scenes of our boyhood and girlhood.

For—

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said:
This is my own, my native land;
Whose heart within him ne'er hath burned,
As homeward his footsteps he hath turned."

My friends, I love this old State. I love its people; I love its memories and associations; I love its honesty and its candor; I love its true, old-time, and generous hospitality; I love its stately old pines and grand old oaks that are found on every hand; I love its mountains and its rivers, its balmy air, and its warm, life-giving sunshine.

Aye! I love everything that is in this dear old State—from its towering mountains that kiss the very dome of heaven on the West, down to that grand old ocean that beats with eternal and sublime roar upon its sandy shores on the East.

This day is one that I have long looked forward to in my imagination. Many a time in my dreams, when far away, have I seen myself invited back to my native land on an occasion such as this. Until I received an invitation to be present here today, it was a dream that I never expected to see realized.

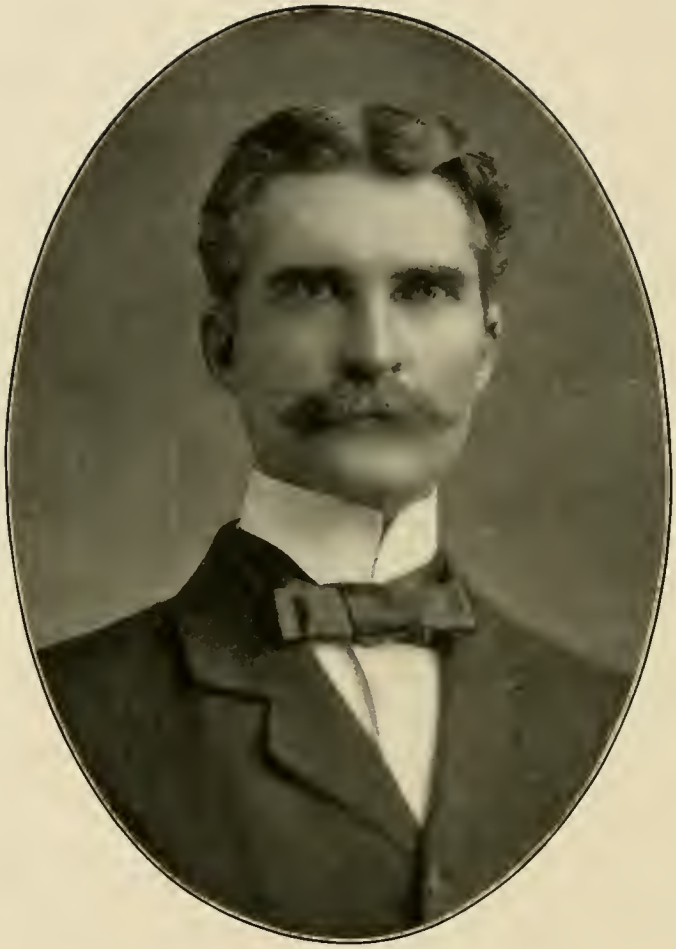
But, ladies and gentlemen, I wish to say that I have never been prouder of anything in my life than I have of the invitation to appear before you here today. I feel the full significance of this Reunion; and the only regret that I have is that I have not been able to win a rich wreath of laurels to bring back and to lay at the feet of the grand old mother State, so that she might lay her hand upon my head, and say, "Well done, my son".

The people of North Carolina have much to be proud of. I have studied the history of all the States of this Union; and I say, without fear of disparaging any other, that in patriotism, in valor, in love of freedom, in enlightenment, in hospitality, and in indomitable determination to maintain the right as God has given her to see the right, she has few peers and no superiors.

But, ladies and gentlemen; I come to you today from that fair land across the Great Smoky Mountains that was once a part of this State, and which is now called Tennessee.

I come from a land that is as patriotic, as rich, as beautiful, as fertile, as sunny, as balmy, and as healthful as old Carolina. I come from a land of peace and plenty, verily flowing with milk and honey; a land where nature vies with man in producing everything that is beautiful and good; a land of fertile valleys, of verdant hillsides, of lowing herds, of rolling vistas of bluegrass and of snowy fields of cotton; a land that is bounded on the East by grand and lofty mountains that gradually fade away to the Westward boundary, where glides the great Father of Waters as he slowly winds his eternal burden to the sea.

The first settlers of Tennessee were almost wholly from North Carolina. They were of the same stock as the old mother State. They had been bred and born here in old Carolina, with the loftiest ideas of freedom and independence; and they have proven themselves worthy of their ancestors in every walk and circumstance of life.



Honorable L. D. Tyson, of Tennessee

Speaker of the House of Representatives

The history of Tennessee is closely interwoven with the most glorious and the most stirring events of our great Republic. The early struggles of her settlers against the Indians is one long story of heroism and of valor.

Though her population was a mere handful, with a courage and determination that was sublime, her patriotic sons marched across the mountains in the darkest hour of the Revolution, and in conjunction with a few gallant men from North Carolina and Virginia they sought out the British, and fought and won the decisive and important battle of King's Mountain, on the seventh day of October, 1780. This battle was suggested, planned, and largely led by Tennesseeans. This decisive blow, coming as it did in the darkest hour of the Revolution, was of untold benefit to the patriot cause, and perhaps the brightest jewel in the crown of Tennessee.

This country can never do too much honor to the brave men who conceived and fought that memorable battle.

Tennessee became a State in 1796. When her constitution was adopted, it was admitted by all that she possessed the most thoroughly democratic form of government of any State in the Union.

Tennessee holds the old mother State in grateful remembrance for all the favors that she has lavished upon her daughter; but I think it will be admitted that in the last seventy-five years the daughter has done great honor to the old mother, and has made a deep impress upon the history of our country.

The State of North Carolina can not fail to feel proud of this fact, because a great deal of the best blood of Tennessee was contributed by North Carolina.

She contributed to Tennessee the three young men who, as citizens of Tennessee, were to attain the highest position in the gift of the American people, and to become the Presidents of the United States, viz.: Andrew Jackson, James K. Polk, and Andrew Johnson. Every one of them great men—men who made their impress as statesmen on the history of the Republic. And as for old Hickory, by many considered the greatest soldier and statesman that this country has produced, he has so left his impress upon Tennessee and Tennesseans that his glory is a part of the glory of the State.

From the year 1820 to the year 1850, the State of Tennessee produced more great men and commanded a greater influence in the nation than any other State.

At the outbreak of the Mexican War, the Governor called for three thousand volunteers, and thirty thousand responded. So many more volunteered than were needed by the Government, and there was so much rivalry as to who should be allowed to go, that it had to be decided by lot; and thus she won for herself the proud distinction of being called the Volunteer State. Her sons fought gallantly on every battlefield of that war, and added imperishable glory to the annals of our country.

When the great civil war broke out in 1861, a vast number of the people of the State were opposed to secession; and while she contributed more than thirty thousand men to the Union Army, she nevertheless sent as many men to the Confederate Army as any other Southern State; and it is said had more men killed in battle than any other Southern State, with the single exception of North Carolina.

The gallantry of her sons was shown on hundreds of battlefields in that great war. With the exception of Virginia, her soil was the principal battleground of the war; and her people suffered untold hardships. On her soil were fought some of the greatest battles of the war at Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, Shiloh, Murfreesboro, Franklin, Nashville, Knoxville, and Chattanooga; and

Chickamauga, the greatest battle of the West, was practically fought upon her soil, and largely by her own troops—to say nothing of hundreds of skirmishes and combats. There never was a time from the second year of the war until its close when Federal troops were not camped upon her soil. With the exception of Georgia and Virginia, she suffered more than any other Confederate State. General Joseph E. Johnston, the great Confederate Commander, said of Tennessee that she was the "Shield of the Confederacy".

But, thank God, those trying times are forever past; the tattered flags are forever furled; the rattling drum beats are forever silenced; the bugle notes that called those intrepid hearts to battle have forever faded away; and today we stand a re-united country.

But the memories of those who fell are not dead—their deeds of heroism are a heritage to our children, and to our children's children, the memory of which we will not permit to pass away.

"On fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread;
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead."

When the tocsin of war sounded in 1898, and this country was called upon to join in a war of humanity, to rescue the little island of Cuba from four hundred years of Spanish oppression and tyranny, the sons of Tennessee, with that patriotism which had always characterized them, again sprang to arms, and were ready again to sacrifice their lives on the altar of their re-united country.

But, while Tennessee, throughout her history, has been renowned in war; she has been no less renowned in peace.

Today only the welcome sounds of peace and the busy hum of progress are to be heard within her borders.

We of Tennessee feel that she has a glorious past and a brilliant future.

She is blessed with every natural gift that Providence in its most lavish mood could bestow.

Her material resources are greater than those of almost any State in the Union. She has vast forests of timber; her mountains are filled with minerals of every kind, lying there in inexhaustible quantities awaiting the magic touch of man to bring untold wealth to her people. If she were cut off from every other State by an impassable barrier, she has within her own boundaries everything that is necessary for the happiness of man and the upbuilding of a great State. It has been said by an eminent authority that there are not forty-three thousand square miles of contiguous territory anywhere else under the sun that contain as many natural resources as Tennessee.

She is striving for all that is great and good in the arts of peace.

Her soil and climate are as near perfection as nature can make them. Her people are amongst the most generous, the most enlightened, and the most progressive to be found in the Republic. In every period of her history she has been found in the forefront of progress, of enlightenment, and of statesmanship.

Time does not permit me to recount the names of her renowned orators, soldiers, and statesmen; but their names are engraved on the tablets of fame, and enshrined in the hearts of our countrymen.

But, of all the treasures of Tennessee, there are none so rare as her grand and noble women, who have stood side by side with her sons in every hour of her history, and have inspired them to whatever of good and great they have accomplished.

Mr. Peter M. Wilson, of Washington, D. C.

United States Senate

Finally, there is not to be found upon the globe a country where man can enjoy life or pursue happiness or fortune with greater success than in the grand and beautiful old commonwealth of Tennessee.

Therefore, ladies and gentlemen, while I love my native State with all my heart, I will say to you, if you feel at any time that you wish to wander away from beautiful old Carolina, come to that land across the mountains, where you will receive a warm and sincere welcome from your own kith and kin, who have long since preceded you to that other garden spot of earth—fair old Tennessee.

Response of Mr. Peter M. Wilson, of Washington, D. C.

When Greensboro was still a town, there lived in it a choice spirit, the venerable Lyndon Swaim, who was not only a legislator and a very upright citizen, but an editor who wrote pure English, gentle humor, and kind words. In a letter to Hale's Weekly, he described a visit to old Salem town, on the then-new railway. Its one passenger coach was divided by a partition that made the front end a second-class and the rear end a first-class compartment. On the return trip the numbers, but not the car, were reversed; and it was a perplexing thought to him, always, whether he was riding in the first-class end of a second-class car or the second-class end of a first-class car; and the only satisfaction he could ever get out of it was, going either way, he would land in Salem or Greensboro.

So it is coming from beautiful Washington to beautiful Greensboro. Think of it! You can go to sleep in Greensboro, and wake up in Washington; and that is what every good politician dreams of, and hopes to do some night or day. But what is better, you can go to sleep in the most beautiful city of the world, the center of our great country, and wake up in Greensboro. And that is what every prodigal North Carolinian dreams about and hopes to do.

You know the legend of the man who went to Heaven, and was amazed to find there a man bound with a golden cord to a graceful pine tree. "Is this the Heaven of the pagans, and is that Prometheus of the fable?" he asked, in fear and wonder. "No", said a cherub guide; "that is a man from North Carolina; and if loosed he would go straight back home".

They are all tarred with the same stick.

Washington, you must know, is proud of North Carolina's Representatives in Washington. They speak for themselves; and for all the rest of us, for that matter. They are all young men, in the very summer of life—serious, sober, industrious, and able. Their word is as good as their bond; and their bonds are above par. There is no scandal in their lives; and they walk upright in the light. So, as to those filling humbler positions—the scores of clerks in the great stone buildings of the State, War, Treasury, and Law Departments—they are worthy workers. Thinking of the gladness of this day, it is no doubt a long day for them; but they rejoice that it is given to their fellows to go back home even for a day; and it is what, 'way down in their hearts, they are longing to do.

Does it not recur to us all that something more than social satisfaction ought to grow out of this Reunion of the Tarheels scattered abroad? Revisiting familiar scenes and grasping hospitable hands is joy enough for one day; but should not a monument be built to suggest it and recall it, and should not this

monument be practical and powerful and progressive? Would not a fund for the education of the mothers of the State that are to be appeal more to the hearts of these absent ones than almost any other thing? It is a hard heart that is not touched to a purpose when the claims of the mother thonght stand before it; and North Carolinians do not harbor such hearts.

The amount of money which working girls of foreign-born parents send back in small sums to those in the motherland is so great at festival seasons that special provision has to be made for it in the exchange. Bnt little of this goes to bring away others; nearly all of it is for the betterment of those who are in the older homes, and for their happiness. Now, is it asking too much of every absent one to send something of his earnings yearly to build up, support, and keep young and beautiful as the grateful heart that bids him do it a "Hall of the Absent", where young women can be taught those lessons that the mothers of the givers would have them tanght.

If the names of all North Carolinians not living in the blessed State can be enrolled, and this wish given form in their minds, surely this Rennion will be memorable indeed. Why can not those master minds that have brought together this congregation of happy home-comers perpetuate its beginning, and the reason of its being, by appealing to these thonghts that must be in the minds of many, and give them a habitation and a purpose?

Response of Rev. Dr. W. W. Moore

Representative of the North Carolina Society of Richmond, Va.

There are more natives of North Carolina now living in Virginia than in any other State in the Union, except North Carolina itself. According to the last census there were 53,235 of them. If that is a correct estimate, and there is every reason to believe that the number is now larger rather than smaller than it was in 1900, it means that, besides the scores of us who have the delightful privilege of responding in person to the call of our venerated mother to gather again under the ancestral roof-tree, there are some fifty thousand other sons and daughters of hers within the bounds of the Old Dominion, who think no less tenderly and proudly than we of the good old State that gave us birth; whose hearts turn wistfully to Greensboro today; and whose memories echo the stately music of Judge Gaston's hymn:

> "Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her!
> While we live we will cherish, protect, and defend her;
> Though the scorner may sneer at and witlings defame her,
> Our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her."

For these fifty thousand Virginia-Carolinians or Carolina-Virginians, whichever you may prefer to call them—and I do not believe that any better brand of either Carolinians or Virginians ever drew breath—for these fifty thousand brothers and sisters of ours whom North Carolina has loaned to Virginia, and who, thongh busy and happy in the State of their adoption, nevertheless turn longing and loving eyes toward the State of their birth, I wish to be spokesman

in part this afternoon, and especially for that thrice-happy contingent whose good fortune it is to live in the famous and beautiful city by the James, which is the capital of that commonwealth, and which was and is and ever will be in history and memory the capital also of the short-lived but immortal Confederacy.

There is no city in the world whose name thrills the hearts of all true Carolinians with such tender and heroic memories. When the red wave of war rolled around her forty years ago, and the troops of all the confederated States vied with each other in the defense of their beleaguered capital, there were none whose blood flowed more freely in her behalf than that of the sons of North Carolina; and so to the sons of North Carolina in every succeeding generation the very soil of Richmond will be holy ground by reason of that baptism with North Carolina blood. In her peaceful cemeteries at Oakwood and Hollywood, hundreds of the heroes sleep who at their country's call left these hills and plains, which they loved no less than we, to lay down their lives on the fields of Virginia.

For these reasons North Carolinians can never be indifferent to Richmond; nor can Richmond ever be indifferent to them.

In the Confederate museum, which occupies the war-time residence of President Davis, there is a North Carolina room, along the side of which, in large letters, runs the ringing line which summarizes our record in the war—"First at Bethel, farthest at Gettysburg, last at Appomattox"—and from the walls of which, among the portraits of other men of our stock whom Virginia delights to honor, there looks down the strong and genial face of that transcendant North Carolinian, Zebulon B. Vance, the greatest war-governor of any State, North or South, and the man who, on a later occasion, when Virginia lacked a fit champion of her own on the floor of the Federal Senate, became her defender, and stood as fearlessly for the rights of her people as he had ever stood for the rights of his own. Virginia will never forget that service. Distinguished natives and residents of the State have vied with each other in expressing their enthusiastic appreciation of the character and services of our great senator, and of the great people whom he represented. Only yesterday I was reading such a tribute from General Bradley T. Johnson, over whose bier Virginia bowed herself weeping less than a week ago. He says that Governor Vance's purchase of steamers with the State's money during the war, and his organization of a line from Wilmington to Bermuda, kept North Carolina soldiers the best armed, best clothed, and best equipped of any in the field; and he uses the fact as an illustration of what he calls our extraordinary capacity of knowing what to do, and of doing it. For he declares that the most marked characteristic of the North Carolinian is his executive capacity—his ability to do things. And, he adds, this beats to nothing the ability to talk. He has never distinguished himself much as an orator or as a writer; he has never been a Patrick Henry nor a Jefferson; but in seeing the thing to do, and in doing it, he surpasses all Southern men. The same gallant soldier says that in 1861 the military population of North Carolina was 115,369, and she furnished 125,000 men to the Confederate army, nearly one-third of whom perished during the conflict. And yet, when the end came, both at Appomattox and at Greensboro, she stacked more muskets than any other State of the Confederacy.

These generous words indicate, far more fittingly than anything which it would be proper for me to say, the hearty admiration felt by Richmond for North Carolinians, and, as I need hardly add, the North Carolinians resident there reciprocate the feeling heart and soul. One of the most honored veterans

in Richmond, and one of my warmest personal friends, while yielding to no man in his admiration of North Carolina's devotion and courage, thinks that perhaps the claims thus put forward by writers from Virginia and Maryland as to North Carolina's part in the war have been a trifle overdrawn, but, after every abatement in the interests of absolute accuracy, it remains a glorious record. And the Virginians rejoice to recognize it.

Another gallant gentleman and Confederate veteran, one of the staff officers of Stonewall Jackson, now my neighbor and intimate personal friend, who could have marched with Deborah's soldiers out of Zebulum according to either the Authorized Version or the Revised, since he can handle with equal ease the marshal's baton and the pen of the writer, but who now has laid aside the sword for good, and is permanently engaged in the peaceful pursuit of editing a religious newspaper, says handsomely in his last issue that the reason there are so many distinguished non-resident natives of the Old North State is that they are in such great demand elsewhere; adding that if North Carolina were to withdraw from Virginia her many sons and daughters, there would be a serious disturbance if not a breakdown of some institutions.

These kindly expressions indicate well the delightful relations existing between the North Carolinians living in Richmond and the people of the fair city of their adoption.

But I hasten to turn these remarks into another channel, lest we appear to be guilty of unseemly self-praise. I was told recently of a native of North Carolina, and of my part of North Carolina, too, who had moved to one of the Gulf States, and naturally enough had been made governor of the State, and had given the commonwealth a strong, clean, prosperous administration; and who, on standing for re-election, reviewed his services to the State with pardonable pride, describing **con amore** and **in extenso** what he had done for her, and dwelling upon it with such evident satisfaction and glowing emphasis as to call forth from an old darkey who was among his hearers, and who was asked what he thought of the governor's speech, the succinct remark, "He sut'nly do recommend hisself". But, Mr. President, if we seem to do the same this afternoon, let it be remembered that this is our time for boasting, if ever such a time comes to such a people as ours—this is North Carolina day. Surely it may be permitted a solid, steady, thorough-going State like ours, which has ever been more renowned for doing things than for talking about them, to call attention, once in a modest way, on the occasion of the first Reunion of her scattered sons and daughters, to what the people have said about them among whom they have lived. Nay, sir; I go further. If Sir Walter Scott was correct in what he said about Roderick Dhu that

> "One blast upon his bugle horn
> Were worth a thousand men";

then, reversing the sentiment, I should say that for three hundred and thirty thousand men of North Carolina birth, living and laboring in other States, even two blasts upon a bugle horn were not a blast too much. Moreover, my point in quoting what Virginians have said about North Carolinians was to show how happy the relations are which exist between these generous and high-minded people of the Old Dominion and the North Carolinians who have gone to dwell among them.

But, besides this bond of sacred sentiment to which I have referred, growing out of their brotherhood in the days that tried men's souls, when shoulder

Honorable J. Bryan Grimes

Secretary of State

to shoulder they marched and fought, and side by side laid down their lives—besides the respect and confidence developed in a common experience of disaster and sorrow, when both proud commonwealths were trampled and plundered—besides the grateful appreciation and affection kindled in the hearts of Virginians by the chivalrous services rendered their State by North Carolinians, and the equally grateful appreciation and affection kindled in the hearts of North Carolinians by the no-less chivalrous services rendered their State by Virginians—besides this bond of sacred sentiment, there is between us a bond of common business interests, which can probably not be paralleled in the relations existing between any other two States in the Union. Not only do these States lie side by side along a boundary line of some three hundred and fifty miles, like two fair sisters in loving embrace—not only is this the longest single boundary between any two of the original thirteen States, so that more of their territory is in actual juxtaposition and contact than in the case of any other two, but the line itself is an arbitrary one; determined by no natural barrier; and is, therefore, invisible and easily crossed, so that the people of the two States easily mingle. As the New River flows from North Carolina into Virginia and the Dan from Virginia into North Carolina; both, however, crossing and recrossing the line repeatedly, as though liking both States so much that they can not decide which they like best; so the people of the two cross and recross the border, equally at home on either side.

Another thing which has mightily promoted the commercial as well as social intimacy of the two commonwealths is the way in which the railroads have been built.

Great trunk lines, running North and South, and traversing the whole width of both, and sending lateral ramifications this way and that, have bound the two States together in bands of steel. Our North Carolina railways have sought the sea as much or more by the deep-water ports of Virginia than by those of our own State, and have poured our cotton and tobacco and other products, as well as our men and women, into Norfolk and Richmond in a steady and enriching stream. It is the radiating railways of Richmond which have made her so largely the distributing center of North Carolina as well as Virginia.

And in this day of shifting properties and more elaborate organization, with their promise of still larger prosperity, it well becomes both Richmond and North Carolina to recall the debt they owe to the men like Colonel Buford and his co-laborers, who first developed the great system which has ever since been and must continue to be the keystone of the arch so far as systems of transportation between North Carolina and Virginia are concerned.

We feel, then, that North Carolina has contributed no little to the upbuilding of Richmond. In short, we feel that in every way our interests are largely identified. As Tarheels born, we can never be weaned from North Carolina; but we are thoroughly naturalized at Richmond. We feel perfectly at home there—and indeed when I meet them on the street I find it as difficult to tell the Richmonder who was born in Virginia from the Richmonder who was born in North Carolina as it would be to tell the Dromio of Ephesus from the Dromio of Syracuse. They are alike courteous, gentle, and just; manly, straightforward, and true. Richmond's interests are our interests, and, as we think of her splendid natural advantages, her elevated inland situation, with her swelling hills and breezy plateaus, midway between the mountains and the sea, at the head of steamboat navigation, with the falls of the James to drive her machinery; as we think of her business enterprise, historical interest, social refinement,

and educational facilities, all residents of Richmond, Tarheel and Tuckahoe alike, exclaim with affectionate pride, in the language of the great apostle, "We are citizens of no mean city".

Mr. President, it was once said by a gifted son of Maryland that one of the outstanding characteristics of the North Carolinian is that he loves his State, and believes she is the best State that ever was. That is true. Your genuine Tarheel never has any other opinion. And I have this to say for the North Carolinians in Richmond, that there is not one of them who has ever harbored a disloyal or unfilial thought about the old State from which he came; not one of them who has ever tried to pillory the old mother who bore him and nourished him, to hold her up to public derision; not one of them who has spoken with scorn and bitterness of the shortcomings of the good old commonwealth; not one of them who has failed to sympathize with the enormous difficulties and disadvantages with which she has had to contend; not one of them who has ever felt for a moment any loss of love for her on account of a change in his place of residence. Judge Hall, of Georgia, says that when war was declared against Spain the darkies became greatly agitated, because there was talk of putting them to the front to fight the Spaniards. They offered all sorts of excuses for not enlisting. One old negro said to a gentleman who was urging him to take up arms against Spain: "Whut fur, Mars George? I ain't got nuthin' agin them Spaniels. They never dun nuthin' to me. Whut's the use of us fightin'?"

"Patriotism", replied the gentleman; "you should fight for love of country".

"Heh", said the darkey; "luv er country; I dun live in town so long I aint got no use fer de country".

If there are any North Carolinians of that stripe, who since moving to town feel that way about their native State, I don't know them; and what is more I don't want to know them. I would prefer the acquaintance of Benedict Arnold.

At the same time, sir, we recognize the needs of our dear old State, and we are in full sympathy with the industrial, educational, and literary awakening which is the great characteristic of our time in North Carolina. As to the new era in our industries, I have no manner of doubt that we are on the threshold of a period of the greatest prosperity ever known in our history, and that our State is destined to be one of the richest in the Union, not only in the sense of possessing abundant wealth, but in the far more important sense of having that wealth well diffused among the people, instead of being congested into one or two plethoric channels.

As to the educational awakening, it is one of the greatest pleasures of this unique occasion to us home-coming Carolinians to meet here again today the men who have been your leaders in that great movement, and who have done so much to roll away the reproach of our illiteracy.

As to your literary activity, proper, let me say that we have welcomed with particular pleasure the appearance of the North Carolina booklets, Mrs. McCorkle's admirable little volume of Old-Time Stories of the Old North State, for the children, and similar publications. Let this good work go on, till even the people of New England have learned something about the events of the Revolution in the South. Chauncey Depew says that the New England Puritan was a bigot and a sectary, fighting to preserve his own religious liberty, and to destroy that of everybody else; believing conscientiously in the political freedom of himself, and the political suppression of everybody else. Whether that

be true or not, it looks as if his descendants had very industriously recorded and magnified their own history, and had with equal industry ignored and neglected the history of nearly everybody else in this country. They have been so busy magnifying Israel Putnam's bear-trackings and horseback rides and other matters more worthy of the process, that they have had no time to read or write of decisive events like the battles of Moore's Creek, King's Mountain, and Guilford Courthouse. At any rate, Senator Hoar, who is a pretty-well-informed man about some things, declared that he had never heard of Moore's Creek Bridge. Woe to the people whose history is written either by their enemies or by persons who are afflicted with the disease of big I and little U.

Mr. President, we feel today like the little boy to whom the minister said, "Well, Johnnie, I hear you are going to school now". "Yes, sir", was the reply. "And what part of it do you like best?" asked the good man. "Comin' home", was the prompt and truthful answer. That's the way we feel, sir. The best thing about going away from North Carolina is coming back again.

Governor Aycock, you have welcomed us today in words that will warm our hearts as long as we live. Let me say to you in reply that if the North Carolinians who do live in North Carolina are as glad to see the North Carolinians who don't live in North Carolina as the North Carolinians who don't live in North Carolina are to see the North Carolinians who do live in North Carolina, then, sir, this should be the happiest occasion in the history of the State. (It is a positive pleasure to roll the good old name from one's tongue over and over.)

My countrymen, in conclusion of these remarks upon the relations existing between North Carolinians and Virginians, I give you the sentiment formulated on the field of Appomattox, in the hour of his anguish, by that illustrious Virginian who had watched for years, with ever-increasing admiration, the steadfast courage and unsurpassed discipline of the troops from North Carolina. As he waited, heart-broken, for a courier carrying some message concerning the surrender which all now knew to be inevitable, his military ear caught the firm and steady tramp of a brigade marching into action in as good order and with as dauntless courage as though they were on the eve of a sweeping victory instead of the inevitable defeat which every man foresaw. General Lee raised his head and asked sharply, "What brigade is that?" "Cox's North Carolina", replied an officer. The great Virginian's eyes filled with tears, and, as the men swung past him, he lifted his hat and said: "God bless old North Carolina".

Honorable Benjamin R. Lacy

Treasurer of North Carolina

Entertainments

The North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College

Entertainments

The charming entertainments provided and given on the evening of the twelfth by the faculties and young ladies of the North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College, and Greensboro Female College, and by the Pythians of the Gate City, from 8 to 9.30 o'clock, and the delightful receptions given by the clubs of the city, and at the various headquarters from 9.30 to 11.30 o'clock, on the same evening, were largely attended and highly enjoyable.

Unique Entertainment

One of the most novel and clever entertainments ever given at the State Normal and Industrial College took place in the assembly hall of the college Monday night of Reunion, before an audience which filled the vast auditorium to overflowing. It was an entertainment given by the Normal students complimentary to the visitors in the city. The girls acquitted themselves well, and the audience was responsive and enthusiastic. The show was unique and original.

The program comprised selections concerning North Carolina, her history, her industries and institutions, and her kin. Miss Inez Flow acted the part of "Carolina". She was tastefully adorned in the colors of the State and nation, and looked modest and sweet.

The first item on the program was Roanoke Island, by Miss McIver, as Mrs. Dare; Miss Lacy, as Sir Walter Raleigh, and three girls as Indians.

This was followed by the "Edenton Tea Party", "The Mecklenburg Declaration", "Battle of Guilford Courthouse", "the Civil War", and "the Spanish-American War".

The representation of Mecklenburg was exceptionally good. A large hornets' nest was built on wheels, and when the curtain went up four pretty girls, playing the parts of hornets, poked their heads out of the holes in the nest.

The marching of the soldiers of the "Battle of Guilford Courthouse" was liberally applauded.

The civil war soldier girls sang "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground", with splendid force and effect.

The second part of the program consisted of representations of the industrial life, and the educational, charitable, and penal institutions of the State.

At the close of the selection, the girls sang, "The Old North State". Every girl who attends the Normal College must learn to sing that patriotic song; that is part of the training.

The following States were represented as owing North Carolina a debt of gratitude: Tennessee, her debtor for three Presidents of the United States; they being Andrew Jackson, Polk, and Johnson; Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts, Montana, Minnesota, Ohio, Illinois, New York, Arkansas, Texas, and Florida. Some of the representations were fine. A coterie of pretty girls sang "Carolina", and made a chorus of "It is too long between drinks", for South Carolina.

Texas was championed by a broncho buster, who had a fierce contempt for tenderfeet. Miss May Williams was the Texas. She made the audience roar. She had a swagger and a swing that was smart. The show was good from start to finish, and everybody there enjoyed it.

Eight girls, dressed and blacked as negresses, made cotton bags, and sung and danced like negro minstrels. They were encored.

In representing Carolina, Miss Flow said: "To old and young, to high and low, Carolina brings a hearty greeting. To you that came from North and South and East and West, O, my beloved children, a joyous welcome home. With a mother's love and longing, my spirit followed you hence. With a mother's love and pride, my heart leaps to greet yours, in this, our first Reunion. My children, great and small, present and absent, are making glorious history in every part of this wide world: but tonight you are only my children. Let us turn at random, then, a few pages of our old picture book."

All the tableaux were splendid. Some genius had conceived them.

The entertainment lasted for a little more than an hour, and was followed by a most charming informal reception, giving an opportunity for meeting friends and spending the rest of the evening delightfully.

Delightful Entertainment and Reception to Visitors at Greensboro Female College

One of the most enjoyable features of the Reunion was the entertainment and reception Monday night at Greensboro Female College. Quite a large audience was present, and every one must have enjoyed

Mrs. Lucy H. Robertson

President of Greensboro Female College

the event. The whole program was very much enjoyed, especially the recitations by Miss Shattuck. After the regular program, Governor Aycock, General Julian S. Carr, Mr. Josephus Daniels, Dr. James Atkins, Dr. C. W. Byrd, and Rev. J. D. Arnold, made a few pleasant and very happy remarks.

Many of the audience remained after the regular program was concluded, and enjoyed a pleasant social hour.

The college was handsomely decorated in green and white—the college colors—and with the National and North Carolina flags.

On Tuesday, October 13, the young ladies of the college went to the Battle Ground in a body, on a special train, and joined in the great basket picnic.

At the Guilford Battle Ground

Honorable A. L. Fitzgerald

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Nevada

Tuesday, October Thirteenth

This was the big day of the Reunion and scored the largest attendance. There were trains every forty minutes from the city to the Battle Ground, and thousands came by private conveyance from the surrounding country. At the hour fixed for the opening of the exercises it was estimated that there were more than twenty thousand people on the grounds of the Battle Park. It was a typical North Carolina audience. Said General Ransom, "the whole face of the earth appears to be covered with home folks and strangers".

Promptly at 10.30 a. m. President McIver called the great audience to order, and announced the opening invocation by Rev. Dr. W. W. Moore, who said:

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, without whose favor no people can prosper, we render thee our humble and hearty thanks for thy good hand upon our people from the beginning of their history to the present day. We thank thee for the gift of this goodly land to our fathers, and for the gift of our fathers to this land—men who knew the right and, knowing, dared maintain. We thank thee for the freedom which they purchased with their blood and bequeathed to us with their prayers. Impress us profoundly with the fact that we can best commemorate their services by emulating their virtues. God of our fathers, be the God of their succeeding race. May the abundant blessing of the Lord God Almighty abide upon our beloved State and upon all her sons and daughters, at home and abroad, henceforth and forever. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost; as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.

Address by Honorable A. C. Fitzgerald

Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Nevada

An Off-hand Sage-Brush Offering at the Guilford Battle Ground

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen:

Deep was my sympathy for the distinguished President of your Board of Managers (Dr. McIver), when it appeared, at the Opera House on yesterday, that the sun had too early hastened over the Western hills, and night was fast falling before the gentlemen designated then to address you had all spoken; and

he announced that those who had been so designated and who had not already spoken would be placed as a kind of **prefatory annex** to the entertainment to be given at the "Battle Ground" today.

The Doctor's situation reminded me of a story (although, as you are aware, a North Carolinian, whether resident or non-resident, rarely indulges himself in the luxury of telling a story). An aged brother, seventy-two years old, was superintendent of a Sunday school. An aged minister, likewise seventy-two, visited the school; and was by the superintendent called on to pray. He prayed, and prayed, **and prayed**! When at last he brought his orisons to an end, the superintendent said:

"Well, children, **so much time has run to waste, we will not have any lessons today**".

I must entreat, ladies and gentlemen, that you do not press the analogies of this story too far. For instance; it is not at all intended to be insinuated that Dr. McIver, although he is indeed venerable in knowledge and wisdom, is likewise so in years and hours. In thoughts and good deeds he has lived long; in days and years not so much so.

This day should indeed be memorable. With me surely it will be ever in pleasure remembered when many other pleasant things of the bright beauty of this fair world shall have faded from my view.

The first thought of the head and the first feeling of the heart with me today is **gladness**—gladness that I am today among you, you the sons and daughters of "the glorious Old North State", as well the non-resident as the resident. Once I had the honor to be classed among the latter, the residents; now I am to be classed among the former, the non-residents. Always have I been proud, and today am I proud, to say that I was born in the good old county of Rockingham, in the glorious old state of North Carolina—shall I add, as did an Irishman of his loved city of Dublin—"at a very early period of my life"!

A year or so ago, at a gathering in Nevada, I was asked by a gentleman in what State I was born. I replied, "in that State in which the first Declaration of Independence of the British crown was made, and also the first battle of the American Revolution was fought".

Are you surprised that I had, after further inquiry, to announce the name North Carolina? Such is history.

From what I saw on my hitherward journey in the State, and since arrival in your good city of Greensboro, and heard from the eloquent lips of Governor Aycock and Colonel Morehead when on yesterday, the first in the name of the State, and the second in the name of the city, gave to **us who have wandered** that memorable welcome, that genuine heart-welcome, characteristic even of the North Carolinian of the olden time, to that hospitality also so characteristic of the North Carolinian of the olden time—yea; also from what other eloquent lips have said to us yesterday and today—we see that North Carolina has, since the departure of **us who have wandered,** made progress. Progress indeed in physical things—the useful, the necessary, the convenient, and even the luxurious. But glad indeed are we, **the wanderers,** to see that she has not lagged in the better things—things intellectual, moral, and spiritual; schools, colleges, printing presses, hospitals, and churches. These, as well as the others, appear to be many in number and good in kind.

Of one thing among the improvements I can not refrain from making special mention, to wit: this gloriously famous **Guilford Courthouse Battle Ground**; happily now redeemed from its sometime obscurity and neglect, and set

forth in light and beauty to be hereafter ever a tribute to the merited valor and worth of Carolinian and Virginian soldiers, and likewise an incentive to the present generation and each future generation ever to imitate their noble example. For this, I am informed, the greatest honor is due to Judge David Schenck. It is not the lands and houses and mansions and goods and jewels and moneys of our ancestors that constitute the noblest inheritance that we have received from them; it is their good and great thoughts, and their good and great and noble deeds, that make up their best legacy to us. In these they have left us rich indeed. Let us not by our sloth and inattention to them make ourselves poor. I see that you, the residents, have not made yourselves poor; and we, the **wanderers**, shall endeavor to imitate your example.

Somewhere, I have seen it stated that a very large audience assembled to hear Mr. Webster when he made what in history is known as the Bunker-Hill-Monument oration. The crowd pressed around the speaking stand to such an extent that the exercises could not proceed. The efforts of the chairman and those of the committee to get it to move back were unavailing. It was suggested that Mr. Webster request the crowd to move back, it being supposed that his great influence with them would make them heed. He did so. Some one in the crowd called out, "Mr. Webster, it is impossible". Mr. Webster replied, "On Bunker Hill, on the Fourth of July, nothing is impossible". It is said that instantly the crowd moved back, with a simultaneous impulse, as if touched with a magic wand!

So, ladies and gentlemen, it seems to me today: On this ideally-perfect day, at the Guilford Courthouse Battle Ground (itself as ideally perfect as a Greek grove, peopled with its mythological beings, nymphs and dryads, etc.), as looking into the multitude of earnest and upturned faces of this great audience of brave men and fair women, descendants of the brave and the fair of the dark days of the Revolutionary Period; a few, indeed, those of the gray head and infirm step, being companions of my own youth and struggling early manhood; I feel **that nothing is impossible**—nothing! Not even that I, the obscurest and humblest of **those who have wandered**; I, whom the untiring energy of your Committee of Management found even away out in the land of the sagebrush, the smallest and most somber of the sisterhood of American States; I, whom they found and honored with an invitation to be present here today; aye, nothing is impossible; not even that **I** could make a speech! But, ladies and gentlemen, **can** I do it in the space of time allotted—**seven minutes**?

When I first was informed, on the afternoon of the day before yesterday, that a speech was expected of me here today; and, after a refusal, told that I **must** make one; my first thought was what shall I, **can** I, say? That thought has been occurring to me at every moment of leisure since; such moments, too, have been, thanks to the many kindly greetings and cordial welcomes of old and new friends, few. That thought is occurring to me now. What shall I say? You are waiting to hear and I am struggling to say it; and, ladies and gentlemen, I verily believe that you will solve the problem as soon as I. But I, too, like the residents, must make progress in saying it; and O, that the genius of oratory would come for once in a long and troubled life and touch my leaden lips!

What is the significance of this occasion? You, ladies and gentlemen resident, have by this occasion shown to **us who have wandered** what you think of us, in the very kind and courteous and generous invitation that you sent us to be your guests today—sacred word **guest**, meaning thereby the **friend** who once was absent but now is present; yet still, present or absent, ever and always a

friend. We, the wanderers, feel pleased and honored today to be your guests—guests in a threefold sense; first of the State, as your honored Governor has told us; second of the city, as its distinguished Mayor has informed us; and third of the fireside and the home, as the eyes that have at all times so kindly looked into ours continually say to us.

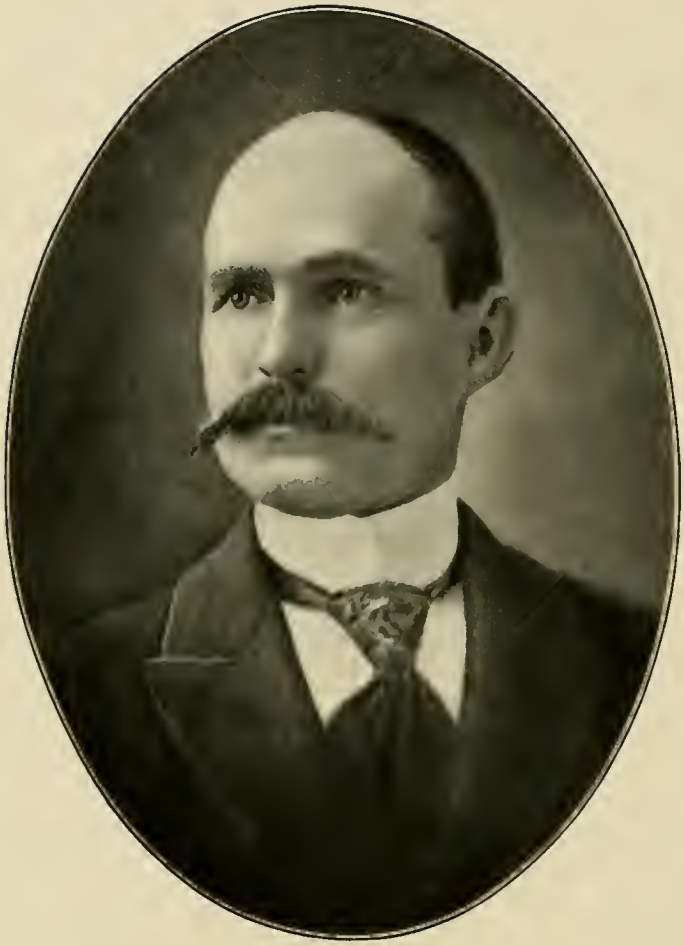
But what is it that you have thus shown us? It is that you have remembered and loved us. Is it that you could have shown more? We answer: No; and for this great showing we say truly, gratefully, sincerely, we thank you.

Now, can we who have wandered show as much to you? We say we feel as much; but mistrust our skill and ability to show it. You speak your showing by deed; we can speak ours only by the less-striking word, unless our accepting your invitation and coming to you be deeds of some little significance that we love you. Be pleased to accept them in that light.

But words are not useless; they are the signs of things. Please indulge me in a few words that are significant of things: In June of 1866, I, with sad heart, turned my footsteps away from the then war-desolated state of North Carolina, to that new and flourishing state at the Westernmost boundary of the great Republic, California. Some months after arrival at the city by the Golden Gate, San Francisco, an incident occurred that I beg you to permit me to relate: It may have some significance to you in the way of expression of the wanderer's thought of you. There was a brilliant evening party. I had the honor to be there an invited guest. A very beautiful and highly-accomplished young lady—beautiful and accomplished, indeed, she was; but allow me to add not more so than were "the girls I left behind me"—asked me which I liked the better, North Carolina or California. I "made answer and said":

If Azrael, the angel of death, should, while I was in California, take my soul, I should endeavor to pursuade him not to take it in a straight line in the perpendicular up from the city by the Golden Gate to the abode of the blest; but to go with it on an incline to the eastward, until he should reach a spot immediately in the perpendicular over a little red hill in Rockingham County, N. C.; and there place in my hand the title deed to my "mansion in the skies".

That was my sentiment then. What is it now? Well, after a residence of nearly four decades on the Pacific Coast—eleven years in California, the land of gold, and twenty-five in Nevada, the land of silver and gold—should Azrael come while I am in the "land of the sage-brush", I should bespeak him thus: "Lo, Azrael; you, I am told, have, as the boys out West say, ' a pull' up there. Though, I am compelled to say, it can not be for your good looks; for I frankly say to you that I have yet to see the man who did not look upon your countenance with horror. It must be then for your acknowledged skill in colonization, as both tradition and contemporaneous history say that you have been largely instrumental in the colonization of both the upper and also another place. But, however you may have gotten it, you have the 'pull'; and you must help me. I need you with most pressing need. My situation is peculiar; unique; 'in a gang by itself'. Now, the fact is, I must have two mansions up there where you are going to take me—can't get along without them: one, for reasons already stated, right in the perpendicular over the aforementioned little red hill in Rockingham County, N. C.; and the other similarly right over a decayed mining camp in Eureka County, Nev.; and, like Proserpine in the fable, I must be permitted by the authorities up there to spend one half of the celestial year in the Eureka and the other half in the Rockingham 'mansion in the skies'."



Honorable Robert D. Gilmer

Attorney-General of North Carolina

That, beloved residents, is a somewhat, though feeble, expression of the manner in which **we, the wanderers,** have felt and do feel towards you, the more sedate and the more stable.

Perhaps you may spare a moment to hear a few words as to what others than the North Carolina non-residents think of you. But here for the want of facts I can speak only generally, as to what Westerners sometimes think of Easterners; and by no means specifically, of what Westerners think of North Carolinians. For I know of but one North Carolinian other than myself in Nevada; and as soon as I get back there he and I are going to form a "North Carolina Society".

About two years ago a new mining region was discovered in Nye County, Nev. The mines are situated on the side of a bleak, barren mountain, with desert valleys stretching miles and miles away at its foot. The new district was named Tonapáh. Within one and one-half years a town of five thousand people has sprung up there. A great many Easterners have gone to it—some from intellectual Boston, some from quiet Pennsylvania, some from busy, bustling New York, and some from elsewhere of the East; but so far as I know none from North Carolina. Tonapáh is sixty miles from the railroad; and the way thereto is across dry, hot, desert valleys, and over equally-hot and dry mountains. A party of the above-named Easterners came out on their way to Tonapáh, and made inquiry as to how they could know the way from the railroad to the camp. Father Butler told them to have no fear, that they could not miss it; for a great many Easterners had passed over during the Summer, and **the way was blazed with beer bottles!**

This is the opinion the Western man entertains on a prominent characteristic of the Eastern man, to wit: **his temperance.**

His opinion of the Eastern man's characteristic in another direction may perhaps be illustrated by the following: A far Easterner—that is, a Cockney—came out to the mining region; and though on pleasure bent he had yet a **cautious** mind. Stopping at one of the well-kept mining-region hotels, he rose early as a health measure; and seeing a mountain, as he supposed, but a short distance out, concluded that an ante-breakfast walk to it would promote appetite. He set out; but, as is well known, the atmosphere of the mining region of the United States is so pure, so free from moisture, and so packed with **ozone** or some other scientific something that I know nothing about, that objects seen through it "seem so near and yet they are so far". On went our tourist hour after hour. The mountain seemed near, but really was still far. With John Bull tenacity, having once started, he persisted, and finally reached the mountain, returning to his hotel calling loudly for an eleven-o'clock breakfast, his physical feeling being, as a delicate young lady said after a long round dance in hot weather, "all of a glow".

Now, ladies and gentlemen, North Carolinians, both the resident and the non-resident, I beseech you not here to enter a too vigorous **plea for repose**—permit me to say this phrase is elegant Nevadaese when a dull speaker is requested by a wearied auditor "to give him a rest", meaning to leave the oratorical **bema**—I say do not just now make a **plea for repose**, saying to me that you have heard all that; give us something new or **repose.** Of course you have heard all that, long ago; and did I not know that you had? But I will "bet the oysters for the mess" that you have not heard all of the story. What you have heard was the story of the tourist of the bygone time; that which I am to tell you is the story of him today—a "current number", so to speak.

But with me, I beg, again to the story. The landlord, kind-hearted soul, carefully explained the atmospheric phenomenon in question, ending with a few words of caution that our tourist should indeed be careful lest through the deceptive atmosphere he sometime lose his life in passing over valleys, mountains, and rivers.

Our tourist carefully jots down in his note book, "Must be careful"—"Atmosphere very deceptive"—"Objects very distant seem very near"—"May, in consequence, lose life in passing over valleys, mountains, and rivers".

Next day he asked his landlord for new scenes of interest and pleasure. Boniface replied that that morning he himself was going in his buggy up the grade to the charming and picturesque little mining town of Snugville; that after a half-hour spent in business there he would go down the grade on the south side of Lake Cascade to the road leading from the hotel to a new mining camp a few miles to the south, in which he was interested; that our tourist could take a seat with him in the buggy, enjoy the beautiful scenery of the drive and of the lake, and get out at the junction of the lake grade and the main road leading south, and then by a four-mile walk northward, during which he would see and cross the beautiful Cascade River, get back again to his hotel in good time and with well-whetted appetite for a rare lunch that had already been ordered for him. The trip was made, and our tourist left at the junction. The landlord went to his mines and returned by the way of Snugville, completing there the business of the morning; and by noon reached the hotel, expecting to see our hero, if not "all aglow" as on the previous morning, yet well prepared with appetite keen for the lunch. To his surprise our tourist had not been seen. Boniface waited hour after hour for him; finally, at three o'clock p. m., set out to see what was the matter; and found our hero sitting with look dejected and forlorn on the opposite bank of Cascade River, a stream four feet wide and one foot deep. The landlord called out: "What is the matter? How long have you been here? Why have you not come home for lunch? What are you waiting for?" The tourist, putting his hands to his mouth to form something of a speaking trumpet, responded: "Matter enough; I have been here since eleven o'clock; am hungry as Hades; and am waiting for the blasted ferry boat!"

This is often the opinion that the Westerner has as to one characteristic of the Easterner—that he is sometimes after being imprudently caught in "wild-cat" mining speculation likely to become a little over-cautious in legitimate mining enterprises.

In conclusion, ladies and gentlemen; after thanking you most sincerely for the very kind and courteous attention and reception that you have given me, allow me an additional moment to say that among the many and eloquent tributes of honor, love, and loyalty that were yesterday, and today thus far have been, and hereafter shall be, laid at the feet of our honored mother, the old North State, by her sons, both the resident and the non-resident, none will be more sincere than this humble one of mine, coming from the sage-brush land. As the variegated, brilliant, and gorgeous colors of the trees and undergrowth of your valleys and mountains, and the flowers of your fields and gardens, far outshine and overpass the somber shade of the monotonous sage-brush—if monotony can be properly predicated of a color; so far does the oratory of others outshine and overpass my leaden utterances. But as the unbrilliant hue of the sage-brush has one great merit—that is, it is sempiternal; so my humble love and loyalty to my native state has also one merit—it is unflagging and unending.

Mr. Shepard Bryan

of Atlanta, Ga.

Again thanking you for the high honor that you have done me; and assuring you that should you or any of you or any of the others of those living in the East, the place of light, ever do the sage-brush land the high honor of visiting it (and we earnestly hope that such may be the case), we will see that neither you nor they shall be drowned in **Cascade River**!

I bid you a loving farewell.

Address by Shepard Bryan, Esq.

Representative of North Carolina Society of Atlanta, Ga.

Mr. President, Ladies, and Gentlemen:

I was to have responded to the address of welcome, on yesterday, at the Opera House, in behalf of the North Carolina Society of Atlanta. A change in the program placed me on today's list of speakers. Before leaving Atlanta I had prepared a few words of thanks and grateful appreciation to the Reunion authorities for this occasion and all that it imports. But my speech was spoken by the other speakers. I must have lost my manuscript, for the speakers one after another spoke my speech. They "took and carried away" (as the larceny indictments say) part after part of my speech. Beginning with the Mecklenburg Declaration; through the Revolutionary war; on through the terrible civil conflict; and ending with the late entanglement with the saffron-hued flag of Spain, speaker after speaker spoke my speech. They left me nothing. They left me bankrupt. They left me speechless; and as I sat and listened and waited for my time to come you may imagine the keen joy and exquisite pleasure of my torture. My condition then, this morning, forcibly reminds me of the Texas Justice of the Peace, who for years was known as "the law west of the Pecos River". The body of a dead man was found in his district, and concealed in his clothes were found by a zealous bailiff a six-shooter and a twenty-dollar bill. The discovery was reported to the Justice, and he ordered the body brought before him; whereupon he sat in solemn judgment, and gravely decided that the corpse should be fined twenty dollars for carrying concealed weapons, and the pistol be confiscated in the name of the law. You can perhaps understand my feelings as I face you today with my speech—every part of it—spoken; and I bidden nevertheless to speak.

While my formal words of thanks are gone, my heart is full. As the representative of the North Carolina Society of Atlanta, I bring to you fraternal greetings—greetings of love and patriotic friendship. This occasion signifies the deep and abiding love of the mother for her children; and in me, as their messenger, the North Carolina Atlantans send back the token that they love their mother with a tender and lasting affection. I voice their sentiment when I say: North Carolina, mother dear, God's richest blessings rest upon you!

In behalf of the same body of Carolinians, and in my own behalf, I return my sincere thanks for the generous, the hospitable, the Carolina welcome that has been today extended to the home-comers.

As I look over this splendid multitude of brave men and beautiful women, my heart swells with the thought that I am of the same blood with them; that we have common memories and common hopes; that their fathers and my fathers fought and wrought and suffered and sacrificed that this commonwealth might be, and this Republic have life.

Though separated from the land of our birth, we are ever mindful of the obligation which the nobility of honest Carolina blood lays upon us. As I speak, I recall that we are standing on Guilford Battle Ground, where the ragged Continentals of the Carolina line won for themselves a crown of unfading glory and blazed out the path to Yorktown and American liberty. I remember that their sons charged at Buena Vista, and stormed the heights of Chapultepec. I remember that a generation agone North Carolina gave to a hopeless cause the flower of her youth, and that her immortal legions at Gettysburg and Chickamauga poured out their blood for "a nation that rose and fell"; nor can I forget the sacrifices of her daughters in that awful struggle—their constancy, their devoted patriotism, and their sublime courage.

But out of the darkness and gloom of defeat; out of the devastation and waste of war; with all bitterness forgotten, and forgetting all the animosities of that fratricidal strife; with her eyes set to the future; she has gone about the earnest work of upbuilding and developing, and out of chaos has carved a mighty success.

Fortune has led many of her sons and daughters to other States—where they have illustrated the sturdy qualities of their heritage. In the State of Georgia there are more than thirty thousand North Carolinians; and they are leaders. The lumber and turpentine kings of South Georgia; the prosperous planters of Middle Georgia; the business and professional men of North Georgia; number among their leaders many of the men of North Carolina. Atlanta, imperial city of the South, set upon her hills as the beacon-light of progress and industrial achievement, would be poorer indeed could the contributions of Carolina citizenship be blotted from her record. And I am here to affirm that I find among others no quality necessary for the making of a great and populous commonwealth; for the creation of an industrial empire; that the Carolina man does not possess in the highest degree. He has the courage—who doubts it? He has the business daring—listen to the hum of his spindles weaving cloth for the people of the earth; and his State has the raw material of every sort in her fertile fields and in the richness of her forests and mines.

But what of all this? The lesson a North Carolinian who has spent the years of his manhood in a proud and successful city would bring to his own people today is this: Let the world know what opportunities North Carolina has for capital and men of character and enterprise. Advertise to the world that here capital can find safe and profitable investment, and men and women homes under fair laws, with fruitful soil, kindly and healthful climate, and every blessing that cheers the heart of man. You have capital, and you have men. But more men and more capital added to the present population and wealth would make this State the richest and most prosperous, as it is the fairest, in the world.

In my city we talk a great deal about "the Atlanta spirit"—and by this is meant the hearty co-operation of all her citizens upon any proposition for the moral or material betterment of the city. If it does not already exist let us have the "North Carolina spirit"—the spirit that believes in North Carolina; that realizes her destiny; that will sacrifice personal ends and interests for her good; that will co-operate regardless of party or creed in every work looking to her advancement and glory.

This occasion is inspiring. We congratulate and thank those who have originated this home-coming. It is an inspiration and a lesson for those of us from beyond the State. We drink anew at the fountain of our early and best love, and feel again the loving arms of our mother State. We are proud of her

Dr. Paul Barringer

Chairman of Faculty of University of Virginia

present prosperity, and glory in her future greatness. She is standing in the dawn of an era of unexampled growth and industrial progress. Her flag is raised, and her sons and daughters are following it. It is the same flag that floated at Guilford, at King's Mountain, at Gettysburg, at Cardenas, and at Santiago. There her sons followed and did not falter. It is raised now in the cause of industrial and educational endeavor, and victory shall crown it, for the men who fought beneath it have the brain, the blood, the brawn, and the purpose to carry it on to heights of undreamed splendor.

Address by Dr. Paul Barringer

Of the University of Virginia

Your Excellency, the Governor of North Carolina, the members of the Guilford Battle Ground Association, Ladies, and Gentlemen:

Allow me first to express my pleasure at being here, and my obligations to Dr. McIver for the opportunity he has given to me and other expatriated North Carolinians to meet again on home soil. It is particularly fitting that this old commonwealth should be the first in the South to inaugurate such a home-coming, for she is pre-eminently the **home State.**

You have had such excellent words of hope and good cheer from others who have come to do honor to the State of their birth that I arise with some trepidation to bring my message and contribution. As a North Carolinian, one half of whose life has been spent without the borders of the State, I will take as the burden of my discourse today, the essential characteristics which I have found as peculiar to the sons of the Old North State at home and abroad. I believe, however, that I can speak as one who knows; for I have lived in several States besides my own, and I am familiar with North Carolinians in almost every State in the Union and in every walk in life.

There is a common saying: "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rules the world". The same idea is expressed in the saying: "Give me the boy before his teens, and I care not who has him afterwards he is mine to the end". In both of these old sayings we have a tribute to the potency of early influence.

There is, however, an influence which antedates this. The soil from which our forebears sprung, the air they breathed, the peculiar social conditions under which they lived—all made for the evolution of a type before our parents were born. In North Carolina these forces have been at work upon our people for two centuries, and let us see what has been evolved as a race trait. Perhaps I may best explain by analogy.

In a storm-girdled land in the hands of a strong persistent home-loving race (the Dutch), a bird, a simple dove, long known to mankind, has been found to have evolved peculiar instincts. Taken from the towers of Antwerp to any other spot on earth, this bird's home yearning turns him, in swift flight, straight for the loft in which he was born. Young or old, captive to the vicissitudes of fortune in strange lands, he never forgets, but bears ever present in his breast the memory of his home. By the cultivation of the homing instinct, tested by the stern hazard of the flight ordeal, the homing pigeon has been evolved—quiet, brave, enduring, faithful to the end, fit emblem of any State, he stands the mysterious product of a peculiar locality.

In the same way the Old North State has implanted the homing instinct in every child born of her soil. You men of Carolina who have not left the old roof-tree, who have not seen your brethren captives of fortune, you do not appreciate the best that is within your own breasts.

Years ago I met a gentleman from Ohio, a famous newspaper correspondent —a gentleman who honors us with his presence here today. In response to the spirit of kinship created by the knowledge of a common ancestral soil, he told me of his old father, how, leaving Orange County, N. C., when a boy, he went to Ohio, where he reared a family, and lived to be more than eighty years of age. He told me how, despite the new interests, the new associations, the estranging influences of new political needs, the old man still clung in memory to the home of his birth, and sixty-odd years after leaving the State, he still referred to it as "down home".

Wherever you go it is the same; the North Carolinian, even when anchored deep in an adopted State, still feels this yearning and voices it even in his form of speech. In the border cities of Virginia, where the expatriated Carolinians are numbered by the thousand, this local term of fond remembrance is so often heard that it gives a name to a class. The "down-home" crowd of Norfolk or Danville simply attest how universal is their State peculiarity.

There is another way in which this human homing instinct manifests itself. It gives to the North Carolinian, both at home and abroad, a **love** of State rather than the usual State **pride.** There is a subtle difference in these forms of attachment. Love of State makes for State love in misfortune as well as in success—an eternal, unfailing loyalty. I have lived in States which had State pride—State pride perhaps in excess; but in no other people have I ever found the same simple love of locality found here.

In a State settled by English, by Scotch, German, Swiss, Huguenot, and Scotch-Irish, which extends over two and one-half degrees of latitude, and rises from tidewater to mountains six thousand feet above the sea, you would expect to find a decided diversity in kind; but we have a singular homogenity in type. The early isolation and the peculiar social conditions of the State have evolved from all these types and telluric conditions a man as distinctive as the product of any other State on earth—simple, unpretentious, rugged, strong, lasting.

North Carolina is the only State in the Union with a motto that was not ready-made. Most of the States, in a spirit as it were of propheey, adopted a motto when statehood was assumed; but with you, after more than a century of waiting, you had yours not only made to order, but fitted on. Your motto fitted your history exactly. Despite a wonderful educational and industrial growth, your motto still fits you; and as one who admires the simple life of his native State I would urge that, no matter what vistas of opportunity and success may open for you in the future, you continue to cherish and preserve the ideals embraced in **esse quam videri.**

Address by Mr. Murat Halstead, of Ohio

Mr. Chairman, Governor Aycock, Ladies, and Gentlemen:

I count this day auspicious in my calendar, for its greeting under the serene skies, and in the pleasant land of the home of my ancestors. We are in the midst of scenes memorable in history. The stars in their courses are all benig-

Mr. Murat Halstead, of Ohio

nant, and they have shone near and far with the splendors of war. It is not without diffidence and emotion, I find myself met, not as a pilgrim stranger, but of the kindred and neighbors, welcomed as one returning from a long journey to his father's house. As one of the grandsons of the stalwart State of North Carolina, I do not feel I am unworthy your courteous and kindly consideration. I have not been unmindful of the storied traditions of the old State, and her records of the glories won by heroes on her battlefields, searched and stricken by the flame of the rifle, or marked by the furrows of the plow, in the corn- or cotton-fields. The sacred river by which a "stately pleasure dome" was decreed and arose—and this must have been ages ago in Asiatic dreamers' days, yet the like thing has lately happened in this State. A monarch of many millions of golden coin has accounted for his palace, saying North Carolina furnished a painting worth more than the structure reared, that he might display to friends the wonderful picture gallery beheld from windows Westward. It is of the mountains, the river, and the skies. The celestial light that falls is furnished freely, and the franchise is forever. The sapphire arch spans the glorious collection of beauties, with which a zone of States from the South Atlantic to the Mississippi is endowed. Profound meaning is attached to the studies of the skies—the constellations and the clouds—and it has seemed to me a problem that might perplex; why my grandfather, John Halstead, held on his way through the magical, delectable mountains; entered Daniel Boone's paradise by way of Cumberland Gap; and beyond, where the pastures of Kentucky—the grass that caught the tint of the Carolina and Tennessee sky—spread like a blue ocean hung on high. But having committed himself to the adventure of leaving North Carolina, he crossed the beautiful river the French loved and lost, and found another goodly land with fruitful forests in the Miami country.

There are three Miami Rivers in Ohio—the Great and the Little, and the Miami of the Lakes. Miami is Wyandotte for mother—the word nearest the divine.

When we speak of the war of the States and sections in our country, it should be in terms that tell the truth fully and exactly, with regard for all and hostility for none, and that are instinct with household intimacy and affection. Let us call it—Our American Home War. Under the terms of the treaty made by Grant and Lee, and the war was over, a Southern member of the National House of Representatives was interrupted, in a way that challenged his standing, when he had the floor. One word—Appomattox—contains the full significance of the war and the peace, and the moral honor of Robert E. Lee, the potentiality of his character, made guerilla warfare impossible; and he should be always remembered and honored for it. There was glory enough to go around, and praise forever for all brave and humane men. The peace was peace with honor—all the heroes of the war were Americans. The sky that had been red with flame was fair with the white light of the glad tidings that the sword was not "to devour forever". The Southern Representative, stung by a taunt, was equal to the time and place. He said, in a tone and with a gesture that gave a general thrill of satisfaction and congraulation: "We are here in our father's house, and come to stay!" There was instant recognition that the solemn, ringing utterance was true, lofty, and timely. The representative man of the hour did not say a superfluous word—not even "again". He was equal with all others of the children of the common household—not a captive, but a citizen. His declaration was not boastful—it was vibrant with veracity. There was in it the melody of the "Old Kentucky Home", and the pathos of the Suwanee River.

We are all in our father's house now to stay. There are many States, and mansions—rooms for all. We have been educated into better acquaintance with each other—North and South, East and West—in four years of war, than we could have gathered in a generation or a century of peace. Our country has been fused and welded into a world power. The war was a combat of giants; but all the elements of progress evolve great nations. Our destiny decreed is the primacy. Our constellation of stars is a system of suns, each with inherent light and fire, indissoluble, inviolable, in majestic unity.

I am told the only grandson of North Carolina, among the guests of the State at the Reunion, is myself. It seems a requirement of sensitive propriety that I should speak in this presence, in a representative character, of my people; and place before you my credentials. It was along the road that led to this battlefield my grandfather moved his family West a century ago; and my granddaughter is with me, studying the past, representing the future. It is due to hospitality, that those who honor me and mine, should be introduced to my "down-home" kindred. I am myself a "down-homer", if I understand, and I distinctly do, the Carolinian vernacular. I could live here without complaining that the air had not oxygen enough in it. I suppose the air is almost as vivifying as in Old Currituck, called the "Honk Corner", out of admiration for the music of the waterfowl, and the winds from the stormy sea.

There is generally, when an interest is taken in tracing ancestral immigrations, a tale that "Three Brothers" sailed together and landed at an incredible time on an invisible shore. That tripartite story has been recited of the Halsteads; but I don't believe the usual fancy applies to our case. There was a presumption that we came from Halstead, a town in Essex, thirty miles from London; and I thought that might be so, until I ascertained by examining the books, kept in a steel vault in the cathedral, and questioning the safe guardians, that there had not been a Halstead, a citizen of Halstead, for three hundred years! That seemed to settle it. However, a professional antiquarian offered to find out all about the Halsteads for a millennium of time, if I would give him the job, and pay him for the labor of investigating; but I declined. It was said a mystical badge, possibly a coat of arms, which was produced in red wax, existed in the mythical age of man; and also a cap or cape (I forget which), that had a weird embroidery of a figure that did not tell anybody anything; and whatever this was, quaint or strange, passed away in the sudden and swift burning of a wooden house, of the sort that are the crematories of history. The little information I have of the English home of our Halsteads is that they lived in the village of Chiselhurst and neighborhood, on the way from London to Canterbury. My grandfather told me that he was the fifth John Halstead in as many generations, all born in America; and so they must have been old settlers. I have copied the inscriptions on the tombs of my grandfather and grandmother, and my father, and I have transcribed the Bible record of births and deaths, and give this because there is a certainty and official responsibility about the dates that are fixed points of fact; and realizing the wear and tear and waste of authenticity the surprise is not that there is so little testimony presented, but so much.

FROM THE RECORDS IN THE FAMILY BIBLE

John Halstead was born January 6, 1773.
Ruth Richardson was born July 24, 1775.

Dr. B. F. Dixon

Auditor of North Carolina

BIRTHS OF THE CHILDREN OF JOHN AND RUTH HALSTEAD

Rebecca Halstead was born January 16, 1794.
Ivy Halstead was born January 11, 1797.
Patsy Halstead was born March 28, 1800.
Griffin Halstead was born June 11, 1802.
John Halstead was born November 8, 1804.
Sarah Halstead was born December 21, 1809.
Ruth Halstead was born May 24, 1814.

BIRTHS OF THE CHILDREN OF GRIFFIN AND CLARISSA HALSTEAD

Carolina Halstead was born September 1, 1828.
Murat Halstead was born September 2, 1829.
Helen Halstead was born November 11, 1831.
Benton Halstead was born March 11, 1834.

FROM THE TOMBSTONES

In Memory of
JOHN HALSTEAD
NATIVE OF NORTH CAROLINA
who departed this life
February 16, 1855,
Aged eighty-four years and one month.

In Memory of
RUTH
CONSORT OF JOHN HALSTEAD
who departed this life
September 30, 1841,
Aged sixty-six years, three months, and seven days.
Native of Pasquotank County, N. C.,
and a member of the Methodist Church
for fifty-one years.

The dynasty of the John Halsteads of Currituck lasted four generations, and then it ceased to be a line of oldest sons. The John Halstead, my grandfather, was not the senior son. His name was Mathias; and the John of the generation named his younger son for himself. He lived at Montezuma, Ind., on the Wabash, and was killed in a steamboat accident. He named his only son John; and he was serving in an Illinois regiment, and was severely wounded in the battle of Stone River, and perished of the wound. My oldest son was named John, and died when aged three months; and my oldest grandson, the last-named John, passed away in infancy. The Halsteads of the "Honk Corner" of North Carolina—Currituck—were farmers, skilled in building their own houses and furnishing them with

their workmanship. They were expert carpenters, and there was nothing in wood work they could not do expertly. This talent promoted the fable that their first appearance on the Sounds of North Carolina was as ship builders, "three brothers" of course, but never discovered. There was a tragedy in which three Halstead brothers disappeared. They were on Albemarle Sound in a schooner, when in a squall the gib flew around and killed the youngest, knocking him overboard and he was seen no more. The survivors landed, secured provisions from the colored people, and put to sea, saying they were going to Cuba. They did not dare face their father, and after many years there was a story that they had made their home in Cuba; but they never wrote a letter, and disappeared.

The basic business of the Halsteads of Currituck was farming, but the soil did not beguile them with opulent variety, and so they highly appreciated their unlimited rights to the wild geese (hence the "Honk Corner") and to the perpetual harvest of fish—the redsnapper and the sheepshead. The fish at least remain, and there is still sport and even spoil on the waters—fish of the rarest flavor, displaying the prodigality of nature, world without end, food galore. As for the canvasback ducks and diamond-backed terrapin, they were held, before the Halstead immigration from the tidal country, as rather too cheap for white folks to eat. Perhaps the colored cooks of those days were deceptive in dealing with the masterful whites, and knew what was good well and wisely for their own good. William Cullen Bryant was the first man who addressed "Lines to a Waterfowl". As for reading matter, the Bible was held to be good enough for anybody, and sufficient for all. It was read every day, and newspapers were almost unknown. My grandfather was brought up almost exclusively on the Scriptures, to which was added the Methodist Discipline; and he never saw a newspaper until he was eighteen years old. The latest news was confined to pamphlets and the prophets. The relations of separated families were maintained through letters. When my grandfather was in his ninth year he was sent to Elizabeth City for epistles; heard a dreadful sound and felt a shocking shake —bursts of thundering, and the soft earth shivered and quaked. The inference was a hideous tempest was raking the Capes of Virginia. It was the sea fight in which the French fleet from the West Indies repulsed the British from New York, and made sure the surrender of Cornwallis. The people of the town were out in the streets—that is the women and children were, for the men had "gone to the war". There was terror when the broadsides of the battleships literally, as Tennyson put it, "volleyed and thundered", and the distant jarring and roaring seemed ominous of endless woe. The people cared more in those days than they do now about the end of the world—for the news they cared most for was many centuries, at least, old, and the sound of battle seemed a sign that the earth might collapse.

When the War of the Revolution and Independence was over, the West was the land of promise for the people on the Atlantic slope. George Washington knew more and cared more about the West than any other man born between tidal waves. Ohio received immigrants from all the original States. The people of my mother were from the "Susquehanna's side"; and while the Halsteads traveled the length of North Carolina, and the Willits, my mother's family, moved on the line of the National Road, their meeting was on the Great Miami. This was the union of the North and South; and so it is simple heredity I was born to revere Andrew Jackson and believe in Daniel Webster. It was with hopeful dreams of better lands that the tide of immigration poured from Atlantic tidewater to the Ohio Valley—and the Halsteads found mulberry,

persimmon, sugar maple, black and white walnut, oak, ash, and hickory trees, and springs of bright waters—where the floods of rivers did not molest or make afraid—and built in 1810 houses and barns of slippery-elm logs; bred horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs; and from year to year enlarged the cornfields, and prospered. Other North Carolinians came and assisted in making Butler County the Gibraltar of the Ohio Democracy. The only political contention between my father and grandfather was as to bestowing the higher faith and utterly boundless devotion upon Andrew Jackson. I was saved from condemnation in casting my only Presidential vote before my grandfather's death for Frank. Pierce—but there was a strong breeze that shook the white sycamores around our house, when I held out on the proposition that Daniel Webster was a greater statesman than John C. Calhoun, and preferred any other newspaper to the "Charleston Mercury". However, I had the saving grace to agree with my father and grandfather that Andrew Jackson was right when he influenced the "re-annexation of Texas", and applauded the good women of Cincinnati, who raised the money to buy and presented the two brass six-pounders that spoke out in meeting for Sam Houston, with Santa Anna at San Jacinto. There was another saving point in political life in that I knew as well as the rest of the family that Andrew Jackson was born in North Carolina. There was still another help when I left home "to go to college". It was my fate to fall into the hands of a Scotch professor who taught political economy on the free-trade plan, and it took me several years to outgrow it.

In simple justice to them I must say here my father and grandfather lived many years after leaving North Carolina; but they remained obstinately, even aggressively, Carolinians to the last. My father had a severe trial when John Morgan rode through the Miami country, positively crossed Paddy's Run, and took the liberty of riding off the horses of life-long Democrats. Father thought that was wrong, and later was disturbed when his younger son, named for "Tom" Benton, of Missouri, not only "marched through Georgia", but North Carolina also, with Sherman; and was even a Captain and a combatant in the battle, named of all things "Bentonville". It was the fortune of war, however; and as the young man was reported to be a steady, hard fighter, the fact that he was incidentally on the wrong side, and yet was not killed, was forgiven.

The old-style Halsteads were so proud of North Carolina, they did not care to say much about the fact that they were born close to the Virginia line. However, they were in a second degree proud of Virginia, too. There is something in the superstition that Virginians can not bear that, but it has been exaggerated.

The first child of my parents was a daughter named Carolina. My father called her for the State, and her recorded name is not as her father gave it—but she died in her early infancy. My grandfather wrote a pamphlet, rolled the bundles into his big fireplace, and it was speedily "out of print". The author burned the whole edition, except three copies stolen, on account of faulty proofreading. There have appeared several signs of traces of literary proclivities in our folks, and we have narrowly escaped "dramatic ability". Rev. William Riley Halstead* is a grandson of Reuben Halstead, a younger brother of my

* His latest works are cataloged by the Methodist Book Concern, as follows:

HALSTEAD, REV. WILLIAM RILEY
Civil and Religious Forces (A discussion of the preservative forces underlying civil society in the United States); 12mo; 60 cents.
Life on a Backwoods Farm, or the Boyhood of Reuben Rodney Blennerhasset (A story of an Indiana boyhood); illustrated; 12mo; 50 cents.
Christ in the Industries (A survey of modern industrial conditions in America, from the standpoint of a thoughtful Christian believer); 12mo; 75 cents.

grandfather's; and his books are in steady demand from the Methodists. The spirit of erudite devotion skipped a generation or two. Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the Review of Reviews, is the grandson of Rebecca, eldest daughter of the latest John Halstead, of Currituck; and judging by the specific gravity of my printed productions, I ought to have a rank of magnitude as a literary fellow-laborer; but I struck politics, as Sherman's Bummers said they did a river in South Carolina—"endwise", and the habit of wading in deep, muddy water spoiled my style. I do not feel certain that the literary streak that shows itself in the Halstead blood, is due the leader of the emigration from Currituck. It is held that the mothers are a shade more responsible for the literature that is of a real good sort than the fathers, and it stands to reason true. In justice to my grandfather from Currituck, I must say though he once warned me not to waste time as a school teacher, he was not satisfied with the "expression" of his longing for a larger literary life, in the ashes of the work he did not approve, though it was his very own. He was not the first man to find that one's views seem to change when they have passed through the hands of the printer. I have known, even in my own case, that a paragraph written at midnight, seemed in plain editorial type next morning to have a meaning more strenuous than had occurred to me at the moment of penmanship. The truth is the author of the book that was impetuously cremated, meditated over a formidable production of a theological nature, but did not meet with much encouragement, and though he took to the task assigned for his old age heartily at times, he left the manuscript in an unfinished state, and so it was not given publicity. The purpose was in him to produce a big book; but in advanced years his writing was difficult. Eventually, the example he gave in the disposition of his small work was followed with his great one (that is the written sheets were fired); but if this is to be considered a family affair, I claim to have written enough bulky books to make up for the leaves that are lost, though I have lacked the courage to tackle theology. The truth is my grandfather was diverted from his career by fireside influences, that were only then and there combustible. There is blazing testimony that he cheerfully made a sacrifice. In order to do him the equal and exact justice recommended by Thomas Jefferson, to men of all persuasions, religious or political, John Halstead, of Currituck, lost his high standing in the Church by the radical defense he made of the right of "The New Lights" to partake of sacrament, with those who were of good standing in evangelical denominations. In that generous service he mounted a stump (a real stump) at a camp meeting and made a speech that cut short his orthodox career—and he thought to right that wrong in a full-blown book and deal vengeance (?) around the land.

In the battle of Fredericksburg, the division of Meade made, with temporary success, an attack upon Lee's right, and a group of prisoners were taken. I had a few amicable words with a tall young man, and asked him from what State he came. He said "North Carolina". I asked what county was his birthplace; and he named Orange, my father's birthplace! An account that I wrote of the battle of Fredericksburg, drew from an officer of the National army, in relation to something I had said of the reported position taken by Stonewall Jackson, during a council of war, the night after the army of the Potomac crossed the Rappahannock and suffered terribly. A well-known Carolina Colonel gave me the direct testimony lacking in other reports, of what Jackson said:

Honorable James Y. Joyner

Superintendent of Public Instruction of North Carolina

"Washington, D. C., May 10, 1887.

"My Dear Sir:

"Touching your statement that Stonewall Jackson favored a night attack at Fredericksburg, that statement can be verified by Colonel H. C. Jones, of Charlotte, N. C., and now the United States District Attorney for the Western Division of North Carolina. He was Colonel of the Twenty-third North Carolina Confederates, and was Officer of the Day on the occasion. He told me several times (inasmuch as we were on part of that field pitted against each other, and after the war met and swapped stories about it) that a council of war, he being in waiting, though not in it, at which were Jackson, Lee, and others, Jackson lay upon the ground in the tent, in apparent sleep, and as matters would be reported to him for opinion would rise on his elbow and say 'drive them into the river; do it tonight'. No matter how mad apropos the question, he ever gave that response. Finally, he roused up and said, 'I propose to take my corps (or division) tonight, have my men strip to the waist, fire no shots, but charge them with the bayonet into the river'. His idea in stripping his men being that in the night they could more easily identify each other in a mix-up such as would naturally follow."

The night Jackson was urging his plan, I was in Fredericksburg with General Burnside at his headquarters, the house of the Mayor of the city, and I have thought occasionally that if Jackson's suggestion had been accepted and the assault ordered made, it might have been a souvenir night to me. Lee thought Burnside would force a wholesale charge, and that it would be better for the Confederates than Jackson's midnight assault with bayonets, and so waited. Burnside wanted to do what Lee said he would, but was overruled.

The last speech made in Cincinnati by Stephen A. Douglas, was late in 1860. He, it is little doubted, would have been President instead of Buchanan, if it had not been for the Cuban politics in 1856, with Senator Soule organizing as leader. However, if it had happened that Douglas should head the ticket made at Cincinnati, Lincoln who was a strong candidate for Vice-President, at Philadelphia, a few weeks later, might have headed the Republican ticket. The only speech Abraham Lincoln made in Cincinnati, opened with the expression of the very sentiment and some of the words of Lincoln, who, as he was so close to Kentucky, said that he loved his native State dearly as any man born on her soil, and how friendly to each other were those who lived on the shores of the river. The last words Stephen A. Douglas uttered were in the Presidential campaign, when worn to illness by his excessive labors, and almost unable to make himself heard, even on the stand from which he spoke at Cincinnati. Governor Willard, of Indiana, occupied the time. In opening his speech, the Governor remarked he was sorry Douglas could not have the voice of Willard, or Willard the head of Douglas. The language of the "little giant" was "he especially regretted because he could not make himself heard. There was no place in America he would rather address the people than in Cincinnati, because nowhere else did the people know better, how easy and natural it was for the North and South to live together in peace". It is not too late to learn that lesson, and perfect the problem of pacification.

The special message of your honorable and distinguished Governor to the General Assembly of North Carolina, contains this passage:

"Our sons and daughters abroad have not forgotten the State, nor has the State forgotten them. We want to see them face to face, and learn what they have done abroad and show them what we are doing here."

I am flattered to be identified with a suggestion of value in telegraphing when there was a mistake as to my being a son of the State, in claiming to be a grandson. The grandsons and great-grandsons will, I am sure, feel an interest in the Reunions of the non-residents of North Carolina as the commemorations come with the years. The road is wide, public opinion formed, and the fashion fixed. Next to the house of the fathers is that of the grandfathers; and your invitation will be a command. Meeting you face to face, reciprocating the spirit of welcome your Governor gives, this is a day of happy greetings. Be assured of good-will for the stayers in the State, of the grandchildren, whose homes are beyond your borders, that their hearts are yours. The memories of the people are the true stories of nations and are priceless possessions. "Blood is thicker than water." May our children and children's children stand side by side, hand in hand, friends, fellow citizens, lovers to the latest generation, while the ages on ages uphold and unroll, the proud histories and destinies they inherit—for all our commonwealths, and above all, our common country.

Address by Mr. R. M. Bartley, of Indianapolis, Ind.

Mr. Robert Madison Bartley, of Indianapolis, Ind., spoke next. He appeared as the representative of the largest delegation sent to the Reunion from any State. He declared that he was nothing of a speaker, but, nevertheless, made one of the best speeches of the day. He said:

Back in the fifties, while I was a young man, I clerked in T. J. Paterick's drug store, in Greensboro, which was on the lot where John Barker's store now stands; and it makes me very sad to find that only three of those who used to assemble at the drug store are now left among the living. Now before I go further, I want to express thanks (I feel that it would be safe to say of a majority of the best people of the State of Indiana, as the State is largely populated by descendants of Carolina) to the North Carolinians, and especially to the people of Greensboro, for the trouble, expense, and especially the hospitable manner in which they have entertained the non-residents, who fill many of the important offices of both the State and counties; and quite a number of Carolina's descendants are to be found in high positions as teachers and principals of the schools all over the State.

I am more than elated to find such an improvement in the system and schools in this my native State over what it was when I first started out in life for myself as an old-field school teacher. I taught in the poorly-lighted old-time log schoolhouses at Bull Run and Mulberry Grove, near Jamestown, Black Jack, Gray's Schoolhouse, and other places in Southern Guilford, before the war; when the pupils sat on slabs from the sawmills, with legs in them for seats, without desks, and but a wide shelf from the back wall of the house to write on. I am more than pleased to find the great improvement made in every way in the Old North State, and especially on the line of education. In the cities and towns, everywhere I have been, I find up-to-date graded schools and good schoolhouses all over the country and in many places up-to-date country graded schoolhouses. Besides, I have seen some of these graded schoolhouses under construction, and hear of many more going up. The best feature of all

Mr. R. M. Bartley
of Indiana

in these schools are and will be taught by efficient teachers from the higher schools of the State, and mainly from the State Normal and Industrial College here at Greensboro, the leading institution of the kind in the South. Now all I find lacking to successfully educate the coming generations of the State is a similar compulsory education law to what we have in Indiana. The people, some of them, would kick hard, same as they did there; but they soon would get over that, in the same manner as they do with all good laws. Again allow me to express thanks for the Reunion. I believe that it has come to stay, and I hope that we may have a similar entertainment to this Reunion in Indiana, and I assure you that there are enough of Carolinians and their descendants who will gladly entertain all Tarheels who will come, where they will be claimed as cousins by the Carolinians and their descendants; and I assure you that we will treat you as brothers and sisters if you will visit the Hoosier State.

As time is limited, I will wind up by saying that it is a sad thought, but nevertheless true, that we will all never meet again in this life; but I hope that we will all so live as to be prepared to meet in the great reunion on the shores of endless felicity.

Address by Honorable Jos. M. Dixon, of Montana

Mr. Chairman, Fellow North Carolinians, both Past and Present:

The thought came to me yesterday, at the Opera House in Greensboro, when the different speakers were telling of their love and veneration for North Carolina, that if these proceedings were changed into an ordinary County Fair, that I would be entitled to the blue ribbon. For while some of the speakers had traveled three hundred, some five, and a few six or eight hundred miles in order to participate in these proceedings, I had spent five days and had traveled three thousand miles in order to be present here today. And more than that—I had brought with me my wife and three little half-breed Tarheels, in order that they might here today receive the first degree in the Ancient and Acceptable Order of Tarheels.

And when I heard these gentlemen telling of the North Carolina Societies which they had organized in their different towns, I remembered, that in my own town in Montana, seven years ago, when we didn't have enough North Carolinians to form charter members of a North Carolina Society, we organized a society composed exclusively of people born south of the Mason and Dixon line. But when we came to name it, we at first had considerable difficulty. We couldn't call it a North Carolina or a Virginia or a Missouri Society, for fear of hurting the feelings of the other fellows; so finally we compromised the matter by calling it the "'Possum Club". Every Christmas we give a regular old-fashioned Southern dinner, and we send down South for the materials for our bill of fare, and we have 'possum and sweet potatoes, crackling cornbread and persimmon pudding, and hominy and catfish. And I am sorry to say that last Christmas some of the members, who were more convivial in their nature than the rest of us, indulged in something that we used to call applejack.

Here, today, from whatever State we may have come—notwithstanding the accident of present location—all of us here asembled are North Carolinians.

To me it is pleasing that those of you who have remained behind, loyal sons and daughters of the old North State who have not been tempted away from

her borders by the will-o'-the-wisp of fickle fortune, have today killed the fatted calf and invited your wayward brothers to return once again to the home of their youth, and bade them put on the robes of Carolina hospitality and feast once again at your bounteous tables.

And, judging from the number of expatriated Tarheels who are present here, I should judge that your kind invitations have not been overlooked by many of those by whom they were received.

I wouldn't be so unkind to my fellow visitors as to insinuate anything sinister as to the reasons why so many of us have taken our departure from the land of our forefathers—but when I see the multitude that have returned in response to your summons, I am reminded of Private John Allen's experience before the Arkansas Legislature some months ago, as related by himself:

He says that sometime last winter, when the Louisiana Purchase Exposition Committee, of which he is a member, was making heroic efforts to induce the different State Legislatures to make State appropriations for the Exposition, that it was determined by the Commission to send Mr. Allen down to Arkansas, to see what he could do with the Legislature then in session at Little Rock. When he arrived there, and had been introduced to many of the members, he found that a great many of them were from his own State of Mississippi. When the two houses had met in joint session to hear what Mr. Allen might say on the subject, thinking to somewhat ingratiate himself with them, he remarked that he had been surprised to discover that so many members present were from his own State—Mississippi. And while he was glad to meet so many of his old friends and neighbors again, it did cause him sorrow to know that so many of them had left the State of their nativity. He referred to the past proud history of Mississippi, and her boundless resources awaiting development, and thought possibly they had made a mistake in emigrating; for he wanted to assure them, confidentially, that if they had staid and stood trial, that most of them would have been acquitted.

And I understand that the failure of the Arkansas Legislature to make any appropriation for the St. Louis Fair is by some of the Commission unkindly attributed to Mr. Allen's unfortunate speech.

But I hardly think it fair to assume that Mr. Allen's intimation of the reasons for the increased emigration from Mississippi to Arkansas would apply in the case of the ex-Carolinians present here today. (Governor Aycock says he will pardon you, anyway.)

But I have found it to be true in my own experience—that meeting with former residents of my own native State, scattered up and down the length and breadth of the whole country from Maine to California, it is not best, sometimes, to press them too closely as to the reasons for their having left one of the fairest sections on God's footstool to tackle the uncertainties of life elsewhere. Especially have I found this true if my fellow North Carolinian happens to hail from the mountain counties; and more especially Wilkes or Yadkin. I well remember a gentleman who came into my office two or three years ago, to consult me about a matter that seemed to be causing him considerable mental worry. He was a tall, six-foot fellow, very sparely built, angular and wiry, with a dark and drooping mustache, slouch hat, and had the general appearance of not being on very intimate terms with the barber. I soon found he was from North Carolina, and consequently felt interested in both himself and his cause. He informed me that he was from the "State" of Wilkes, N. C. I asked him the nature of his case, but before unfolding his troubles, I noticed that he was nervous. He would get up from the chair; go to the door; look up and down

Honorable Joseph M. Dixon, of Montana

Representative in Fifty-Eighth Congress

the hall to see that no one was listening. Then he told me his troubles. He said that he had been away from Wilkes going on two years. That he had had some trouble down there with "the Revenues", as he put it, and that for his own peace of mind and to save Judge Boyd the unnecessary expense of litigating his troubles with Uncle Sam, he had concluded to hit the trail (as we say out West). He had come to western Montana, and for some months had been employed on a ranch there; but some time before, he said, he had observed such a nice secluded little clear mountain stream, hid away in the Bitter Root Mountains, that was so appropriate to his old-time business, that the homesick feeling came over him so strongly, that he just couldn't resist the temptation to rig him up a little six-gallon home-made still and manufacture a little of the genuine unstamped "mountain dew". It seemed that some neighboring ranchman had discovered his outfit, and that a special agent from Salt Lake had come up and destroyed it. The old-time habit acquired in old North Carolina was too strong for his moral nature, even in far-off, moral, law-abiding Montana.

But the North Carolinian, abroad or at home, must not be judged by the funny stories of the moonshiner, as outsiders are sometimes prone to do.

Not because I am a North Carolinian; not because we are here visiting, and want to say something nice and pleasing to our hosts; but because I believe it to be a fact, and one that is capable of demonstration, I believe the pure type of the old-time, liberty-loving, God-fearing American can come nearer being found here in North Carolina than anywhere else in America today. To start with, we had the base upon which to build the superstructure.

Excepting the poor white settlers that drifted over the Virginia border line two hundred years ago, when Carolina was the frontier of the Virginia settlements, the colonists who settled the State, and from whom we sprung, were the best blood of all Europe. The English and Huguenot settlements along the coast, the Scotch Highlanders along the Cape Fear, the German Moravian and the Peunsylvania Quakers in Central Carolina, and the Scotch-Irish blood of the central and western portions of the State, all give a strain to Carolina blood that should make us more than proud of our splendid lineage.

Before the advent of the railroad—cut off as we were from commercial activity by the chain of sand-banks along our eastern coast—her industrial life had not gone forward with the same degree of activity as had some of her sister States; but from what I have seen of the wonderful growth and development here in the past twelve years, I of truth believe that she is at the threshold of a tremendous development.

Leaving my own self entirely out of the discussion, I think all of us will agree that the one great drain on her resources, and one of the drawbacks to her development has been (but I am happy to say is not at the present time) the steady stream of emigration that has constantly flowed from her borders. For fifty years prior to the Civil War, thousands upon thousands of her best citizens left the State for the free States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and elsewhere, on account of their feeling against slavery.

Seventeen years ago I was a student at the Quaker College at Richmond, Ind. I remember on one occasion there we took a poll of the students to ascertain the State of their parents' nativity. Out of about three hundred students, some two hundred and seventy claimed North Carolina as the native State of their fathers or mothers. The whole great Northwest is today thickly studded with settlements of North Carolinians and their children. I noticed not long since, in the census reports of 1900, that scattered through the States of the Union, and mostly in the West, were three hundred and thirty thousand native-

born citizens of North Carolina. I venture to say that, counting native-born Carolinians and the children and grandchildren of native-born, there are today outside of North Carolina more Tarheels than there are within her borders. Another thing: Wherever you find them, they are good, law-abiding citizens.

A Major-General of the Army told me the other day that the finest specimens of manhood, and the best soldiers in the regular army today, were recruited from the central and western portion of North Carolina.

In commerce and education, finance and politics, the North Carolinian who has emigrated will generally be found, to use a football slang expression, "hitting the line hard".

The next Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States was a poor Quaker boy, born within gunshot of the platform on which we stand.

I believe in North Carolina; and I believe in her people, and their immediate future greatness. I am glad I am one myself. But if I had a sermon to preach to you today, I would sum it up in the one sentence—try and be a little more tolerant and charitable towards your neighbors' views of things. I may have been mistaken, but as far as my own self was concerned I never would have left my own native State, one that I loved and still love with all my heart, had I not at least felt that there was a dominant, intolerant, political spirit in control that brooked no questioning of its imperious mandates. I think it is the only thing that today stands between North Carolina and the achievement of a splendid career for her and her people. I say this, not as an outsider, but as one of you.

In conclusion, in the words of Judge William Gaston:

> " * * Carolina, Heaven's blessings attend her!
> While we live we will cherish, protect, and defend her.
> Though the scorner may sneer at, and witlings defame her,
> Our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her".

Address by President E. A. Alderman

Of Tulane University, Louisiana.

I have come a long journey to be with you today, my dear friends. There were duties which held me so fast that I feared I might not be able to come at all until Sunday; and believe me, it was a heart-breaking thought, for my mind played unceasingly about this scene—these faces which I knew would be here, thrilling with the spirit of fellowship and good cheer, and this impressive plain which I remember so well, touched on grass and leaf and bough with the solemn beauty of the dying year. I stood on a spur of the Monadnock Mountains in far-away New Hampshire this summer, and watched with interest the fires, which had been kindled on the mountain tops, gleaming welcome to the sons of that State returning to their old home. It seemed a hard thing that I should not be among my own at such an hour; and I am right glad of heart that I am here to render thanks to God, with my brothers, that it was our fortune to have been born in North Carolina; to greet the tender and lofty spirit that animates the old commonwealth today; and to have sight of the heights of power and achievement toward which the old home is forging its way.

President E. A. Alderman, of Tulane University, Louisiana

Former President of the University of North Carolina

The words that I am about to speak today shall be few in number, and simple ones of gratitude and affection and faith rather than of analysis or criticism or didactics. I have known some of the great emotions of life—love and ambition and pride of toil and plain human sorrow—but I know of no emotion stronger and more enduring than the emotion which binds you and me for all the years to this dear old community. I have, indeed, learned to love the good people with whom my days are now cast. It is a region of charm and graciousness and manliness and many virtues. It is a happiness to serve such people; but as the grown-up man, having his battle with life, finds himself seeing in the face and life of his old father a beauty and dignity and a strength, which had, perhaps, not revealed themselves to him in his childhood, so, I think, the wanderer who has strayed from his old home has given to him a power to see the philosophy and deeper meaniug of the life he has left. It is worth while to be expatriated if one may gain this new sense. I see in a new light the wholesomeness of North Carolina, the rare and quaiut qualities of its humor, giving out the odor of the woods and of quiet life. It may seem a trivial thing, but it is a serious loss to be away from the range of good North Carolina stories. They are human to the core. I treasnre as precious the few that I know; and I hereby beg to hear any that may be in your minds—especially Dr. Battle's mind. I see its sense of justice; its patient tolerance, until tolerance becomes unmanly; its grim steadfastness; its conservative progressiveuess; and its tender constraining power to make of a man once a North Carolinian a North Carolinian forever.

The greatest single acquisition of North Caroliua since I left the State is a sense of unity, a realization that community effort is the secret of growth, accompanied with a certain toleration of difference of opinion necessary to the process of truth-finding. I have learned this and realized this very vividly since I came here to this Reunion, and it gladdens my heart; for the power to unite is the power of the highly civilized one. Here I see less and less of East and West, of mountain and seaboard in this State, and more of North Carolina as a whole expression of common purpose. It reminds me of a story of an old English farmer who had been listening to a sermon by Bishop Howe. He went up to the Bishop after the sermon, and said, "Bishop, I certainly am glad I came today. I certainly have larned something this day." "I am glad you've been benefited, my good man", said the Bishop, somewhat complacently; "what have you learned?" "Well, I'll tell you", said the farmer, "I larned that Sodom and Gomorrah was places. Durn me, ef I aint been thinking for twenty year that they was husband and wife." My mental processes have just been the reverse of this. For twenty years I have thought of North Carolina as sections. Today I see that it is one region, married in unity of purpose.

I used to think over the dear old State, because it wouldn't do what I, forsooth, wanted it do, as fast as I, forsooth, thought it ought to do it. That fretting was not wholly unworthy; but I realize now that it was a mere waste of nervous force incident to the tumults of emotional youth. The old State, immobile and unhasting, was making up its mind. It has now made its mind. The State of North Carolina has been born into the serene consciousness of its strength, its responsibility, its proper part in the great democratic movement of modern society. I go nowhere, North or South, that I do not hear praise of North Carolina. If I go to some community in the Southwest struggling to adjust itself to democratic needs in education, I am sure to hear some speaker say, "Look at North Carolina. See the courage and resource which she is displaying in this great problem." My dear friends, you may be sure that it makes

good music to my ears to hear this, especially since I know it to be God's truth. It is the same if the endeavor be to advance some community in industrial efficiency. The great North Carolina leaders are called by name, and their achievements recited. It is the same if the question be some question of racial entanglement or human justice. North Carolina's leadership is adverted to, and praised. I do not believe the State has bulked so largely in the public imagination in the two hundred and forty years of its history. Let us have sober pride in this; and let us give sober praise to those who have brought it about. The struggle of this State after statehood and self-consciousness is one of the most interesting stories of the great Republic. It is right to honor the Hoopers and Harveys and Caswells and Johnstons and Ashes who guided the footsteps of the young State in its dim beginnings. Honor is due to the Grahams and Mangums and Badgers who gave dignity and stability to its growing youth. All honor should go to the Vances and Pettigrews and Battles and Ransoms and Jarvises who bore the burden of war and reconstruction. Let us not forget, however, to praise and honor the fighters of the present, nor to strengthen with sweet approval the hands of those whose work has made all this possible. You know who they are. If I were to name them I should begin with Charles B. Aycock, and use up all of my time in calling the roll. They are men who are at work in education, in manufacturing, in railroads, and in press and pulpit. They are men and women who look to the future, while not forgetting the past. They are under no sort of bondage. Their passion is for constructiveness; their method is education; their faith is in the people; their purpose, as grim and stern as any that ever moved their fathers, is to put this State where it belongs in this national life of ours; to heal its sectional differences, to recall its sons scattered about the continent and bathe them in just pride of State and home, and, finally, to place this State, through training and self-sacrifice, in the front of American life and American hope and American destiny. It is the work of men and patriots. It will demand the exercise of faith and patience and enthusiasm and energy and love. God give them strength for it. Let us mortals, and brothers to them, give help and love.

I have said I did not come to criticize or analyze or reform my Alma Mater, and I apply the noble endearment as well to the State at large as to that dear spot yonder among the hills of Orange. Neither have I come to rhapsodize or to revel in self-satisfaction or vain boasting. That, perhaps, has been one of our faults—the tendency to over-praise and over-rate the little man, to over-estimate the unmeaning thing, to see ourselves abnormally and provincially as unrelated to the great national movement. The spirit may well be pardoned today. It is a day when the heart flows like the sea—especially the heart of one who went away but yesterday—toward these well-remembered faces, glowing with sympathy and friendliness—men whose love was won and to whom love was given, amid the unselfish dreams of golden youth. But the supreme thing to do in this world is to see a thing steadily and to see it whole, as Matthew Arnold said. The absent, at least, may contribute their perspective, and tell how it seems to them. You—may I not say we, for I tried to do my share in my day—have done much, but it is the work of the pioneer, and a very world of things needs to be done.

Among American States no better spot exists than this spot upon which to work out the problems of a livable and lovable democracy. I thank God for the inextinguishable breath of democracy breathed into me by birth in this State. By democracy, I mean no party or creed or war-cry, but a blessed spirit which wills imperiously to give to every soul a chance to know and be the best. It is

Honorable H. B. Varner

Commissioner of Labor and Printing of North Carolina

a narrow view which beholds democracy as a mere thing of ruggedness and homeliness. It is the business of democracy to make out of itself an aristocracy. There is nothing too good for a democracy. Surely its primal needs are strength and virtue and simplicity and freedom. Does it not also need beauty and dignity and grandeur, if you will, and all the things which minister to the spirit? Else it perish of vulgar strength. This spirit will not come by observation. One can not say lo! here, and lo! there, and the spirit is achieved. It comes by obeying the law of things. The law of things is training as a result of sacrifice. Sacrifice means vast investment of love, energy, and wealth in human life. Twenty years from today North Carolina will be a State of imagination and faith in men of all creeds and races and conditions. It will have quadrupled its investment in them. Its type of men will be efficient and knowing, free and sympathetic, acquainted with facts, able to do, free to speak, and sympathetic with every man's aspirations, whether he be white or black, high or low, bond or free. This is democracy; and nothing else is democracy. All history is the shifting of the mental and moral moods of nations and communities, and the interesting time—the time for men—is the period of shifting. We can see now the romantic note of our past, its exaltation of personality, its care for individuals' dignity, its impulses, its enthusiasms, its deep loyalties. We are at work upon the note of the future, deciding that it shall be social, collective, efficient, sympathetic with all, so that every man may earn a dignity to cherish. To bring this about we must spend money and time and heart's blood, for the day of small things is past, and the thing we seek is above all price. The State of North Carolina needs just now to realize the supreme value of humanity in the mass. All the machinery of her civilization should be for the advancement of men in the aggregate, not men in the classes. Is this mere crude optimism? If so, let it go at that. I dare to believe all that I can hope for. I dare to hope for all that I can dream. I once dreamed with many others for an effective public school system. That dream is almost true; and the spirit which has made it true is the spirit which has made this noble gathering, and which will unite the sons of North Carolina all over America for service in her behalf.

The greatest dreamer this nation has known was Thomas Jefferson, and he has been its greatest spiritual force—with his ennobling lesson of faith in men. Many of his dreams have come true, and many are yet unfulfilled. Let us dream on, and work in our time and place as he did in his earlier day. It can not hurt for us to have a vision before our eyes always of this land of our birth and love, lovable in its very limitations, and clad from its hard-beset childhood in the garments of common-sense and clear manhood—grown strong and majestic and spiritual and free—a mighty home of beneficent laws and true democracy, stainless still in honor, fruitful still in noble deeds.

Address by Rev. A. C. Dixon, D. D., of Boston, Mass.

It has been said that Israel got out of Egypt in forty-eight hours, but it took forty years to get Egypt out of Israel; and a North Carolinian can get out of his State in twenty hours, but all time and eternity can never take North Carolina out of him.

In some respects, there is no country on this globe that equals in beauty the dear Old North State. I have been under Italian skies, but they are not as blue to me as the skies of North Carolina. I have stood under no stars as bright

as the stars of North Carolina. I have walked through some of the art galleries of Europe, and they have simply suggested the pictures that I carried from the top of Mount Mitchell and King's Mountain and other places, more beautiful than were ever placed upon canvas by the skill of artist.

I have gone out of the dear old State rather slowly. I went to Baltimore first—half Yankee and half Southron, and then to Brooklyn—not quite so great a mixture of the Southron, and then to Boston. (A "B" line, you see.) I bring the greetings of Boston. I have met some men up there who have seen some of you before. They have assured me that they had some little dealings with North Carolina several years ago. And they were a brave lot.

I live near Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill; and next year I would like to bring about one thousand of the high-minded sons of Massachusetts, that have in their texture of character the granitic solidity of Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill monument, down here, and let them see Guilford Battle Ground, and have them taught what many of them do not know (or they have forgotten), that there was a Southern tea party before there was a Massachusetts tea party, and that there was fighting here on the side of liberty before the battle of Lexington fired the shot that rang around the world.

My heart has been stirred as I reread the records of the battle of Guilford. We are told that God sent an angel, you know, before the Israelites, as they were led by the pillar of fire by day and the pillar of cloud by night; but that he sent hornets to look after the Amalekites and the Hittites and the Amorites. Now a hornet does not take a person up and lift him out by main force; but just makes him willing to get out. I hope you see the point. The battle of Guilford didn't fling the English out of this country; but it made them willing to get out. It was the beginning of the end that gave us the result in the Stars and Stripes.

After one of the great battles of Virginia, a man in blue, Colonel of a regiment, was riding across the battlefield, amid the wounded and the dying, and, hearing a groan, he went to see what was the matter. There was a Confederate private, mortally wounded. That man in blue got off his horse, and asked him if he would have a drink of water out of his canteen; and he gave to the man in gray the water that quenched his thirst. The man in gray looked up into the face of the man in blue, and said, "Do you know how to pray?" He said, "Yes, I am a Christian". And they knelt there together with their hands upon each other's shoulder, and repeated the Lord's Prayer. For once there was no North and no South. There were just two men that had knelt together, and their hearts were fused in common sympathy. I thank God that that experience is coming to our great country. We may love one part of it better than another; yes, I like to find a man that loves his own family a trifle better than anybody's else family. If he tells me that he loves every family equally well, I do not think he loves any very much; but we have come to a point where, fused in a common patriotism, and facing common problems, we can stand together and work together until the Stars and Stripes shall mean to the world a thousandfold more than they have ever meant in history.

As I pass across Brooklyn Bridge, I see Bartholdi's statue; and you know the best of that statue is its face has the features of his mother, holding out the light of liberty; and I can see that light flash across the Atlantic and into Africa and into Armenia and all over the earth. This country is teaching the world what liberty means. There is one thing that I have learned since I have been in Massachusetts, and that is that these Massachusetts and New England people are beginning to trust the South as they never did before. They are

Honorable Francis D. Winston

Ex-Judge of the Superior Court, and Lieutenant-Governor

saying, "You have your problems; we have ours. You can settle yours, and we'll settle ours. We would like for you to help us in some respects; we'll help you, if we can." The difficulties of both are appreciated, and we can stand together.

I went once with a party up Mount Mitchell, nine miles, rising higher and higher; and when we got about half-way up, we saw what was a sublime spectacle—a battle of the clouds. The clouds began to break away on one side toward the sun in the West, and there was battle between cloud and cloud, until finally there was no cloud on the western side at all; and then the battle began to rage between light and cloud, battalions of cloud marching up and met on the crest by battalions of light. They fought, the white arrows of light piercing the black clouds as they came up, until by and by the light conquered; and when we stood on the top there stretched out the most magnificent view I ever saw. There has been going on a battle in this country, cloud against cloud, and then again light on one side and cloud on the other. The day is dawning when the clouds will have vanished, and the sunshine of love and fraternity will fill the land.

Remarks of Judge Francis D. Winston, of North Carolina and Resolutions Which Were Unanimously Adopted

The sons of North Carolina, residing in other States, view with admiration and gratitude the battlefield of Guilford Courthouse, redeemed from waste and oblivion, beautified and decorated by the patriotic efforts of the Guilford Battle Ground Company.

One hundred acres of this historic field, artistically laid off in walks, drives, and avenues, and handsomely decorated with twenty-one completed monuments, is now the property of the company. The two monuments which Congress recently voted as memorials to the bravery of Generals Francis Nash and William Lee Davidson, will soon be added to the galaxy of immortal mementoes. The park is a rare blending of nature's majesty and beauty with man's heroism and devotion; groves of primeval oak, flower-clad meadows, placid lakes, sparkling springs, hills and dales, dotted with monuments of heroic dead. It is the one battlefield of the revolution which has been reclaimed, adorned, and preserved in its entirety. Its history, its heritage, and its glory are the common property of the whole country. Across its sacred soil the heroic sons of New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina, side by side with North Carolinians, fought and died for the freedom of the colonies. On this field North Carolinians have cherished the memory of those dead heroes of her sister States, who marched to glorious death on her soil and helped to drive the British from her borders.

A gallant soldier of the Civil War, General H. V. Boynton, has fitly eulogized this park and the patriotic services of those who established it: "The vast body of the Revolutionary patriots in the North should take notice of this North Carolina work, carried to success without commotion, or noise, or tumult, or the sound of saw or hammer. Here is a field purchased and paid for, with its history collected and preserved on tablets and monuments. Those who have brought it to success are at the sunset of life. It would be in every sense fitting if the National Government should receive its finished work of patriotism and provide for its future care."

The Guilford Battle Ground Association is willing to donate this park for perpetual preservation by the National Government. Having performed the labors and incurred the expense essential to its creation, and feeling that the park is the heritage, not of the State, but of the Nation, they will cheerfully resign its guardianship to those to whom it belongs. Concurring in these views, the sons of North Carolina, residents of other States, now enjoying a Reunion on this battle ground do resolve:

That we cheerfully commend the purpose of the Guilford Battle Ground Association to turn over to the National Government the patriotic work of preserving this park.

That we request the Congressional delegations from the various States represented here, to give their active support to any measures that may pend in Congress accepting this work, and pledging the Government to its completion and preservation.

That we further ask the Congressional delegations from other States to assist in this patriotic endeavor.

The Guilford Battle Ground Association makes this peace offering to the nation in the dawn of the Twentieth Century. Well may the nation receive it, with its treasures of patriotism—emblem of a united country, a country based upon those enduring principles of liberty for which heroic sons North and South shed their blood on this hallowed spot.

Resolutions Complimentary to the Late Judge David Schenck

Immediately before the adjournment of the exercises, General Ransom requested the great audience to hear him for a moment. He spoke of the great success of the Reunion, saying the beginning of the movement had been glorious, its fulfillment had been sublime. The managers of the Reunion had performed a great duty to the country, but in

Honorable David Schenck, LL. D.

First President of the Guilford Battle Ground Company

our just exaltation we had omitted a sacred duty, and he begged the attention of the audience to what he had to say.

We are standing here in the center of the Battlefield of Guilford Courthouse, very beautiful, and adorned by art to perpetuate the great event. The truth of history must be spoken. For nearly a century the battle of Guilford Courthouse had been shrouded in ignorance, prejudice, and blunder. A worthy North Carolinian, with great labor, at much expense and trouble, has rescued the name of his countrymen from doubt and misrepresentation. He has gone to the very bottom of the facts of the battle; to its very roots. He has developed and demonstrated that the militia of North Carolina did its whole duty on that day in obedience to the orders of the Commander in Chief. He has vindicated their title to honor and immortal gratitude, and has removed every cloud from their great brave names; and he, General Ransom, should ask this great audience to resolve that its thanks were eminently due to the late Honorable David Schenck for his patriotic, diligent, and successful labors in presenting the true history of the battle, and in demonstrating and proving the faithfulness and bravery of North Carolina on that field.

He would, therefore, ask for a vote upon his resolution returning thanks to Judge Schenck, and it was unanimously so decided.

RESOLVED, That this convention puts upon record its profound conviction of the inestimable service which the late Honorable David Schenck has rendered to historical truth, in vindicating and establishing by incontrovertible evidence and unanswerable argument that the soldiers of North Carolina did their whole duty in the battle of Guilford Courthouse and that we will cherish all gratitude and honor to the memory of this devoted patriot.

General Ransom then asked Dr. Moore, of Richmond, to conclude the exercises with the benediction, and it was done.*

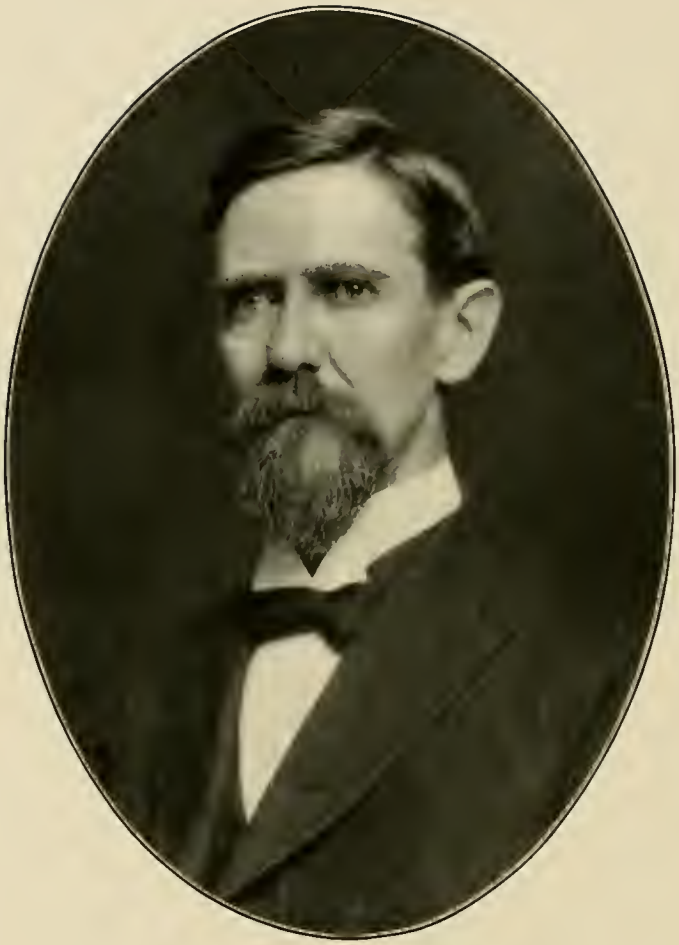
* The reader will share regret with the editor that he has been unable to secure for publication in this volume a copy of the notable and profound address of the brilliant non-resident North Carolinian, Mr. Walter H. Page, the learned and able editor of "The World's Work". He looked the part of the careful, hard student that he is. On this occasion, he gave his hearers, as he always does, something to think about. He spoke like a man who has a fixed purpose in life, and is battling for a goal. Among other things he said:

"North Carolinians leave the State because they belong to that world-conquering race. It is a good thing for the United States. The outside world needs what we can give; and we have plenty of it to spare.

"There are but two sources from which the Americans spring nowadays. We have one, and New England the other. There are two kinds of men in this world; those who lead, and those who are willing to be led. We can be the leaders. It is mainly a matter of blood, of will. You are beginning to find the way, through education and industry. We will fulfill the greatest destiny that we have the good fortune to be here for."

It is also a source of regret that Senator Jeter C. Pritchard, who responded in a happy and eloquent impromptu speech, had not reduced the same to manuscript. As he came forward, the great throng of people accorded him a generous and enthusiastic ovation, and his declarations that this occasion and the works of Greensboro would ultimately bring government appropriations and protection to the Guilford Battle Ground touched a responsive chord and evoked prolonged applause. —EDITOR

Brilliant Climax



Honorable S. L. Patterson

Commissioner of Agriculture

Brilliant Climax

The climax—and a fitting one it was—to the whole occasion was the "Reeeption", held from 9.30 p. m. to 12 m., in the spacious and imposing Smith Memorial Building, on Church Street, on Tuesday, under the auspices of the Ladies' Reception Committee of the Reunion. The building itself, beautiful in interior and exterior, was a revelation to those who had not seen it. There is no building of the kind in the whole South that approaches it in beauty of design, in the richness of architectural expression, and in the good taste and marvelous convenience of its every appointment. Under its soft lights, and beneath the myriad forms of beauty that found expression in banner, streamer, bunting, flag, flower, palm, and fern, there was gathered the most notable and the most interesting assembly of North Carolinians, resident and non-resident, to be found in the annals of the Old North State. It was there that the real joy of the Reunion beamed in the face of the handsome men and in the smile of the beautiful women, who met, and felt as they met the joyous and unreserved freedom of home. It was there that everybody really felt at home, and realized what home-coming meant. The hours, freighted with genuine delight and with the free, joyous spirit of reunion, sped and fled until the Chairman of the Board of Managers requested the Governor to make "the farewell speech". The Governor, moved by the generous applause, in his own inimitable style responded with speech that touched and thrilled. Following this, the audience joined in our glorious State song; after which Rev. Dr. W. W. Moore, of Richmond, Va., offered the following resolutions, which were warmly seconded by Mr. John Wilbur Jenkins, of Baltimore:

Resolved, By the non-resident natives of North Carolina in attendance upon the first Reunion of the sons and daughters of the Old North State at Greensboro, that their most hearty thanks are due and are hereby tendered:

First. To the General Assembly and Governor of the State, and to the municipality of Greensboro, and the various organizations of her citizens, for the cordial invitation to gather again around the ancestral hearthstone;

Second. To the reception committee on the part of the State, composed of executive, legislative, and judicial officers: the United States Senators and Representatives in Congress and judges; to the reception committee on the part of the county of Guilford; the reception committee on the part of the city of Greensboro; the ladies' reception committee; and the local committees on transportation, decorations, badges, information and registration, program and arrangements, luncheon at the Battle Ground, and the press committee, for innumerable courtesies and kind attentions;

Third. To the railroads which have given a special rate for this occasion;

Fourth. To our venerable and courtly presiding officer, General Ransom, and to speakers who have welcomed us in words which will warm our hearts as long as we live;

Fifth. To the teachers and students of the State Normal and Industrial College for Women, and the Greensboro Female College, for the delightful and instructive entertainments given us on Monday evening; and to the institutions and organizations which have established headquarters with open doors at various places throughout the city;

Sixth. To the patriotic and enterprising Guilford Battle Ground Company; and

Last. With the most grateful appreciation which it is possible for us to express, to the superb board of managers of the North Carolina Reunion Association and their incomparable chairman, Dr. Charles D. McIver, to whom we feel that we are indebted for an epoch-making occasion in the history of North Carolina.

These resolutions were unanimously adopted, after which Rev. Dr. Moore, at the request of Governor Aycock, pronounced the benediction.

And thus ended our great Reunion, which is pronounced a great success; which will go into the history of the Old North State as a glorious occasion; and which in its far-reaching influence exceeds the fondest hopes of its most ardent friends and promoters.

Voices of the Absent

Honorable James E. Boyd

United States District Judge

Voices of the Absent

Practical Results

One of the practical results of the Reunion movement has been to show the mutual advantages of organization of non-residents into North Carolina Societies in our larger cities and elsewhere. By such organization these at home and those abroad are enrolled to keep in fraternal touch and to see and know more of each other. It is helpful in a thousand ways. The good in one stimulates the best in the other. The one at home is inspired by the success of the one abroad. The non-resident is proud of the achievements of the Tarheel on his native heath. These organizations bring us together and foster a fraternal feeling and helpful spirit.

Thousands of letters of the following import have been received at headquarters, showing that the object of the movement, which was not only to foster a beautiful fraternal feeling but to effect a thorough organization of North Carolinians at home, has been attained:

"As non-resident natives of North Carolina, we, the undersigned, now resident in Colorado, send greeting.

"We commend you most heartily in calling this notable gathering of the sons and daughters of the Old North State. Loyal they all are to their native soil, and whatever concerns the welfare of the State that gave them birth is not without interest to them.

"This reunion will be productive of great good in that it will show the rapid strides that the State is making along industrial and educational lines, and you who are carrying on the splendid work will gather new inspiration.

"Though absent in person, we are, one and all, with you in spirit on these notable days, and may they be the beginning of an annual gathering that shall unite more closely still all the sons and daughters of North Carolina.

"J. M. Canada, Denver, Col., Guilford County, U. N. C.; Cora May Gwinn, Denver, Col., Rockingham County; J. B. Tarris, Denver, Col., Granville County; Kemp B. Stephens, Denver, Col., Orange County; Chas. B. Livingstone, Denver, Col., Hen-

derson County; A. R. Oates, Denver, Col., Henderson County; W. H. Gill, Denver, Col., Iredell County; Chas. E. Ward, Denver, Col., Wake County; R. P. Mills, Clothe, Col., Madison County; J. B. Killian, Delta, Col., Madison County; C. R. Osborne, Delta, Col., Madison County; W. O. Temple, Cripple Creek, Col., Warren County; Mrs. Suffner, Dewey, Col., Wake County; Roderick McIver, Denver, Col., Moore County; David Sellars, Hayden, Col., Moore County."

In addition to these letters expressing the fraternal phase, the more practical one of organization has been developed by the formation of North Carolina Societies in New York, Baltimore, Richmond, Philadelphia, Norfolk, Atlanta, Macon, New Orleans, Chicago, Seattle, and several other cities.

Extract from Letter of Woodrow Wilson

President of Princeton University

It would afford me the most genuine pleasure to attend the North Carolina Reunion if I were not tied fast on the very days for which it is set. I have imperative engagements on those days, and can not go a foot from home.

I have no doubt that the Reunion will be the best possible success, and wish you the greatest satisfaction in the whole matter.

Very cordially yours,

WOODROW WILSON.

Extract from Letter of Speaker Cannon

Your favor of the 22d instant, covering invitation to the Reunion of Non-Resident and Resident North Carolinians at Greensboro, on October 12th and 13th, received. Please accept my thanks for the same. I very much regret that my engagements are such that it is not possible for me to be present. I really wish I could be.

Hoping that the Reunion may be a perfect success, and thanking you again for the courtesy of the invitation, I am,

With respect, etc., yours truly,

J. G. CANNON.

Honorable Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois

Speaker of the House

Extract from Letter of Representative Small, to Dr. McIver

Those who have worked in the public service simply in the performance of a civic duty to the community and the State know something of the pleasure which is derived from the satisfactory performance of such duty, and yet expressions of recognition naturally add in some degree to the feeling of satisfaction and reward.

Ever since I left Greensboro this week I have felt an impulse to write you, and tell you how much I as a citizen appreciate the service to the State which has been rendered by yourself and by the other unselfish men and women who conceived and brought to a successful conclusion the Reunion of non-resident North Carolinians at Greensboro. In this, I am sure, I must reflect the sentiment, not only of our eastern section, but of the entire State. These occasions can not be successful except by the united effort of the many who are willing to contribute something of their time and ability and means for the public good, and every opportunity for the exercise of these qualities of good citizenship makes our people stronger and better equipped for the next demand upon them. Not the least result which has come from this Reunion will be the tendency to strike down the barriers of provincialism which have surrounded our State, and to place us well along in the ranks of other States, whose people are engaged in doing things, and constitute a factor in the thoughts, the ideals, and the progress of the country. I am,

Very sincerely,

JOHN H. SMALL.

Extract from Letter of Samuel Hill, Esq.

I beg to acknowledge receipt of your kind invitation to be present in Greensboro on October 12 and 13, 1903. I regret more than I can tell you my inability to be present. Engagements will detain me; those which I can not break.

October 8th and 9th I shall be presiding over the Washington Good Roads Association, Spokane, Wash., and later at the banquet of the Harvard Club. In speaking of good roads, at once the thought comes to my mind that North Carolina, which leads so often, is well to the front in good roads.

At the next Reunion, if advised in time of the date, I shall certainly make an effort to be present. Looking over the list of those who are to receive visitors I see many of my kinsfolk, but none of my own name. It must be that there is a place somewhere for a Hill family in North

Carolina. I believe the first time that the name Samuel Hill appears is where he was arrested in the year 1681, when he refused to bear arms in Muster-field. That my own exit from the State was not attended by similar results, is probably due to the fact that we traveled by night.

I should like to be with you and sing the glories of the Old North State.

Mr. Josiah Collins, Judge Albertson, and myself have often discussed the formation of a North Carolina Society in the State of Washington, and it may interest you to know that there are probably as many people from the State of North Carolina in the State of Washington as there are from any other single State. If the formation of such an organization could in any way be affiliated with your organization, will you advise us?

Although we are far away I never have met a North Carolinian that was not proud of the fact that he or she came from the Old North State. And though other ties have been formed no soil as that which gave us birth is so dear to us.

O, sunny South, land of our birth, to sing thy praise were vain,
The mists arise and dim our eyes; our heart's with thee again.
With thee again? It ne'er has left thee—though the wide world's
wandered o'er,
And the hand that once caressed thee, presses thine, and asks no more.

Very truly yours,

SAMUEL HILL,
Seattle, Wash.

Letter from Hannis Taylor

Carlton Hotel, Pall Mall, London.
October 4, 1903.

Charles D. McIver, Esq., Chairman,
Greensboro, N. C.

Just a line, my dear Mr. Chairman, to tell you how deeply I regret my inability to be with you at the Reunion now so near at hand. The older I grow, the prouder I become of my native State of North Carolina. Wherever I am in England I am continually contrasting the genius of the people here with that of the people among whom I was born. There is no State in the Union, perhaps, whose substructure is more purely English than that of North Carolina. The main admix-

Honorable Hannis Taylor

Ex-Minister to Spain

ture has been with other peoples from the British Isles, notably the Scotch. The outcome has been a homogeneous community, with high ideals of morality, religion, government, and law. Thus armed, many of our sons who have gone forth into the world have been able to make their impress upon other communities.

You do well to assemble in order to honor those who have had the greatest success in that regard. Your action will incite others to still higher endeavor. No matter how long a man may be severed from the land of his birth, no matter what he may achieve in the home of his adoption, he is ever whispering to himself, in the penetralia of his heart—what verdict has been rendered upon my life by my own people? And as the end approaches he is ever comforting himself with the hope that some day he may "return and die at home at last". Please remember me tenderly to all of my people who still remember me.

Faithfully yours, in love for the Old North State,

HANNIS TAYLOR.

Extract from Letter of Bishop Fitzgerald, of Nashville, Tenn.

A previous engagement, accepted conditionally, will not allow me the pleasure of being with you in actual bodily presence at your Reunion, October 12th and 13th, but I will be there in spirit, and will send my benedictions by the instantaneous line that is swifter than the Marconi wireless telegraph, when hearts are tuned for fellowship. With love for everybody in the dear Old North State, and every inch of her soil, I am,

Affectionately and sincerely,

O. P. FITZGERALD.

This Letter Is Too Good To Be Withheld

Forestelle, St. Charles County, Mo.
October 5, 1903.

To the Honorable Board of Managers:

I, John Smith, was born in Orange county, on Haw River, near Murphy's Mills. My father went to the war of 1812, when I was twenty-eight days old, and died in Norfolk, Va. Mother lived there about ten years, and then she moved up to Guilford. Was raised on South Buffalo; married Robert Reese on the Alamance, a noble step-father.

I lived at home sixteen years, then started for myself. I tried farming three years; found it slow.

And now I come to your Greensboro. Learned the tailor's trade with Andrew Weatherly, and made my start in this world at that.

I now must leave Greensboro. When I bought my stage ticket I had $2.00 in my pocket, my own money. It is not worth while to go into details. I found myself in Leaksville, on Dan River. Stayed there nearly two years; then went to Henry county, Va. Stopped at Catherwood. Set up shop there in a nice as well as wealthy neighborhood. In three years I married one of Spottsylvania's fair daughters, and when we moved home her father made a negro bring out wagons, and her goods were put in, and then her father called out a fifteen-year-old negro girl and a boy eight years old and said, "My daughter, here is a woman to cook and wash, and a boy to catch your old man's horse", and I had to give him my best thanks.

We lived at Catherwood two years, and I thought I had money enough to buy a home in Missouri; and in 1841 we moved out there, bought a home in St. Charles county, and are on it yet. My wife's father died; we got a lift. Her single sister died; we got a lift. She had an old bachelor uncle who died, and willed her about $5,000.

In 1861 the Civil War came on, and we had fourteen likely negroes with about $9,000 that went. We had a good farm, 360 acres, stock money, etc., and have it yet, and it is worth about the same.

Now, to your Honorable Committee, I do not want this read before the crowd. I am pleased to see so many old familiar names in your crowd.

My wife died the sixteenth of November, 1899. We lived together sixty years, two months, and four days. She died in her eightieth year, and I have turned on my ninety the first day of last month. I am in good health at present; all my faculties are in perfect order; left eye is failing; I am writing this without glasses, but it is getting very difficult.

Would like to be with you, but my age will not permit it—1,020 miles. I wish you a happy Reunion.

Yours truly,

JOHN SMITH.

Echoes of the Reunion

Honorable J. C. Pritchard

United States Circuit Judge

Echoes of the Reunion

A Good Thing

By Frank S. Woodson, of the Richmond Times-Dispatch

The man or woman, as the case may be, who originated the idea of issuing a call to scattered natives of North Carolina to assemble once more on the saered soil and do honor to the good old State that gave them birth, is entitled to a monument as high as any that marks the grave of any departed son.

It does not matter if he or she did borrow the idea from our New England friends, who put so much store by their "old-home week". One is entitled to a due measure of credit for borrowing, if he borrows a good thing.

The Reunion

By Colonel Paul B. Means

This is a wonderful result and event here today, on Guilford Courthouse battleground. I have seen a great many meetings of the people in North Carolina, for a great many purposes, during the last thirty years. I have never seen one which was more productive of good for our State than this, the "First North Carolina Reunion". I feel, under its influence, as one who, for fifty years, has lovingly watched and studied the benefits and blessings and glories of his own home State and, with all his soul filled to overflowing with its high and hallowed memories, is gently turned, under the guidance of the "Spirit of truth", to a beatific vision of North Carolina's glorious future, surpassing as far her past, in every respect, as her present surpasses the times of her aborigines. This is no mere imagination; it is a living picture to me of "things to come", as the fruits of the thoughts, feelings, and actions of North Carolinians hereafter.

And then, too, this meeting had an effect and blessing far beyond the borders of our State. It has begun the uniting of the hearts of the

"folks at home" with the hearts of our sons and daughters absent from "the Old North State", in a way and to a degree that neither ever felt or realized before. And this will continue, under the blessing of our Father in heaven, until it will add new strains to the angels' song of "Peace on Earth, and Good Will to Men", throughout all the States of this God-blessed Republic of "sun-crowned" men and women.

Every great, practical result is simply the concrete form of previous thought and action. Two men stand pre-eminent in North Carolina as the creators of this Reunion on this battlefield. First, Judge David Schenck; without whose thought and action the Guilford Battle Ground and its present heroic history, for North Carolina, would not have been what they are today, and, judging the future by a hundred years of the past, would *never* have been what they are today, and this Reunion would never have been held on this sacred soil. Second, it was through the action of Dr. Charles D. McIver, in whose great soul the idea of this Reunion was conceived and born, that did most for its production. Without this great educator, this star of the first magnitude in the educational firmament of the "States United", this great Reunion would not have been. All honor to the names of McIver and Schenck, now and at all the future North Carolina Reunions, when they occur on this spot annually, as they will. For, these Reunions will be as perpetual as this place of "Fame's eternal camping-ground". Because this place, as it now exists, and this Reunion are full of the immortality of the two mighty souls of which they are the love-fruits; and year after year, while time lasts, North Carolinians and other Americans will see similar scenes right here, only more loving and more glorious.

God bless North Carolina and this Republic.

Let It Be Made Permanent

By J. P. Caldwell

North Carolina Day for once has been properly celebrated in the State. Greensboro has won the right to a monument, commemorating the first great Reunion of the "dispersed-abroad". Others may be held in the future; but to Greensboro belongs the honor of having paved the way.

It was pleasant to have the visitors; but the best results were wrought upon our home people. There was no one there who did not leave a better North Carolinian. Dr. Charles D. McIver and his co-workers in behalf of the Reunion covered themselves with glory.

Mr. J. P. Caldwell

One of the Leading Editors of North Carolina

Greensboro acquired new luster from the event. It was the unanimous sense of those present that the occasion must be made permanent, and so, indeed, it should be.

A Glorious Inspiration

Extract from Editorial of Colonel R. B. Creecy

Our sister town of Greensboro, ever foremost in good works for our dear old State, has outdone herself this week, and has accomplished a work of love and patriotism that entitles her to the gratitude of every man and woman, wherever their lot may be cast, in whose veins a drop of North Carolina blood courses.

This week it has stretched out its arms of loving welcome to all the sons of the Old North State, wherever they be, and whatever their condition, to come home and rejoice with us around their old hearthstone, where they were caressed by a mother's love, and where life was ever fresh and joys ever new. And she has invited our home boys to come to the festival, and help to welcome our scattered sons.

She has thrown her doors wide open, and asked all Carolina's sons away from home to walk in without knocking, hang up their hats, and make themselves at home. It was a glorious inspiration at Greensboro, this idea of a reunion of our scattered sons and daughters around their old family altars. They all love her, wherever they be; they all turn to her with loving eyes; they rejoice with us in all her heroic renown; they love her the more for her faults and shortcomings; and they look with patriotic hopefulness upon her bright future. Would that we could have been there to rejoice with them on this grand occasion! We were not forgotten; and we were tempted to forget age and infirmities and join the procession of our loving sons who have come back to render homage to their old mother.

This is not all that Greensboro has done for us; and we lift our hat in reverence and honor.

See her glorious Guilford Battle Ground. Always revere and cherish the honored name that resurrected and burnished its history. Let our children learn to lisp his name, and recount his patriotic story. Let his monument stand at the outer gates of the Battle Park. Let flowers crown its summit; and let us recall his benign and intellectual face, and even invoke blessings upon the memory of David Schenck, the founder of the Guilford Battle Ground, the man who changed the current of history, and with pen and voice placed

the laurel leaf of honor upon the brow of North Carolina, gave honor to whom honor was due, and challenged the world to deny the true record of our Revolutionary history.

Home-Coming Reunion

By James Wiley Forbis

The maternal call to come back home—
First given by the city of "Flowers";
Then by the Governor under the dome;
Then by the Legislative powers
For all who wander, where'er they roam,
To stop and ponder, and come back home.

Now comes, from the pines and sands of the East—
From the mountains and caves of the West—
From the birds of song and wildest beast—
From river and rill and mountain crest;
At dawn, at noon, when the day is done,
Rings the glad welcome—Come back home.

O tired prodigal, once more return,
To the home of your early youth;
Where still the fires so brightly burn,
On the altars of love and truth.
Where'er ye be 'neath Heaven's blue dome,
One and all—oh! come back home.

This swelling song of welcome tells
A story of love and beauty
To each wandering one, where'er he dwells,
If there he has done his duty
Mother State still claims him as her own;
Still lovingly bids him come back home.

From the Southern seas and yellow sands,
Where the orange blossoms grow;
From the Northern lakes, where icy hands
Pile frozen foam and drifting snow;
We hear them sigh in homesick tone—
"We're all once more coming back home".

Honorable Joseph M. Hill

Chief Justice-Elect of the Supreme Court of Arkansas

From the Eastern cities' crowded halls—
From the forests and plains of the West—
From the highly gilded palace walls—
From the cabin where the hunter's at rest—
From the thronged court, and the prairie lone,
They sigh and sing—"We are coming back home".

The mitred priest and LL. D.,
The cowboy from the Western wild,
The men and women—band and few
Who saw the light when but a child,
'Neath Carolina's maternal dome
All sigh and sing—"We are coming back home".

Among Our Non-Resident Native Lawyers

It is worthy of note that Judge Fitzgerald, now Senior Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of Nevada, will on the first day of January, 1905, become the Chief Justice.

At the recent election (1904), in the State of Arkansas, Judge Joseph M. Hill was elected Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of that State.

The late Honorable Henry G. Turner, after his long and useful career in Congress, adorned the Supreme Court bench of Georgia up to the time of his last illness.

North Carolina has also a son on the Supreme Court bench of Virginia.

W. W. Fuller, Esq., of New York, has accumulated a larger fortune from the practice of the law than any other lawyer from the South.

There are hundreds of others scattered in these forty-seven States, who are rapidly making name and winning fame.

Among the Grandsons

Mr. Murat Halstead, the veteran and distinguished writer, whose books, editorials, magazine articles, and newspaper correspondence, are a part of the history of the last half-century of this Republic, is a grandson. His grandfather, John Halstead, lived in Currituck County; and his father left the State when quite young.

The great Union Admiral, David Farragut, was a grandson of North Carolina. His mother was a native of Lenoir County.

The great Confederate General, Nathaniel B. Forrest, was another grandson. His father was born in Orange County.

The mother of the celebrated artist, Whistler, was a native of Wilmington, N. C.

The father of General Luke E. Wright, who succeeded Secretary-of-War Taft as Governor of the Philippines, was a native of Halifax County, N. C.

Dr. Albert Shaw, the editor of the *Review of Reviews,* is a great-grandson of North Carolina, being a descendant of John Halstead, of Currituck County.

Missouri is indebted to North Carolina for her newly-elected Governor, Folk, as well as for the great Thomas H. Benton, who was a native of Orange County.

Around the Ancestral Hearthstone

Colonel A. B. Andrews

First Vice-President of the Southern Railway Company, and the Largest Individual Contributor to Reunion

"Reunion" Changed to "Old-Home Week"

In pursuance of the original plan of the promoters of the First Reunion, to make of it a State affair, and to hold it annually, the Board of Managers, at the first meeting at the Benbow Hotel after the pronounced success of the Reunion of 1903, passed the following resolutions:

Whereas, It was planned in the original conception of the North Carolina Reunion that the same should be made permanent, and that there should be an annual Reunion at such time and place as the North Carolina Reunion Association Company might from year to year determine; and

Whereas, it has been strongly urged by the non-residents attending the North Carolina Reunion this year at Greensboro, N. C., and also by letters from numerous non-residents who were unable to be present, that the organization known and chartered as the North Carolina Reunion Association Company should be completed, and that the necessary steps should be taken at once for a permanent annual Reunion to be held at Greensboro, N. C.; and

Whereas, it has been further urged by visiting non-residents that Greensboro is the most central and accessible point, both for the non-resident and the resident, and that after each annual Reunion special excursion rates may be obtained each year for the various points in the State; and

Whereas, new and other additional features have been suggested and urged to make each succeeding Reunion more pleasant and more successful; therefore, be it

Resolved, by the Board of Managers of the North Carolina Reunion Association Company, that there shall be held at Greensboro, N. C., in 1904, another Reunion, under the auspices of the North Carolina Reunion Association Company, and annually thereafter; and that special or excursion rates be arranged for the remainder of the week, by which visiting non-residents will be enabled to visit the various points in the State; and that the whole of said week shall hereafter be known as the North Carolina Old-Home Week, for all non-resident North Carolinians.

That it is the purpose of the present management to make this annual Reunion a State affair, and to this end every resident of the State is cordially invited to join in this patriotic effort by becoming a stockholder in the said North Carolina Reunion Association Company.

CHARLES D. McIVER, Chairman;
ROBERT R. KING,
J. W. FRY,
J. A. ODELL,
CEASAR CONE,
GEO. S. BRADSHAW,
Board of Managers.

ROBERT D. DOUGLAS, Secretary.

Subsequent to the adoption of the foregoing resolutions, it became apparent that it would not be desirable to attempt to hold a Reunion or Old-Home Week during the year 1904, on account of the quadrennial campaign and election, which would largely interfere with its success, by preventing the attendance of a large number of non-residents who had expressed a desire to be present, and who concurred in this view of the Board of Managers.

It is also worthy of note that the decision of the Board of Managers to name the Reunion the Old-Home Week, and to devise ways and means by which visiting non-residents can visit various points in the State during said week, has met with universal approval.

Reunion Souvenir

Beautiful Souvenir

A beautiful and unique badge was designed and made as a souvenir of the occasion.* More than eight thousand of these were distributed in and out of the State. On the top of the outer margin of the face of the badge was this inscription: "Carolina! Carolina! Heaven's Blessings Attend Her!" At the bottom: "Greensboro, October 12-13." On the face of the badge were both the National and the State flags. In the center of the face was inscribed: "First Reunion of Tarheels, 1903", while above this were the words "Individual Liberty". Attached to the badge proper were two slips of ribbon, one of which was white, and on which was printed in gilded letters: "Roanoke Island, Alamance, Mecklenburg, Halifax, Guilford Courthouse, Bethel, Gettysburg, Appomattox, Cardenas, San Juan"; and one of which was red, and on which was printed in gilded letters: "Education, Good Roads, Manufactures."

This is strikingly suggestive—suggestive of what we are, what we have done, and what we are now doing. In short, it is an epitome of the State's history.

* See illustration fronting this page.

States Represented

The following is a list of the States represented at the Reunion:

Alabama, Arizona, California, Colorado, Connecticut, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Massachusetts, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, New York, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia, Washington, West Virginia. Total, 30 States; also District of Columbia and Canada.

Mr. Josephus Daniels

One of the Leading Editors of North Carolina

North Carolina Mecca

By Josephus Daniels

Every boy born in Massachusetts, or born of Massachusetts parents, is religiously taken, as the Jewish children went up to the holy city to the holy feasts, to Bunker Hill, to see where the New England patriots won immortal glory. Too few of the sons of North Carolina, residing in the State, have pressed the sacred sod where Southern men won imperishable fame, almost in sight of the present magnificent Guilford Courthouse, the county seat of Guilford county.

Indeed, a hundred years passed before the children of this State knew the significance of the battle of Guilford Courthouse. They had all learned the story of Bunker Hill in the public schools; but few, outside of the immediate descendants of the heroes of that battle, knew that the battle of Guilford Courthouse made Yorktown possible. North Carolinians in every decade have made glorious history, but they have not written it. It remained for the late Judge David Schenck (peace to his ashes!) to write the true story of the battle of Guilford Courthouse, and to rescue from the tomb of forgetfulness the name and fame of men who had done as much to secure their country's liberty as any of the soldiers of the ages immortalized in song and story. It remained for the progressive citizens of Greensboro to organize the Guilford Battle Ground Association, which rescued that battlefield of glory from neglect, and to make it the historic rallying ground of Piedmont North Carolina. For a dozen years the chief celebration of the natal day of the Republic has been fittingly observed on the battlefield of Guilford Courthouse, and thousands and tens of thousands of North Carolinians have come to make a sacred pilgrimage on every recurring Fourth of July to this battlefield. But comparatively few of the 327,070 native-born North Carolinians now residing in other States have ever turned their faces to this North Carolina Mecca.

Guilford Courthouse Battlefield

By President Joseph M. Morehead, of the Guilford Battle Ground Company

The Guilford Battle Ground Company was organized May 16, 1887, at Greensboro, N. C. It has redeemed from waste the battlefield of Guilford Courthouse, adorned it as a park, and erected monuments thereon. The company owns one hundred acres of this battlefield, which is laid off in walks, drives, and avenues. There are upon it twenty-one monuments, already completed. Two, voted by the last Congress to the memory of Generals Francis Nash and William Lee Davidson, are soon to be erected by the National government. The monuments and their inscriptions set forth the honorable record of North Carolina during both the Colonial and Revolutionary periods, with the exception, greatly to be regretted, for the present, of the noble deeds of the North Carolina sons of Liberty at Wilmington in 1765-66. Five delightful springs are fitted up. Lake Wilfong, on the grounds, is a lovely sheet of water. Ten thousand people attend the Fourth of July celebration every year, and the addresses all rise to the dignity of history. The Museum of Relics is a most valuable and interesting feature. The battle was fought between General Nathaniel Greene and Lord Cornwallis, March 15, 1781, and the British were driven from the State.

Here was struck the blow which drove Cornwallis from the State, and broke the power of Great Britain in the Southern Department, at that moment a consummation essential to American independence.

Major Joseph M. Morehead

President of the Guilford Battle Ground Company

Guilford Battlefield—Two Facts Emphasized

Extract from an address by G. S. Bradshaw, Esq.

There are two facts above all others entitled to emphasis.

First. It is the only battlefield of the Revolution which has been reclaimed, adorned, and preserved in its entirety. Its history, its heritage, and its glory are, therefore, the common property of the whole country. This historic spot is hallowed scarcely more by the memories of the brave deeds of dead heroes than by the self-sacrificing efforts of the few who have been dutifully engaged in the patriotic work of preserving it. Across its sacred acres the line of Mason and Dixon never ran. New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, South Carolina, and the other States whose heroes fought and perished, may here meet on common ground and cover with tear and flower the sacred dust of the fathers. These one hundred acres were reserved when the fateful line aforesaid was run. They belonged then—they are tendered now—to the Government for which they drank the lifeblood of patriotic heroes. It is now a magnificent Battle Park, with its charming groves of stately oaks, its beautiful flowers, its lovely lake, its cool springs, and its acres of hill and vale covered with beautiful memorial stones and splendid monuments. And strange as it may sound in the materialistic ear of this age, the work so far has been done by individual effort. Less than twenty years ago that great lawyer and prince of Carolinians, Honorable David Schenck, in the midst of the exacting duties of a busy professional life, conceived the idea of the redemption and preservation of this great battlefield. The enthusiasm of his great soul reached high tide in its execution. He secured a charter, and organized a company, of which he was president and leader. Its capital stock was taken by a few patriotic citizens. The company now owns this Battle Park. The purchase money for the same, together with all of the incidental and necessary expenses of the company, was thus paid by private individuals. In the same way many of the monuments have been secured. For the past ten years the State's legislature has supplemented individual effort with an annual appropriation of five hundred dollars. This sum is a mere pittance in the support of

the great burden of maintaining and preserving it. The Stars and Stripes float not over another historic spot which has levied and exacted so great a tax upon the patriotism of the individual.

The late Judge Schenck is succeeded by Major Joseph M. Morehead, the present president, who is not less zealous in all efforts for the promotion of the great object of the company.

Second. This battle was the critical, the pivotal, and the turning point in the stupendous struggle. From its bloody and terrible blow Cornwallis reeled, staggered, and fell seven months thereafter at Yorktown. If not the greatest and bloodiest struggle of the Revolution in daring, reckless valor, and in priceless sacrifice, it was the greatest in its effect and in its result. It was the one fatal wound from which the British forces never rallied. The more one studies it the more it grows in greatness—in its stupendous results, and the more clearly one is convinced that history has done scant justice to that lustrous and glorious day. Surely this great government can afford to maintain and preserve in its entirety one great battlefield of the Revolution, and where is there in all that bloody drama one that appeals more strongly to the pride and patriotism of this Republic? The National Government for more than three decades, in the natural and pious duty of preserving the memories that throng and cluster about the glorious battlefields of the war between the States, has seemed to ignore the earlier but no-less-glorious struggle of the fathers. This should not be. From a national standpoint the father fought to establish it. The son fought to preserve it. Each was a great war, and each was without a parallel in the annals of time in the awful sacrifice of blood and life. Both father and son were victorious. The Government still lives and still grows and is still expanding—in resources boundless, and in strength ample and inexhaustible.

Let the glorious memories that attach to the scenes of the struggles of each live and be preserved.

"One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name."

One needs to recur to the lessons taught by the history of the early struggles of his ancestry to appreciate the wondrous fabric over which the old flag floats today. It is fit, therefore, that one of the two days of the first great Reunion of the non-resident natives of North Carolina should be devoted to the old battlefield of Guilford Courthouse, where we may all read and study again its glorious history in the beautiful tablets and splendid monuments with which it has been adorned by the munificence of patriotic and public-spirited individuals.

Honorable A. M. Aiken, of Virginia

Judge of Corporation Court

The home-coming non-resident will repair there on the second day of the great Reunion to rekindle at its altar the flame of love for his old mother State, and to renew his allegiance to the fadeless memories of his patriotic sires, whose valor there wrote in crimson letters "the purple testament of bleeding war". And whilst they linger, both non-resident and resident will strike hands in the patriotic effort to induce the national Government to extend its fostering hand of help in the permanent preservation of this great battlefield.

North Carolina's Contribution to American Citizenship

North Carolina has given her lifeblood most freely to the building up of other States. Today 236,037 native-born North Carolinians reside in other Commonwealths. She has contributed to American citizenship the best that the nation has to show. In the colonial period, her people stood boldly for liberty, self-government, freedom from excessive taxation and official tyranny. In adopting the Constitution, she stood for all the amendments, which were afterwards accepted, and which now form the constitutional basis of our liberties.

It was her sons, Andrew Jackson and Thomas H. Benton, who wiped out all traditions and tendencies of monarchy and aristocracy, and planted deep in American soil the tree of democracy.

It was her son, James K. Polk, who annexed Texas, and extended the American Republic from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

It was her son, William A. Graham, who opened the doors of Japan to civilization, and thus made a beginning of final settlement of the Asiatic question.

It was her son, Andrew Johnson, who had the North Carolina grit to jeopardize his great office, by opposing the coercive measures of Reconstruction directed against an integral part of the Union.

It was her son, Richard J. Gatling, who promoted peace by inventing the death-dealing Gatling gun.

Her sons have done great deeds and thought great thoughts wherever they have gone. No statesmen have surpassed them in integrity, purity, and patriotism. No soldiers have equaled them in steadfastness, endurance, and fortitude. They were born North Carolinians, and trained in North Carolina virtues. They loved the family fireside, and all that the family fireside means. They still love it, and, though they dwell now in cities or on plains, they long to go to the State of their birth, and see again the people who live as they lived in their youth; to see again the Old North State, where people do not grow old before their time; where youth is buoyant and virile; manhood is strong and sturdy; and old age is full of dignity, honor, and self-respect.

All hail to the sons of North Carolina who will come to this our first Reunion! May they live to come again and again; and may the Reunion, this year inaugurated, endure and grow greater forever!

Marvelous Record of North Carolina from 1890 to 1900

By C. H. Poe

In 1890 North Carolina was sixteenth in rank in population; in 1900 she was fifteenth.

In 1890 North Carolina ranked twenty-third in gross value of agricultural products; in 1900 she was twentieth.

In 1890 North Carolina ranked thirty-first in gross value of agricultural products; in 1900 she was twenty-eighth.

In other words, during the decade we forged forward one point in population, three points in agriculture, and three points in manufactures—a total net gain of seven points in rank among the States.

No other Southern State made such a record. In fact, if we are to accept the criterion of progress with which we started out—that of gain in rank among the States in population, gross value of agricultural products, and gross value of manufactured products—it appears that North Carolina is not only the most progressive Southern State, but the most progressive old State, North or South.

In proof of this, I have gone over the census reports to get a rating in progressiveness of each Commonwealth, and have been as much pleased as astonished to find that North Carolina's net gain of seven points in rank was equaled by no old State, North, South, or West, and by but one new State, Montana (with a net gain of eleven points), and that wonderful new territory, Oklahoma (with a net gain of thirty-two points).

Relative Rank of States and Territories

Let us see; considering together the three divisions—population, manufactures, and agriculture—and giving each State credit for the number of points gained in one or more divisions less the number of

points lost, if any, in any division, it develops that the following States ranked higher in 1900 than in 1890, by the number of points mentioned:

Arizona, 4; Colorado, 2; Indiana, 3; Iowa, 2; Louisiana, 3; Minnesota, 4; Missouri, 1; Montana, 11; Nebraska, 6; North Carolina, 7; North Dakota, 6; Ohio, 1; Oklahoma, 32; South Carolina, 1; South Dakota, 1; Texas, 3; Virginia, 2; Washington, 3; West Virginia, 5; Wisconsin, 4.

The following States held exactly the same general rank in 1900 as in 1890: Kansas, Kentucky, Tennessee.

The following States declined in population, agriculture, or manufactures during the decade, so that their general rank was lower in 1900 than in 1890, by the number of points given. I will indicate by letter P, A, and M, in what division the decline occurred: Alabama, P, A, M, 6; Arkansas, P, A, M, 3; California, A, 3; Connecticut, A, 6; Delaware, P, A, M, 14; District of Columbia, P, A, M, 8; Florida, A, M, 5; Georgia, A, M, 4; Idaho, P, M, 6; Illinois, A, 1; Maine, A, M, 7; Indiana, A, 1; Massachusetts, P, M, 6; Michigan, A, M, 4; Mississippi, A, M, 5; Nevada, P, A, M, 13; New Hampshire, P, A, M, 11; New Jersey, P, A, 3; New Mexico, P, M, 4; New York, A, 2; Oregon, M, 6; Pennsylvania, A, 3; Rhode Island, A, 7; Utah, P, A, M, 9; Vermont, P, A, 6; Wyoming, P, M, 7.

Just How North Carolina Gained

The reader may wish to know by this time just how far North Carolina exceeded not only her 1890 rank, but her 1890 record. Here are the figures:

In 1890 our population was 1,617,947; in 1900 it was 1,893,810.

In 1890 the gross value of our agricultural products was $50,070,530; in 1900 it was $89,309,638—nearly doubled in ten years.

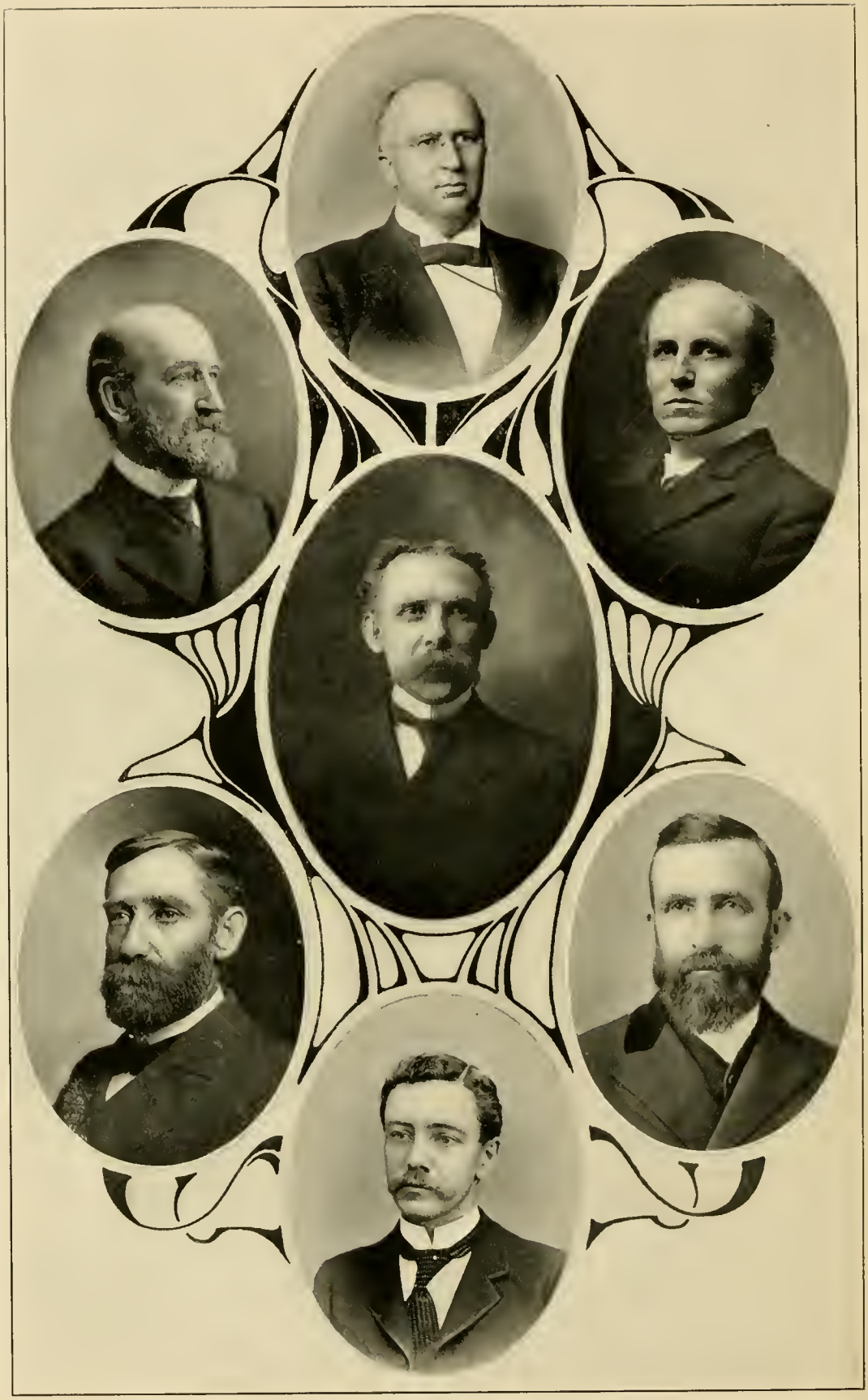
In 1890 the gross value of our manufactured products was $40,375,450; in 1900 it was $94,919,663—more than doubled in ten years.

In 1890 the per capita value of our agricultural products was $31; in 1900, $47.

In 1890 the per capita value of our manufactured products was $25; in 1900, $50.

What It All Means

Let us not overlook the plain teaching of these figures. They indicate unmistakably that North Carolina is forging more rapidly to the



Group of Prominent North Carolina Educators

President George T. Winston, of A. & M. College

President Charles L. Taylor, of Wake Forest College — President John C. Kilgo, of Trinity College

President F. P. Venable, of the University of North Carolina

President Lyndon L. Hobbs, of Guilford College — President W. W. Staley, of Elon College

President Henry Louis Smith, of Davidson College

front than any other old State; that it is a new country, or, at any rate, a country with a new consciousness of power and a new realization of unused resources that is sending it forward with more rapid strides toward the top than any other State east of the Rockies is taking.

It has long been said that "North Carolina is a good State to move from". The verdict of the census is that it is now one of the best States in the Union to move to.

The State's Song—The Old North State

Gaston

Carolina, Carolina! Heaven's blessings attend her!
While we live we will cherish, protect, and defend her;
Though the scorner may sneer at and witlings defame her,
Our hearts swell with gladness whenever we name her.

Hurrah! Hurrah! the Old North State forever!
Hurrah! Hurrah! The good Old North State.

Though she envies not others their merited glory,
Say, whose name stands foremost in Liberty's story?
Though too true to herself e'er to crouch to oppression,
Who can yield to just rule a more loyal submission?
Hurrah, etc.

Plain and artless her sons, but whose doors open faster
At the knock of a stranger, or the tale of disaster?
How like to the rudeness of their dear native mountains,
With rich ore in their bosoms, and life in their fountains.
Hurrah, etc.

And her daughters, the Queen of the Forest resembling,
So graceful, so constant, yet to gentlest breath trembling,
And true lightwood at heart, let the match be applied them,
How they kindle and flame! Oh! none know but who've tried them.
Hurrah, etc.

Then let all those who love us, love the land that we live in
(As happy a region as on this side of Heaven),
Where Plenty and Freedom, Love and Peace smile before us.
Raise aloud, raise together, the heart-thrilling chorus.
Hurrah, etc.

Greensboro's Phenomenal Growth Since 1890

Population in 1890, 3,317.

Population in 1900, 10,035.

Including the mill villages and other suburban settlements, the population in 1903 is 22,000.

Elevation above sea level, 843 feet.

Greensboro's Location

In the center of North Carolina.

In the midst of the world's finest bright-tobacco belt.

In the center of one of the largest and most prosperous cotton-mill sections in the South.

In the heart of the furniture-manufacturing district in the South.

In the midst of a fine grain region, and on the edge of the cotton-fields.

In the center of the finest fruit-growing section in the entire South.

Within a radius of sixty miles there are 600,000 people.

Eighty-three cotton mills, with over $10,000,000 capital, 28,000 looms, and 700,000 spindles.

Sixty-four furniture and chair factories.

Twelve hosiery mills.

One carpet mill.

Dozens of all kinds of lumber manufacturing plants, tobacco factories, and other industries.

Some of the Things Greensboro Has

1. Railroad facilities equal to those of any town of like population in the United States. Seven lines extend from the city in as many different directions, giving unrivaled freight and passenger service.

Forty-two passenger and dozens of freight trains leave Greensboro every day. The city is on the main trunk line of the great Southern Railway, and is one of that system's most important points.

2. Forty-two separate and distinct diversified manufacturing plants, embracing cotton, tobacco, shoes, pants and overalls, carpets, shirts, furniture, bobbins, shuttles, cornice work, wagons and carriages, exhaust- and blow-pipes, dust-fans and dust-collectors, sash, doors, and blinds, mantels and tables, brooms, sawmills, cane-mills, plows, cast-

ings, stoves, candy, chewing gum, ice, etc. The products of these concerns find a ready market all over this country and in foreign lands.

3. Eighteen wholesale houses, supplying a large territory with dry goods, notions, shoes, drugs, groceries, hardware, mill supplies, etc.

4. Two hundred and forty-three retail stores.

5. Five separate banking houses, with assets of $2,500,550.

6. The home offices of two life insurance and five fire insurance companies.

7. Five separate colleges and six graded schools, with an aggregate yearly attendance of 3,200 students.

Dr. J. Allison Hodges

President of North Carolina Society of Richmond, Va.

8. Twenty-six church edifices.

9. Two companies furnishing electricity for light and power, one company furnishing gas for light and power, water works (owned by the city), sewerage, a well-equipped fire department, and a new and up-to-date electric street railway.

10. The most modern theatre between Washington and Atlanta.

11. A new city hall and market house, just completed at a cost of $35,000.

12. A government building for the accommodation of the post-office and United States courts, the resident United States district judge, and other court officers.

13. Five first-class hotels give Greensboro the best hotel accommodations of any city of its size in the South.

14. One of the handsomest and most-conveniently-arranged railway passenger depots in the South.

15. Two daily newspapers, one secular weekly, two religious weeklies, one semi-monthly magazine.

—Colonel Al Fairbrother.

"Pat" Winston's Last Message

Extract from letter of the late Honorable P. H. Winston

Of Spokane, Wash.

I can not go, but if I were present I would say:

North Carolinians: hold fast to the teachings and traditions of your forefathers. A century of inherited learning, virtue, and valor has made you of all peoples the happiest, of all peoples the most homogeneous.

Nowhere is there a people with habits, faiths, and hopes so fixed. Nowhere is there a people whose past is more glorious; whose future is more secure. Your commonwealth is built upon imperishable foundations; law, religion, virtue, and learning—these are its cornerstones. The same spirit that animated your forefathers to bear the flag of revolution at Guilford Courthouse—that animated your fathers to bear the banner of the "Lost Cause" at Gettysburg—still dwells within your breasts.

Across a continent, from a State where now lives a son of Zebulon B. Vance and a son of Patrick H. Winston, I have come to breathe once more the sweet air of childhood, and mingle once more with the companions of schoolboy days. I love your State—my State; I love its history, full of glorious annals; I love its dead—matchless galaxy of greatness; I love its living.

An Epitome

Discovered in 1584 by Amidas and Barlowe. Temporarily colonized in 1585 by people sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh. Permanently settled in 1653 by colonists on the banks of the Chowan and Roanoke. Governed by the Lord Proprietors between 1663 and 1729. Governed by the Crown from 1729 to 1775. Self-governed from 1775 to 1789, when it became a member of the Union. Such is the historical etching of the State of North Carolina. But how inadequate are the outlines! The true lines and colors are to be found in that portrait which but seldom meets the gaze of the great, searching, discriminating world.

An epitome of material achievements may be given in a few typical figures. Because of the wanderings of her sons, the population of North Carolina increased during the past twenty years but thirty-five per cent., while that of the United States increased fifty-two per cent. But, in spite of the wanderings of her sons, thus reflected in the comparatively small rate of increase in population, the State increased the value of its agricultural products seventy-two per cent., as against one hundred and thirteen per cent. for the whole country; and the value of its manufactured products three hundred and seventy-two per cent., as against one hundred and forty-two per cent. for the whole country. At the same time, it reduced its white illiteracy from thirty-one and five-tenths per cent. to nineteen and four-tenths per cent., and its negro illiteracy from seventy-seven and four-tenths per cent. to forty-seven and six-tenths per cent.; and, as the Reunion itself demonstrated, retained its quota of orators.

—Editor and Compiler.

The Purest Anglo-Saxon State on the Globe

"Once a Tarheel, Always a Tarheel"

Extract from Speech of President George T. Winston, before the North Carolina Society of New York

It has often been asked "what is a Tarheel?" The first description of a Tarheel is given by Homer in the Iliad and the Odyssey. When Achilles was born, his mother Thetis, to make him immortal, took him by the heels and dipped him in the river Styx, now known as Tar River. The magic water rendered his body invulnerable. But Thetis forgot to stick his heels under, so Achilles was mortal in the heels, and the well-aimed arrow of Paris struck him on the shins, and laid him low. Achilles was not a Tarheel, but his story gives us a satisfactory definition of a Tarheel, as follows: "A Tarheel is the sort of heel that the other fellow hasn't got." A negative definition is better than none. You have all heard the definition of horse-sense. "Horse-sense—the kind of sense a jackass hasn't got." Achilles, for all his brag and bluster, was weak in his shins; was most likely an Afro-Grecian; in North Carolina today he would travel in the Jim Crow car.

It has been said that North Carolina is a good State to move from. The Colonial Governors found it so; and Cornwallis, after the battle of Guilford, was of the same opinion. It is a good State to move from, because a good State to be born and raised in. A man who has lived in North Carolina twenty-five years is thereby qualified to be Governor of any other State. If to twenty-five years in North Carolina is added twenty-five years in Tennessee, there is no limit to the power of such a man. Only three men ever did it, and each of them became President—Jackson, Polk, and Johnson. The Old North State is a Nursery of Men.

People have moved from North Carolina to every other State in the Union. But few have moved to North Carolina. It is not easy for a man to break into the Old North State. It takes him a year to find out who to write to for information. Then the correspondence lasts a

year. Then the newspapers announce that he is coming, and the people discuss it. Finally he starts, and all the trains miss connection as soon as they enter the State. Unless a prospective immigrant starts for North Carolina before he is grown, he will be an old man on his arrival. North Carolinians are mighty particular about receiving strangers; they wish to know with whom they associate. Anybody can get out of North Carolina, but it requires a great deal of talent and character to get into the State. Less than one-half of one per cent. of our population is foreign born, not one person in 200. We are the purest bred Anglo-Saxon community on the globe.

The Old North State has made wonderful progress during the past thirty years. She is now leading the South in rate of progress. She is learning the secret of community power. Formerly the individual was everything; it was Gaston, Badger, Mangum, Graham, or Morehead. Now the community is supreme; one hears no longer of individuals, but of communities—of Durham, Charlotte, Asheville, High Point, Winston-Salem, Greensboro. The whole is greater than any of its parts. The community is greater than any individual. The New North State is a State of Community Powers; of public schools, public libraries, public roads, all for public use, supported by public taxation. This is government of the people, by the people, for the people; this is genuine Democracy. In the coming years the North State will combine the strong character of individualism which marked the Old North State, with the strong power of community action, which is making the New North State.

Honorable Hoke Smith

Secretary of the Interior During the Second Cleveland Administration

Song of Scattered Sons

By John Wilbur Jenkins

From mount and valley, land and sea,
Their longing eyes look back to thee.
Denied thine arms for many a year,
They ask thy blessing, Mother Dear.

Some sun-scorched in the Desert's waste,
Some frozen by the Northwind's blast;
Grim faces that have braved the brine,
Dark hands that dug deep in the mine;

Those who found gold on every strand
And those who come with empty hands—
The step is slow, the hair is gray—
World-weary since they went away.

Some in strange lands found wealth and fame,
And others graves without a name.
These victors—those beside the way—
Forget not one this Memory-Day.

Where the blue mountains kiss the sky,
In green fields that in Piedmont lie,
Where hungry Hatteras gnaws the sea—
Land of the gentle, frank, and free—

Today the toast and song and cheer
Are mingled with the tender tear;
For some we loved are in the grave,
Some youthful, noble, loving, brave,

Proud scions of this clear-eyed race
That looks the world straight in the face.
As we disperse to far-off toil,
Thank God we sprang from her great soil.

Baltimore, September 25, 1903.

The Coming Day

From the Top of Pisgah, Western North Carolina

By D. C. Waddell

The cool Dawn, in silent softness, is slowly drifting,
Drifting toward the coming day;
The old peaks, in distant dimness, are slumbering,
Slumbering where the white mists lay.

Soft and low, the night winds blow;
The heart of the night is sighing;
Her pride of stars and silver bars
Over the skies are dying.

The red East, in crimson richness is widely lifting,
Lifting the archway of the day;
The old peaks in mighty grandeur are towering,
Towering where the white mists lay.

Fresh and sweet, on dewy feet,
The winds of morn are playing;
They ripple the mist, and listing—list!
Over the earth are straying.

The sunlight, in radiant brightness is swiftly sifting,
Sifting the yellow beams of day;
The old peaks, in opal splendors are glittering,
Glittering where the white mists lay.

Far and wide, on every side,
The white mist is swaying;
Across the spray, as it circles away,
The rainbows are playing.

Far away, in the light of day,
The snowy mist is twining;
In the valleys below, where wild ferns grow,
The sun is brightly shining.

Greensboro, N. C., September 25.

To Her Sons Who Have Wandered Afar

By Robert Dick Douglas, Corresponding Secretary

To her sons who have wandered afar,
Who have gone from the town or the farm
To run with the swift, to fight with the strong,
To win life's battle, however long,
With tireless brain and arm,
The Old North State sends greetings;
And bids them now come home.

"Come back", she says, "to your mother;
Come back while yet ye may;
Come back to the land that gave ye birth,
And tread the dearest spot on earth,
In the old familiar way;
Come, clasp the hands of your boyhood friends,
Tho' it be for only a day."

"Come, see what my sons have wrought,
My sons whom ye left behind;
For the strong, red blood that sent ye forth,
Into the West or South or North,
In the veins of these ye'll find—
The self-same blood that in life or death
Ye all together bind."

"Then come to me every one;
Gather from near and far;
For tho' ye're scattered from sea to sea
Your mother's love will ever be
As true as the polar star;
And I thank the God who made all men
For the manner of men ye are."

The Wanderer Back Home

By John Henry Boner

Back in the Old North State,
  Back to the place of his birth,
Back through the pines' colonnaded gate
  To the dearest spot on earth.
No sweeter joy can a star feel
  When into the sky it thrills
Than the rapture that wings a Tarheel
  Come back to his native hills.

From coast to mountain heights
  Old North Carolina lies,
A cornucopia of delights
  Under her summer skies,
And autumn gives rich treasure
  To the overflowing horn,
Adding a juicy measure
  Of grape and rye and corn.

In June a tree so fragrant
  Scents the delicious air
That busiest bees grow vagrant
  And doze in its blossoms fair.
"Persimmons!" the wanderer cries;
  And along time's frosted track
The luscious purple fruit he spies,
  And boyhood's days drift back!

With fall comes the burst of the cartridge;
  The squirrel and rabbit are his;
Down tumbles the whirring partridge,
  And the cook makes the wild duck siz;
But for these not so much does he care,
  No matter how dainty the caters;
Just seat him fair in an old splint chair
  And give him 'possum and taters.

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